





RATIONAL ELOCUTION

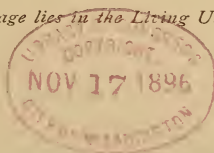
A THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL TREATISE ON
THE SCIENCE AND ART OF HUMAN
EXPRESSION

BY

✓
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"The Essence of Language lies in the Living Utterance."



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BROWN'S POPULAR READINGS.

This is a new collection just out and contains everything that is fresh and popular. Also many rare and curious pieces that can not be found in any other collection. It also contains the only collection of **ENCORE RECITATIONS** published. To those who always want "something new," this is the one that will fill the want.

This popular series will be found indispensable to students using **RATIONAL ELOCUTION**, since many selections referred to in this text can be found only in this series. Price, 25 cents each number.

PREFACE.

The purpose of the author in this book, as its title implies, has been to present the science of human expression in a manner so simple, so concise, and so reasonable, that no student with average zeal and ability would experience difficulty in comprehending and applying its principles.

While an effort has been made to render the exposition free from many of the technical and professional theories found in other works, every principle announced and enforced has been drawn from nature by the most scientific researches recognized by the foremost teachers and writers of Europe and America.

The prominence given to the subject of respiration is justified in the recognition of its three-fold relation to Elocution: First, energy and ease of expression are largely dependent upon a proper control of the respiratory organs; second, the correct training of these organs in early life and their judicious exercise at all times, conduce to greater vigor of mind and body than is otherwise possible; and, third, the natural system of breathing during vocalization, reinforced by the teachings of science, has been found an almost absolute protection against all forms of lung and throat diseases.

The skillful use of Slides, Waves, and Pauses, and the intelligent application of Emphasis being so essential to intelligible and impressive reading and speaking, much space has been devoted to these subjects.

Recognizing the justice of much that has been written and said against the modern tendency of popular reciters and

declaimers to run into the *stilted, unnatural* and *offensively affected*, thus bringing the study of Elocution into disrepute, the author has insisted upon *reality, intelligence* and *genuine human sympathy* as the basis of all delivery.

The editor hereby acknowledges his sincere thanks to the many writers and publishers who have kindly permitted the use of their excellent selections for this book.

CHARLES WALTER BROWN.

St. Louis, March 30, 1896.

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READING AND ELOCUTION.

GENERAL OUTLINE.

ELOCUTION is the art of conveying thought, sentiment and emotion in the most natural and effective manner.

ITS PURPOSE.—The complete mastery of its principles enables the speaker not only to express his thoughts clearly and easily, but to so vivify and illuminate those thoughts that his hearers see, hear, and *feel* the unquestioned truth of his statements.

Correct elocutionary training has for its further object the complete subordination of the physical being to the service of the mind and spirit, *thought* being the product of the inner *spiritual* man, and *speech* and *gesture* its natural outlet through the exterior, or *physical* man.

ITS VALUE.—Its study and systematic practice, *based upon principles of nature*, make the voice clear, strong, flexible and melodious; and give to the body and limbs a pliancy, vigor and harmony of motion that render the position and action of the speaker or reader at once graceful, natural and impressive.

HOW ACQUIRED.—The greatest excellence in Elocution is attained by study, practice, observation and criticism. The student should master the principles by study, and at once test their application by practice. He should closely observe the expression of reputed good readers and speakers—noting the points of excellence and deficiency which characterize their

delivery; he should frequently submit his own exercises to the criticism of friends and teachers, and make notes of these criticisms that they may not again be needed. But one thing must be kept constantly in mind: No amount of instruction and criticism will compensate for a meager drill. The highest excellence in reading or speaking requires the same conditions as music, painting and poetry—Practice, *Practice*, PRACTICE.

REQUIREMENTS OF GOOD ELOCUTION.

1. A full and free respiration.
2. A correct pronunciation.
3. A correct and distinct articulation.
4. A thorough knowledge and perfect control of all the elements of vocal expression.
5. Complete control of every muscle of the face, hands, feet and body.
6. A thorough understanding and appreciation of the thought to be expressed.
7. Perfect self-possession before an audience.

THE BENEFITS OF ELOCUTION.

1. It cultivates the taste and judgment.
2. It cultivates the entire physical system.
3. It quickens perception and apprehension.
4. It imparts grace of movement and attitude.
5. It develops a strong will and self-possession.
6. It strengthens the conception and imagination.
7. It strengthens the lungs and respiratory muscles.
8. It develops vigor of mind and buoyancy of spirit.
9. It gives to the voice purity, power and flexibility.
10. It protects from bronchial and pulmonary afflictions.
11. It prepares the student for the successful prosecution of business in every phase of life.

WHO SHOULD STUDY ELOCUTION.

1. All general students.
 2. Every student of law.
 3. Those preparing for general business.
 4. All who are preparing for the ministry.
 5. The Public Lecturer, Reader or Speaker.
 6. The instructor in whatever art or science.
 7. Persons with defective speech or unpleasant voice.
 8. Persons afflicted with lung and bronchial troubles, huskiness and chronic hoarseness.
 9. All who would move through life with the least possible friction and attain the greatest success.
-

READING.

1. READING is the most important branch taught in our schools. It is the key to nearly all the other subjects with which the student and future citizen has to deal. His success in mastering the concomitant branches, and, indeed, nearly every art and science, depends upon the skill he secures at an early age in interpreting, assimilating and retaining the thoughts of others, as presented upon the written or printed page.

2. The ability to apprehend the wit, the pun, the hidden wisdom beneath the author's words, to grasp the central thought, to group the lights and shades which modify or ornament the worded picture, with the quickness of intuition, must be all acquired in early life.

3. But to scan the printed page in silence and note in mental concepts the author's woven thoughts is not all there is of reading; nor can the skill by which the thoughts are grasped

be attained alone by silent reading. Months and years must be given to the vocal utterances of written sentences, under the guidance of the skillful teachers, before the child can adapt the written words to his untrained comprehension. Silent and audible reading are mutually dependent, the highest excellence in either is acquired largely through the practice of the other.

THE TWO KINDS OF READING.

All reading may be classed as silent or intellectual, and audible or oral. The purpose of the former is the apprehension of the thought—of the latter, the expression of the thought. As an art, reading includes the interpretation and expression of the thought, sentiment and emotion, as presented in written or printed composition.

REQUISITES FOR READING.

Certain requisites for good reading should be considered, and, as far as possible, pupils should be trained in securing these in our elementary schools. Some of these are innate, but all may be cultivated to such a degree as to make intelligent and intelligible readers of ninety-five per cent of all.

REQUISITES FOR SILENT READING.

1. A clear conception.
2. A quick perception.
3. Human sympathy.
4. A vivid imagination.
5. A keen discernment.
6. An interest in affairs.
7. Good taste and judgment.

REQUISITES FOR AUDIBLE READING.

1. Imitative power.
2. Expressive action.
3. Command of voice.

4. Distinct articulation.
5. Respiratory command.
6. Correct personal habits.
7. All required for silent reading.

THE READER'S POSITION.

Book in the left hand, thumb and little finger in front, first, second and third fingers at the back of the book; the elbow *not* touching the side. The book should be held in such a manner that a line drawn from the eyes toward the page would intersect the plane of the book at right angles. The full face of the pupil should be seen by the teacher. The weight of the body should be supported, *while reading*, on *both* feet, the left heel two or three inches in advance of the hollow of the right foot. The chest should be elevated and expanded, the position erect and easy.

OUTLINE OF READING WORK.

1. Give constant attention to pupils' manners, movements, attitudes, breathing, tones and speech.
2. Devote five minutes daily to concert phonic drill, and critical pronunciation, reviewing the words placed under pronunciation.
3. Require synonyms and derivation of words in each lesson, previously marked.
4. Have all members of the class commit and properly recite compositions of acknowledged merit.
5. Require explanation of historical, biographical, geographical, scientific and literary allusions in the text or lessons. All such allusions should be previously designated, that the pupils may have definite knowledge of what is required.
6. Require an oral abstract of lessons before the exercise of reading is called. These synopses must be in the pupils' own and best language.

7. To secure the greatest benefit from silent reading, turn to some lesson with which pupils are not familiar, permit them to sketch it hastily—say two minutes to a page, then collect all books and require a written abstract prepared in the shortest time possible. The pupils within a specified time exchange slates or papers and read each other's composition.

8. The lesson should be read with such precision and accuracy as to render the use of a text-book in the hands of the teacher unnecessary.

9. Discuss the style of thought, literary beauty, and rhetorical peculiarity of every selection before leaving it.

10. Require pupils to learn all they can of every author whose productions they read.

11. Do not attempt to complete a long selection in one lesson. Few selections in this book can be profitably passed in less than three days.

TESTS OF RESULTS.

The average pupil having fully prepared a reading lesson, should read it with such naturalness and impressiveness as to inspire hearers with the most pleasurable emotions, and hold their attention to the exclusion of everything else.

RESPIRATION.

1. RESPIRATION or breathing is the act of taking air into the lungs and expelling it from them.

2. As an art, respiration involves three processes whose mastery by the student is of paramount importance: INSPIRATION, EXPIRATION and MANAGEMENT.

3. Few persons realize how great is the influence of respiration upon the growing life of a human being. Notwithstanding the teachings of our text-books and the warnings of popular writers and lecturers, many parents and even teachers remain indifferent to the pernicious habits of breathing acquired by children during school life.

4. Vigor of mind and body is dependent so largely upon a copious supply of pure air inhaled with reference to time and manner, that no system of education can be successfully carried out unless provision is made for the most complete respiration of the lungs.

5. It is a fact well established in pathology that functional derangements originating in colds, attack the weakest organs of the body. The properly trained singer and speaker are rarely hoarse. Exemption from lung and throat troubles among professional orators and singers is due to the skillful use of every organ involved in respiration, speech, and song. The public speaker or singer who excuses his performance by confessing hoarseness thereby acknowledges his ignorance and violation of one of nature's simplest laws.

6. If the teacher or student be disposed to ignore the hygienic value of correct breathing, he is reminded that the highest form of human utterance, whether aspirated or vocalized in speech, or intonated in measured harmony, is based upon the most intelligent command and use of the respiratory apparatus. The stuttering, gasping, incoherent, flighty, jerky or impetuous speech, one sometimes hears from a novice in the art of public speaking or singing, is not traceable alone to inexperience, but, in most cases, to nervous embarrassment caused by imperfect respiration.

7. It may be further stated that a larger part of the training course prescribed for orators and singers in professional schools is devoted to securing command over the breath in speech and song; and that the heart-reaching, soul-stirring rendition of those sublime passages which have in ages past moved the stoic to action and the sage to tears, can be reproduced only, after all other conditions are present, by that perfect adaptation of breath to the molding of words that live, and burn, and glow—melting the heart to tears, filling the ear with rapture, and illuminating the soul with celestial light,

until the very air seems filled with seraphic melodies of intelligences divine.

8. Every muscle of the waist, chest, ribs, axilla, back and loins, must be brought into action, and trained by intelligent and persistent practice to perform its function. It will take several months—even years, with older students, to accustom all the muscles to act automatically and effectively. The mind must superintend the effort—must constantly realize the importance of the exercise. The expense of time and attention will pay. It will pay in an increased brilliancy of intellect, happiness of temper, and buoyancy of spirit. It is the deep, full, vigorous breathers that possess the most vigorous hearts, minds and bodies.

METHODS OF BREATHING.

While the ordinary methods of breathing are sufficient for the individual of vigorous outdoor pursuits, they are not sufficient for the scholar and man of thought engaged in sedentary pursuits. With these the stimulus generated by bodily action is wanting to induce the deep inspirations peculiar to the active man of outdoor life. The thinker within his closet, the artist at his easel, the artisan at his table, and the pupil at his desk, require a constant reinforcement of mental energy. Much more than any of these does the orator demand the recuperative agency of a perfect respiration. This requirement can be filled only by the inhalation of an abundance of the vitalizing oxygen contained in pure air; and art must be called in to properly supply and distribute the regenerative fluid.

MOUTH VERSUS NOSTRIL BREATHING.

The following considerations will suggest the propriety of always inhaling through the nostrils:

1. The small circuitous passages, with many obstructions, through which inhaled air must pass before reaching the delicate

lung cells, temper it to the normal heat of the body. Air *swallowed* at the zero temperature enters the lungs many degrees colder than the body, and scarcely fails to produce serious inflammation.

2. The speaker or singer who incautiously swallows air during the exercise of his voice will soon discover a dryness in the mouth, larynx and trachea which will render the tone harsh, hard and husky—annoying to himself and unpleasant to his auditors. The continued moisture of these organs is an essential condition of purity of tone.

3. The continuous swallowing of air during vigorous speech parches the throat and inflames the membranes and ligaments of the voice and speech organs. If the practice is repeated for a few days in succession it results in what is styled “clergyman’s sore throat.”

4. The air at all times is filled with myriads of motes, whose introduction into the delicate lung tissues produces unpleasant irritation. Added to these, science has demonstrated that under certain atmospheric conditions, countless germs of disease are floating in the air. These the mouth-breather receives at once to be carried to the lungs and these impart their poison to the blood. The nasal cilia and sieve-like processes which line the nasal cavities arrest the ingress of these life destroying agents.

5. To the above may be added the fact that the constant practice of breathing through the nostrils tends to enlarge the nasal passages. This enlargement assists the articulation and adds purity and melody to the tones of the voice.

RESPIRATORY EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE.

1. ABDOMINAL BREATHING.—Stand passively erect, hands and arms hanging loosely at the sides, weight supported equally on both limbs. Close the lips and inhale quietly and slowly through the nostrils, filling the region about the waist until your

capacity is reached. Quietly exhale through the mouth or nostrils as long as possible. Repeat five times.

2. CHEST BREATHING.—Repeat the above exercise with the hands clasped behind the head.

NOTE.—If dizziness ensue, discontinue for a few minutes. After a few weeks this difficulty will not return.

CAUTION.—Do not catch the breath suddenly through the mouth while exercising. During the earlier exercises draw the air through the nostrils very slowly. Permit no air to enter the mouth at any time. "God breathed the breath of life into man's nostrils," not into his mouth.

3. ABDOMINAL AND CHEST COMBINED.—Fill the region about the waist as in No. 1, then without exhaling, gradually force the enlargement upward until the chest reaches its full expansion. *Repeat five times. Reverse the process.*

4. EFFUSIVE EXHALATION.—Inhale as in No. 1. Exhale in the least audible whisper the sound of "ah" prolonged for thirty seconds. Continue this exercise daily until the sound can be prolonged fifty seconds.

Vocalize "ah" effusively.

Inhale as in No. 1. Exhale evenly and in a pure tone the sound of long "e" prolonged for ten seconds. Continue this daily until a clear, musical sound can be continuously produced for thirty seconds.

NOTE.—The longer a speaker can hold his breath the more effective will be his delivery of those long and involved sentences whose full force and meaning seems to depend upon an uninterrupted effusion of melodious sound.

5. EXPULSIVE EXHALATION.—Inhale as before. Expel the air in the whispered sound of "h" by a vigorous upward and inward action of the abdominal muscles. Inhale again, and repeat this exercise ten times without taking breath.

Inhale; count clearly and distinctly in one breath to forty, *to fifty, to sixty.*

Inhale; repeat the letters of the alphabet distinctly in a single breath five times, *six times.*

6. **EXPLOSIVE EXHALATION.**—Inhale fully, then expel the air in an explosive whispered utterance of the syllable “*huh*.” The effort must be sudden and exhaust the breath as nearly as possible.

Inhale; *vocalize* with the utmost explosiveness the syllable “*huh*.”

Inhale; laugh explosively in one breath the syllables *ha, ha, ha*, repeating as many times as possible. When done, shut the mouth instantly and inhale slowly through the nostrils.

7. **ACTIVE CHEST.**—Inhale abdominally; force the enlargement upward, as in No. 3. This is the active chest. It gives the elastic step an energy of speech and action which distinguishes the vigor of eloquence from the languor of indifference.

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES IN RESPIRATION.

1. Repeat expulsively in clear tones, in rapid succession, the vowels *ā, ē, ī, ō, ū*, as many times as you can. In addition to the respiratory benefit accruing from the exercises it gives command of the radical stress, an accomplishment of great importance to the speaker.

2. Inhale deeply; count in distinct tones to thirty, forty, fifty. Stop the moment the least aspiration is observed.

3. Take a full breath; repeat distinctly the letters of the alphabet as many times in one breath as possible.

4. Read in one breath the first paragraph of “The Two Boot-blacks,” page 48. Afterward read in one breath first and second paragraphs. Every word must be *intelligibly* uttered.

5. Before any public performance, when convenient, go to an open window and with hands placed on window frame inhale and exhale vigorously a dozen or more times. The exercise imparts a healthful stimulation, allays excitement, and gives to the speaker a wonderful reserve force and self-possession.

6. To more thoroughly aerate the lungs, exhale all the air you can and then with the heels of the hands press, by a working motion, the chest, ribs, and sides, under the arm-pits until all the air seems to be driven out. Close the lips and inhale deeply, evenly and slowly.

NOTES.

1. Under no circumstances should the act of breathing be permitted to interfere with vocalization. By proper training and exercise, inhalation can be so managed as rarely to be noticed.

2. In the act of inhalation through the nostrils, avoid the unbecoming habit of sniffing so noisily as to attract attention. *True art conceals art.*

3. Acquire the habit of inhaling slowly. The acquisition of this power brings with it, to a great degree, the control of the breath.

4. While inhalation is to be effected mainly through the nostrils and imperceptibly, it is understood the acts of *sighing, gasping, coughing, sneezing, loud laughter, sobbing, and panting*, sometimes accompanying dramatic action, are exceptions.

5. No breath should be wasted. Use only so much as may be necessary to form the word. Too little renders the sound inaudible, too much exhausts the speaker and mars the beauty of utterance.

6. All breath employed in speaking, except in the aspirate quality, should be vocalized.

7. Do not wait until the lungs are exhausted to take breath. The practice is injurious. Take breath as often as opportunity will permit.

8. To secure the greatest benefits from respiratory exercises all artificial pressure must be removed from the throat, neck, chest and waist.

GESTURE.

GESTURE includes all positions and motions of the head, face and limbs, employed to enforce or illustrate an idea, emotion, or passion.

ITS IMPORTANCE.—Gesture is the visible language of the inner life. It portrays to the eye the workings of the mind, the affections of the heart, and the varying passions and emotions of the soul. It is as intelligible to the savage as to the most enlightened. Entire plays are presented in pantomime and are understood by observers as well as by the players themselves. It gives to the eye what the ear often fails to receive, and thus attracts and holds the attention much more effectually than do words alone.

He who would successfully appeal to all the senses of his audience—hold the eye, the heart, the soul; summon the approving smile, the sympathetic tear, the rapturous applause; sway the multitudes, lull them into complacency, or move them to immediate action—must cultivate and skillfully employ this universal language of nature.

KINDS OF GESTURE.—All gestures may be classed as *Emphatic, Illustrative, and Locative*.

EMPHATIC GESTURE intensifies assertions by the application of greater force to emphatic words; as, “I will *force* him to the deed.”

ILLUSTRATIVE GESTURE shows the manner, means, degree, appearance, or effect; as, “Ye Gods, *withhold* your wrath.”

LOCATIVE GESTURE designates the position, direction, or place; as, “Look not in the *past* for hope.”

REQUISITES OF GESTURE.—The requisites of gesture are *Grace, Variety, Simplicity, Boldness, Energy, Precision and*

Propriety. These must be in harmony with the accompanying oral expression.

INITIAL MOVEMENTS.—The entrance or first appearance of the speaker before his audience is a critical moment. Impressions are then made which often affect his entire subsequent performance.

THE WALK.—The walk is the mirror of character. Through it the artist reads the very thoughts the performer would conceal; and though we can change our walk only as we change the temperament that walk portrays, we *can* by practice secure a style of motion that will occasion no unfavorable comment.

DIRECTIONS.—Stand erect; summon the most animated thoughts; assume active chest (described under RESPIRATION); imagine yourself drawn forward by a force acting about the *waist*; preserve a perfect poise, the head well balanced, the chin neither projected nor retracted.

Lift the thigh forward, the lower leg and foot hanging loosely, and *straighten the knee*, as the foot is planted, as nearly flat as the *high* heel will permit. Follow with the other limb in the same manner, observing that the chest is full, the unseen power acts at the waist and the knee straightens as the foot strikes the floor.

THE BOW.—Standing in the first position (see Positions), after a momentary look into the eyes of the audience, bring the right foot back so as to assume second position, bend the body and head slightly and directly forward. In the retiring bow, as the body bends forward bring the right toe to the heel of the left foot, the right knee bent and pressed firmly against the back of left knee. Step to the left with the left foot and retire.

ATTITUDES.—The disposition of the entire figure, when at rest is important, and should receive careful attention. Every posture assumed by the speaker is significant. These should be easy, graceful and flexible, but, above all, they must be in harmony with the prevailing sentiment.

HEAD, BODY, HANDS AND FEET —Stand erect, chest full, head evenly poised, the arms hanging easily at the sides, or one arm at the waist; weight at first supported mainly on both feet, one of which should be a little in advance of the other. Keep knees well stiffened, and be prepared to make changes naturally and gracefully.

THE FOUR POSITIONS.

I. UNEMOTIONAL—FIRST POSITION.—Support the weight of the body mainly on the *left* foot. Advance the *right* foot obliquely at an angle of eighty degrees, and in such a position that the *right* heel is from *two* to *four* inches in front of the hollow of the *left* foot.

SECOND POSITION.—Support the weight of the body mainly on the *right* foot. Advance the *left* foot obliquely at an angle of eighty degrees, and in such a position that the *left* heel is from two to four inches in front of the hollow of the right foot.

II. EMOTIONAL—THIRD POSITION.—From either the first or second position move the right foot obliquely forward a short step, the feet remaining at the same angle. Support the body on the *right* foot and turn the *left* so that the feet form an obtuse angle; raise the *left* heel slightly, and balance the body, which is thrown a little forward, with the inside ball of the *left* foot.

FOURTH POSITION.—From either the first or second position move the *left* foot obliquely forward a short step, the feet remaining at the same angle. Support the body on the *left* foot and turn the *right* so that the feet form an obtuse angle; raise the *right* heel slightly and balance the body, which is thrown a little forward, with the inside ball of the *right* foot.

CHANGES OF POSITION.—In the delivery of unemotional thought there should be few changes, and all movements should be performed within a limited space. In the expression of

emotional thought and heated passion, changes of position, and greater freedom of movement are permissible; yet even here, the speaker must confine himself within the bounds of propriety. The impetuous, headlong, and boisterous plunges up and down the platform suggest not strength and vigorous emotion under the control of a powerful reserve force, but weakness, an instability. Never move until the *occasion* impels you to do so, and you will not go far astray.

POSITION OF THE HEAD.—The head is presumed to guide the motions of the body, and should be so held as to command the respect of an audience. Its various positions foreshadow the thought before it is expressed. An erect position of the head suggests confidence, dignity and honor; thrown back, humor, pride or vanity; inclined forward, humility and grief; inclined aside, languor; while a tossing motion implies contempt and anger.

POSITION OF THE HANDS.

1. The various positions assumed by the hands are highly significant, and should be thoughtfully studied.

2. In repose the hands should be a model of grace; the forefinger should be gently extended, the thumb extended and nearly parallel with the first finger, the second finger slightly curved, the third finger curved more than the second, and the fourth, or little finger, forming a semi-circle. Study the attitudes of statuary and adapt your positions to those models that are regarded as specimens of the highest art.

3. The hand is said to be *supine* when open, fingers relaxed and palm upward, indicating *entreaty, appeal, light joyous emotions* and general description.

4. It is *prone* when open, fingers extended and palm downward; used in *denial, degradation, and concealment*.

5. It is *vertical* when open, fingers extended and palm outward; used in *repelling, disgust, abhorrence, warding off* and *defining a limit*.

6. It is *clenched* when tightly closed; used in *anger*, *defiance* and *threatening*.

7. It is *pointing* when loosely closed, forefinger and thumb uppermost and extended; used in *pointing* and *designating*.

8. It is clasped, applied, folded, crossed, enumerating, touching, when used in *description* and *designation*.

DIRECTION OF MOVEMENT.

Before attempting any of the following exercises in gesture with the hands, the pupil should become familiar with the various terms used in indicating direction and the significance of such direction.

1. FRONT.—Indicating *personality*, *directness*, *futurity*, *unity*. Gestures made directly before the body are termed “front.”

2. EXTENDED.—Indicating *vastness in space*, *time*, *quantity* or *idea*. Gestures made direct from the speaker's side are termed “extended.”

3. OBLIQUE.—Indicating a *general idea* or *assertion*, *indefiniteness*. Gestures made between the “front” and “extended” are called “oblique.”

4. BACKWARD.—Expressive of *remoteness of time* or *space*. Gestures back of the extended are called “backward.”

5. DESCENDING.—Expressing *determination* or *emphasis*. Gestures made below the horizontal line of the chest are called “descending.”

6. HORIZONTAL.—Pertaining to the *intellect*. Gestures made by extending the hand and arm in a line horizontal to the chest (whether front, oblique, or the side or backward) are called “horizontal.”

7. ASCENDING.—Alluding to the *ideal* or *imagination*. Gestures made above the horizontal are termed “ascending.”

8. **ICTUS OF GESTURE.**—The ictus of gesture is applied to the accented syllable of the word with which it is used.

BOTH HANDS,—are often used, making the same motions, to give greater *breadth of thought, broader expanse*, and more *intensity of motion*.

ARM MOTIONS.—To secure facility and grace of gesture, a short preliminary exercise, employing both arms simultaneously, is of great advantage. Every exercise in gesture should be preceded by several whole-arm movement combinations, the nature of which will be suggested after the following description of an exercise the author has used most advantageously with students:

DIRECTIONS FOR ARM MOVEMENT.

Take the first position, *Active chest*. Let the arms and hands hang naturally, the little fingers just touching the sides. Raise both the arms, bringing the hands toward each other in front, near the body and slightly turning them so that the fore-fingers just touch by the time the hands meet at the waist; continue raising the hands, fingers relaxed and slightly curved, palms gradually turning inward, until the chin is reached, when the fingers gradually extend. From this point the hands separate, the whole arms sweep through a graceful curve downward and downward through the horizontal, oblique and extended directions; the palms at first upward, gradually turn inward, then downward, when the arms curve and the hands are brought again together at the waist, as when raised from the sides in the initial motion. This movement is to be repeated many times until familiar, after which others can be developed from it, which will be of great service in imparting ease and grace to gesture.

MODE OF GESTURE.

1. The grace of gesture is expressed in the *compound curve*, sometimes called “Hogarth’s line of beauty.” The

motion of the arm originates in the shoulder, is then transmitted to the arm, and forearm, whence the hand and the fingers receive the impulse and both gradually curving as the arm is raised until the chest (on the side opposite the arm employed) is reached, when the arm, hands and fingers *unbend* and reach their full extension at the ictus.

2. The curve of arm gesture, expressive of pleasing, tranquil and serious thought, and employed in narration, description and argument, is beautifully illustrated in the varied motions that may be described with a flexible willow-twigg.

3. The direction of motion in the gesture of violent passion and uncontrollable excitement, whether occasioned by anger, fright or joy, is best illustrated in the angular flash of the falling thunderbolt.

4. From these illustrations the learner will readily infer the character of gesture required when he has determined the sentiment contained in the composition.

EXERCISES IN PHYSICAL EXPRESSION.

With Head and Face Indicate:

Attention: Lean the head forward with fixed gaze.

Assent: Nod rapidly forward.

Dissent: Toss the head backward and sway from side to side.

Diffidence or Languor: Incline the head to either side.

Horror: Avert the face to either side.

Courage: Hold the head erect.

Shame, Humility or Grief: Drop the head forward.

Pride, Arrogance: Throw the head back.

Avoid all useless nodding, shaking and tossing of the head.

With the Arms Indicate:

Calm Repose: Let the arms hang naturally and gracefully

Weakness: Let the arms hang listlessly.

Self-Importance: Fold the arms across the chest.

Entreaty: Hold the arms and hands forward, palms supine.

Invocation: Raise the arms forward, hands supine.

Terror: Throw the arms backward, elbows bent.

Avoid every arm movement not in harmony with the sentiment you are expressing.

With the Hands Indicate:

Secrecy or Silence: Place the forefinger on the lips.

Shame or Sorrow: Place the hands upon the eyes.

Joy or Pleasure: Clasp the hands on left breast.

Anguish: Wring the hands, moving upward and downward.

Appeal to Conscience: Place the right hand over the heart.

Threatening: Clinch and shake the hand.

Mental Pain or Distress: Place the open hand on the head.

Meekness: Cross the hands on the breast.

Triumph: Wave the right hand over the head.

Invitation: Extend the hands supine toward the object.

Avoid unnecessary motions of the hands at variance with prevailing sentiment.

By Various Attitudes of the Body Indicate:

Repose, Courage, Joy: Hold the body flexibly erect.

Pride, Haughtiness: Throw the shoulders stiffly back.

Humility or Compassion: Stoop slightly forward.

Reverence, Adoration: Bend the body well forward.

Indignation: Straighten to full height.

Aversion: Withdraw from the object to either side.

Horror: Shrink inwardly from the cause.

Avoid all unnecessary contortions of the body and shrugging of the shoulders, as well as that unpliant rigidity one sees in the awkward orator.

By Means of the Lower Limbs Indicate:

Confidence, Self-Possession: Stand flexibly erect on both feet.

Self-Conceit, Obstinacy: Stand rigidly erect on both feet.

Timidity, Awkwardness: First or second position, advanced knee bent more than rear knee.

Physical Weakness: Feet parallel and a foot or more apart, knees bent.

Terror, Horror: Let the entire limbs tremble.

Earnest Appeal: Take third or fourth position.

Disgust: Assume third or fourth position, then throw weight on rear foot.

Pomposity: Feet well apart, weight on both feet.

Avoid the frequent shifting of weight from one limb to the other. Such actions betray awkwardness and mental disturbance.

EXERCISES IN GESTURE.

Explanations of Abbreviations:

{	D. F. Descending Front.	{	D. E. Descending Extended.
	H. F. Horizontal Front.		H. E. Horizontal Extended.
	A. F. Ascending Front.		A. E. Ascending Extended.
{	D. O. Descending Oblique.	{	D. B. Descending Backward.
	H. O. Horizontal Oblique.		H. B. Horizontal Backward.
	A. O. Ascending Oblique.		A. B. Ascending Backward.

NOTE.—The ictus is applied to the italicized words.

I. RIGHT HAND SUPINE.

D. F. Upon this action I *insist*.

H. F. I freely *grant* all that you demand.

A. F. I appeal to the great Searcher of *hearts*.

D. O. Of all mistakes *none* are so fatal as these.

H. O. Truth, honor, *justice* were his motives.

A. O. Fix your eyes on the prize *above* this life.

D. E. *Away* with your tempting bribes.

- H. E. The gentle breezes wafted *incense* on the air.
 A. E. Hail *flag* of the free! Sweet emblem of hope.
 D. B. Let us put such schemes *behind* us.
 H. B. Search the records of the remotest an-ti-quity.
 A. B. Then rang the shout of *freedom*.

II. RIGHT HAND PRONE.

- D. F. Put *down* the unworthy feeling.
 H. F. Re-strain the unhallowed propensity.
 D. O. Let every one re-press such sentiments.
 H. O. I charge you to re-strain such dispositions!
 A. O. Ye god's with-hold your vengeance!
 D. E. He'll smooth the *turf* for your last pillow.
 H. E. Adversity dimmed his brightest *pros*-pects.
 A. E. So darkly *glooms* yon thunder cloud.

III. RIGHT HAND VERTICAL.

- H. F. *Back* to thy punishment, false fugitive!
 A. F. For-bid it, Almighty God!
 H. O. A friend would ward *off* the blow.
 A. O. Oh for-bid it, Heavens!
 H. E. Out of my *sight*, thou base defamer!
 H. B. False wizard, *avant*!

IV. BOTH HANDS SUPINE.

- D. F. All resentment he de-pos-ited on the altar.
 H. F. Listen, I im-plore you, to his cry for mercy.
 A. F. *Hail!* universal Lord!
 D. O. All these he sur-ren-dered to the common good.
 H. O. *Welcome!* friends, to our peaceful shore.
 A. O. *Hail!* holy Light!
 D. E. I utterly re-nounce his proffered aid.
 H. E. He delves in the wide a-byss of possibility.
 A. E. *Freedom* to the race!

V. BOTH HANDS PRONE.

- D. F. Lie *light-ly* on him, earth.
 H. F. May the blessings of Heaven *rest* on thee.
 A. F. Blessed be Thy *name*, O Lord Most High!
 D. O. We are as but worms of the *dust*!
 H. O. Deep stillness *fell* on all around.
 A. O. The Angel of Death *spread* his wings on the blast.
 D. E. Here let the tumults of passion *cease*.
 H. E. Spread wide *a-round* the heavenly calm.
 A. E. Sorrow mantles the whole *earth*.

VI. BOTH HANDS VERTICAL.

- H. F. *Hence!* horrible shadow!
 A. F. *Avert*, O God, the terrible calamity.
 H. O. *Burst* are the prison bars.
 A. O. Angels and Ministers of Grace, *de-fend* us.
 H. E. Night's gathering fears, *dis-perse*!
 A. E. Melt and *dis-pel* ye specter doubts.

FACIAL EXPRESSION.

FACIAL EXPRESSION is the adaptation of the countenance to the sentiment to be expressed.

1. Of the face Quintilian has said: "The face is the dominant power of expression. With this we supplicate; with this we threaten; with this we soothe; with this we mourn; with this we rejoice; with this we triumph; with this we make our submissions; upon this the audience hang; upon this they keep their eyes fixed; this they examine and study even before a word is spoken."

2. The effect of the vocal delivery is so much heightened by a sympathetic expression of the face, that the student of elocution, whether preparing for the rostrum, bar, or pulpit, should on no account neglect this important aid to his delivery.

3. While much preliminary training in this department of expression is necessary, in its application the student must first feel the sentiment to be uttered, then the appropriate facial expression will follow. Beware of useless facial contortions; they are not only inappropriate, they are disfiguring and repulsive.

EXPRESSION OF THE EYES.

1. The eye is the most expressive of all the features. It is here the mysterious workings of the mind are imaged forth in unmistakable language before the tongue moves in obedience to the will.

2. From it the soul looks forth and communes with kindred spirits. The expectant child reads in its mother's eye the answer to its wish. The stricken heart, unable to bear its burden, sends forth its mute appeals for human sympathy through eyes that tell the inward sorrow.

3. But while philosophers and poets have combined in praise of the wondrous beauty, variety, and expressiveness of the eye, to the orator, it has peculiar interest which he cannot ignore. It is not simply a means of expression, but to the speaker it is an instrument of control second to no other agency of oratorical power. The speaker who looks directly into the eyes of his audience holds them beyond their power of escape. Every person present feels the magnetic influence of the speaker and fancies himself the particular person addressed.

4. The failure to use this wonderful power explains why so many desultory speakers and manuscript readers do not secure attention and move their audiences to thought and action. If you must use a manuscript, acquire the habit of looking away from it at times and into the eyes of your hearers.

EXERCISES IN FACIAL EXPRESSION.

By Means of the Eyes Indicate:

Courage, Determination: Look straight forward.

Joy, Hope, Delight: Raise the eyes slightly upward.

Shame, Modesty, Humility: Look downward.

Disgust, Aversion: Turn the eyes to either side.

Madness: A steady glare, seeing nothing.

Sudden Anger: Let the eyes flash.

Consternation: Open the eyes wide with a fixed stare.

Rage: Roll the eyes well open.

Despair: A vacant stare.

Avoid meaningless winkings and any unnatural use of the eyes.

By Means of the Brow Indicate:

Joy, Terror, Amazement: Elevate the brows.

Fear, Despair, Grief: Depress the brows.

Anger, Rage: Knit the brows firmly.

Tranquil Repose: Let the brows be natural.

Avoid the frequent elevation of the brows when not indicated by the sentiment.

With the Mouth Indicate:

Tranquillity: Close the lips lightly.

Joy, Delight: Let the lips be drawn back and slightly raised.

Scorn, Contempt: Curl the lips slightly upward.

Disgust: Curl the lips downward.

Firmness, Decision: Compress the lips.

Weakness, Indecision: Relax the lips.

Wonder, Desire: Part the lips slightly.

Silliness, Imbecility: Open the lips languidly, tongue protruding.

Approval, Pleasure: Let the lips smile freely.

On account of the softness of the parts about the mouth no feature is so liable to assume the deformities of bad habits as the lips. Avoid all unbecoming contortions, as sneering, pouting, twitching, and protrusion of the lips. Avoid evil indulgences in thought, word, and deed. All these leave their traces upon the mobile lips, and mar alike the features and delivery.

With the Nostrils Indicate:

Courage, Anger: Expand the nostrils freely.

Surprise, Admiration: Open the nostrils moderately.

Disgust, Contempt: Draw the nostrils upward.

Fear, Terror, Horror: Let the nostrils dilate and quiver.

Pain; Contract the nostrils.

GENERAL HINTS UPON GESTURE.

1. "Suit the action to the word, and the word to the action; with this special observance—that you o'erstep not the modesty of Nature."

2. Be definite and decided in your action. Decision of gesture is more important than grace; combine the two.

3. In shifting from one foot to the other avoid dropping one hip or shoulder.

4. Though appropriate gesture is pleasing to the eye and greatly assists the hearer in comprehending the thought, the pupil is reminded that too little gesture is better than a continuous or even frequent sawing of the air.

5. During the action of gesture the arm should be kept moving all the time—rarely stationary for a single instant.

6. When reading, attempt no gesture unless you can look from your book and preclude the gesture with your eyes.

7. The ictus of the gesture should be on the emphatic word, and the hand performing the gesture should return to the side or proceed with another gesture.

8. Keep your face either full or three quarters full toward your audience, unless personation should require it otherwise.

9. In personating two characters have one speak to the right, the other to the left. Explanations require a full face to the audience.

10. Use curved lines in gesture in all cases except those portraying sudden and impressioned Emotions.

11. As a general rule in single gesture, use the right arm, with the right foot advanced in preference to the left. The left, however, is often conveniently used in the mimicry of awkward characters.

12. Do not permit the love of dress display to mar the effect of your delivery by making you ridiculous. Taste in dress is little less important than appropriate language and delivery.

13. Let your changes in gesture accord with the language. The more rapid the thought and violent the emotion, the more sudden the transitions. Calm, dignified and reflective thought requires slow, measured, graceful changes.

14. When the change of thought requires a change of position, make such change *while* speaking, not before nor after; that is, move as you enter upon the new thought.

15. Gesture should not accompany the *description* of the act, but the act itself; as "But Douglas round him drew his cloak," etc., receives no gesture; wait till the words accompanying the action are spoken.

16. Observe the attitudes and gestures of great orators.

PRONUNCIATION.

PRONUNCIATION from *pro*, forth, and *nuncio*, I announce, is the act of vocal and articulate utterance of words according to prevailing usage.

1. The pronunciation of the English language is not uniform in time or place. The usage of the nineteenth century is not that of the last century. The general style of the bustling metropolis differs from the leisurely uttered words of the field and hamlet. So, too, the followers of certain occupations manifest their calling by peculiarities of accent and enunciation. The stress and tones of the seafaring man vary in a marked degree from those of the camp and court. Again, the usage of the mountains is not that of the plains and valleys; and the contrast between the articulation and accent one hears on the coast and in the interior is equally marked.

2. Changes in pronunciation, due to changes in manner of living, social and political conditions, advance of commerce and caprice of fashion are constantly going on—in some sections more rapidly than in others. While some communities, influenced by the busy activities around them, accept almost every new style of utterance, others, more isolated, and, therefore, more tenacious of early acquirements, resist all innovations, and cling to those familiar sounds to which they have been accustomed. Thus differences in pronunciation originate and continue in the same country.

3. Notwithstanding these differences in local usage there is a standard of pronunciation to which the critical scholars of all sections conform. Among literary people of the United States this standard is recognized in the latest editions of Webster's, Worcester's and the Century dictionaries.

4. The "Principles of Pronunciation" contained in these works should be carefully studied by all who aspire to accuracy in spoken English. A mispronounced word or even an unusual authorized pronunciation coming from the pulpit, stage or rostrum, distracts the hearer's attention, mars the beauty of diction and compromises the speaker's culture in the estimation of his audience even more than the absence of an eloquent delivery.

5. Pronunciation comprises *articulation*, *syllabication*, and *accent*. A skillful articulation is acquired by first securing the correct sounds of the vocal elements, and then by persistent practice, making them so familiar to the tongue and ear that every combination, however difficult, can be sounded instantly and correctly.

ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the process of forming and combining the elementary sounds of language.

1. The importance of this subject entitles it to rank second only to respiration as a requisite to the greatest excellence in the art of elocution. Without this element, cultivated to the highest perfection, all other elements of vocal culture fail to form the accomplished reader and speaker.

2. Not by the English speaking orator alone, is articulation deemed of great importance. French and German teachers and statesmen give much attention to the subject. Says Legouv  :

"Articulation and articulation alone, gives clearness, energy, passion and force. Such is its power that it can even overcome deficiency of voice in the presence of a large audience. There have been actors of the foremost rank who had scarcely any voice. Potier had no voice. Monvel, the famous Monvel, not only had no voice, he had no teeth! and yet no one ever lost a word that fell from his lips; and never was there a more delightful, more moving artist than he, thanks to his perfect articulation."

3. That articulation shall secure the greatest benefit to the speaker two conditions must be observed:

First. IT MUST BE CORRECT.

Second. IT MUST BE DISTINCT.

4. The first of these implies that the student shall acquaint himself with the powers and applications of all the elementary constituents of the language, in order that he may know the exact element required for each oral combination. The second condition demands that he shall so completely master the vocal utterance of every element that no mistake can possibly arise as to what particular sound is uttered.

5. Correctness of articulation is acquired by frequent reference to standard dictionaries supplemented by immediate and intelligent practice. Here it should be observed that a *distinct* articulation without being *correct* is like legible writing containing many misspelled words; while it is easily heard the literary deficiencies of the speaker are made only more apparent.

6. Distinctness of articulation is secured, first, by frequent practice upon the exercises prepared for drill, and afterward by constant attention to every word and sentence uttered, until the habit of correct and decided articulation is fixed beyond the necessity of attention. Faulty articulation often arises from an inability to control the speech organs. The remedy is daily practice upon the elementary sounds and syllables.

7. As to what constitutes a "just articulation," nothing better can be said than the oft-quoted words of Austin:

"The words are not hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable; nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion; they are neither abridged nor prolonged; nor swallowed, nor forced, and, if I may so express myself, shot from the mouth; they are not trailed nor drawled, nor let slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They are delivered out from the lips as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint,

deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight."

8. As the impassioned style of oratory peculiar to the old Greeks and Romans is giving way to the more intellectual and argumentative form of delivery, teachers of the present are giving more attention to ease and precision of speech than did their predecessors. Upon this point, Professor Russell says:

"The appropriate style of modern eloquence is that of intellectual, more than of impassioned expression; and enunciation being of all the functions of the voice, that which is most important to the conveyance of thought and meaning, it justly requires, in the course of education, more attention and practice than any other branch of elocution."

THE ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

An elementary sound is a simple vocal element uttered by a single impulse of the *voice* and speech organs.

1. The English Language contains forty-five elementary sounds classified as follows: twenty *Vocals*, or *Tonics*, sixteen *Subvocals*, or *Subtonics* and ten *Aspirates*, or *Atonics*.

2. VOCALS, or TONICS, consist of pure tone modified by the speech organs; as, *a*, *e*, *oi*.

3. SUBVOCALS, or SUBTONICS, consist of tone and breath combined, modified by the speech organs; as, *b*, *j*, *ng*.

4. ASPIRATES, or ATONICS, are mere emissions of articulated breath; as, *f*, *s*, *ch*.

5. COGNATE SOUNDS are those formed by the speech organs in a similar position; as, *b* and *p*, *d* and *t*.

6. The student who aspires to accuracy of speech should make himself thoroughly familiar with the sounds and diacritical marks in the following analysis of letters.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. The purpose of the following tables is to secure for students correct and distinct articulation, forcible enunciation and an accurate pronunciation.

2. The first and second accomplishments may be acquired in large classes fully as well as in small ones. Indeed, it has been observed that with timid pupils the concert drill of large numbers is the only effective means of securing that energetic enunciation which contributes so largely to successful vocal culture.

3. Regarding the importance of the exercises the student may rest assured that to whatever extent he may carry his study and practice in the so-called "embellishments" of elocution, as quality, force, stress, pitch, etc., his skill in these will avail him little if his articulation and pronunciation be defective. It is not enough that the sounds be appropriate and pleasing, and that the pitch, force and stress be in harmony with the sentiment; the sounds must, be accurate—express the *sense*, and above all, must be *understood* by the hearers.

4. In the exercises in articulation proceed as follows: Inhale deeply; first pronounce the word distinctly and accurately, utter each *sound element* in its order with *energetic force* and *exaggerated distinctness*.

5. A part of each exercise should be devoted to *whispering* the phonic spelling. This may be done by selecting ten or more words for drill, and after vocally uttering the sounds, repeat the same in a forcible whisper.

6. A portion of every exercise in elocution, should include a few minutes' drill in articulation and enunciation. They can not receive too much attention.

7. Stand erect, the eyes front, the chin slightly dropped, the chest full, the shoulders firm and your mind upon what you are doing.

Illustrative Table of Marked Letters with Names of Diacritical Marks, as used in Webster's Dictionary.

COPY ON BOARD AND USE FOR DRILL.

VOCALS :	(<u>—</u>) MACRON. <i>Long.</i>	(<u>˘</u>) BREVE. <i>Short.</i>	(<u>ˆ</u>) CIRCUMFLX <i>Pectoral.</i>	(<u>˙˙</u>) DOTS. <i>Long.</i>	(<u>˙</u>) DOT. <i>Short.</i>	(<u>˜</u>) WAVE. <i>Palatal.</i>	(<u>ˊ</u>) CEDILLA. <i>Soft.</i>	(<u>—</u>) BAR.	(<u>ˉ</u>) SUSPENDED BAR.
a	ate	sit	air	ah, ail	ask, wān	err	err	err	err
e	mé	mēt	there	lken	son, wōf	sir	err	err	err
i, y	ice	sit, sȳph	for	mve	put	err	err	err	err
o	old	dōt	turn	rgde		err	err	err	err
u	dūc	shp					err	err	err
VOCAL SUBSTITUTES:									
ō = q	say	dōn	where, fāre		wān			prey	
a = ē						sir, err			
ə = i.	team			llen					
é = i.			nor	gall	son				
ā = o		sām		mve, rgde	wōf, fūl				
ū = o	tōol	wōol							
q or ū = ō									
q or ū = ō	thyme, time	hȳm, hīm							
i = y									
ī = y									
SUBVOCALS AND ASPIRATES :									
q = s; qh = sh	gell, ghute
c or ch = k	caŭ, echo
g, hard	gŭ
g, soft	gŭ
s = z
th, vocal	that	his
ŭ = ŋ	sŭk
x = cz	exalt

Drill on Diacritical Marks.

1. Place on board all the diacritical marks with names, uses and illustrations; thus, **A**, *circumflex*, used before *r* to indicate the pectoral sound of *a*, *e*, *o* and *u*; as *āre*, *thēre*, *fōr*, *gŕn*.
2. Name all letters having equivalents, or substitutes, with the names and markings of the substitutes; thus, *short o*, *substitute a*, marked by a *dot* under it, as in *ŕŕgn*.

TABLE

.. OF ..

ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

Vocals.			
ā, ē	as in	āte,	prey,
ā	" "	āt,	cāt,
ā, ē	" "	āir,	ēre,
ā	" "	ārm,	cārt,
ā	" "	āsk,	tāsk,
ā, ō	" "	āl,	ōrb,
ē, ī	" "	ēve,	fīeld,
ē	" "	ēlk,	tēn,
ē, ī, ŷ	" "	ērr,	sīr,
ī, ŷ	" "	īce,	rīfe,
ī, ŷ	" "	īll,	hīmn,
ō	" "	ōld,	tōll,
ō, ā	" "	ōdd,	wād,
ō, ō	" "	lōse,	gōōse,
ū	" "	ūse,	tūne,
ū, ō	" "	ūs,	sōn,
ū	" "	ūrn,	būrn,
ū, ō	" "	pūll,	wōōl,
oi, oy	" "	oil,	joy,
ou, ow	" "	out,	owl,
ā = ā + ē. ī = ā + ē. ō = ō + ō. ū = ē + ō. oi, oy = ō + ī. ou, ow = ā + ō.			

Subvocals.			
b	as in	bōb,	bāy,
d	" "	dīd,	dōg,
g	" "	gāg,	gīg,
j, ġ	" "	jūt,	ġēm,
l	" "	lōd,	lād,
m	" "	mān,	mād,
n	" "	nūn,	nīce,
ng, ŋ	" "	sīng,	rīnk,
r	" "	rēar,	rīll,
thr	" "	thē,	thūs,
v	" "	vān,	vēst,
w	" "	wāg,	wīt,
y	" "	yēt,	yēs,
z, s	" "	zōne,	hīs,
z (zh)	" "	āz'ure,	glazier,
Aspirates.			
f	as in	fīn,	fān,
h	" "	hōd,	hād,
k, e	" "	kēy,	eān,
p	" "	pīp,	pād,
s, ġ	" "	sīn,	ġīte,
t	" "	tāt,	tīn,
ch	" "	chīn,	chāir,
sh	" "	shē,	shīne,
th	" "	thīn,	think,
wh	" "	when,	why,
			whīp.

Drill Exercises on Elementary Sounds.

1. Pronounce the word distinctly, then sound the marked element with exaggerated distinctness, thus, *āte* *ā*; *āt* *ā*. Reverse the order.
2. Repeat the list of sounds in order with the *key words* immediately following; thus, *ā* as in *āte*, *ā* as in *āt*, etc.
3. Write, in order, the elementary sounds with proper mark and *key word*. [The word in the first column is the *key word*.]
4. Pronounce the Vocals, first with a downward slide, then with an upward slide. Pronounce in a distinct whisper.

EXERCISES IN DIFFICULT COMBINATIONS.

Indistinct and faulty articulation frequently results from an imperfect command of the brain over the muscles involved in speech; hence, one of the greatest benefits to be derived from the persistent practice upon difficult combinations is to establish that intimate connection between the mental powers and the physical organs which will permit no uncertain utterance.

Let the student acquire the power of concentrating his attention upon what he is saying, and the difficulties of articulation will speedily disappear.

PRONOUNCE WITH GREAT DISTINCTNESS.

1. baffl'd'st, bloom'd'st, balk'd'st, breath'd'st, troubl'd'st.
2. bund'dl'st, bridl'd'st, bloom'd'st, bask'st, grumbl'd'st.
3. circl'st, curl'st, charm'd'st, clasp'd'st, crimson'd'st.
4. dragg'd'st, dazzl'd'st, wid'n'd'st, thick'n'd'st, hard'n'd'st.
5. fondl'st, triff'd'st, muffl'd'st, stiff'd'st, fold'st.
6. grabbl'st, mangl'd'st, wiggl'd'st, struggl'd'st, dragg'd'st.
7. heark'n'd'st, help'd'st, harp'd'st, hearths, handl'd'st.
8. lik'd'st, laugh'st, lengths, launch'd'st, less'n'd'st, lists.
9. mingl'd'st, milk'd'st, muzzl'd'st, minister'd'st, mind'st.
10. prob'd'st, prompt'd'st, peopl'd'st, preserv'd'st, puzzl'd'st.
11. rav'l'd'st, risk'd'st, reason'd'st, rattl'd'st, harp'd'st.
12. soften'd'st, sparkl'd'st, swamp'd'st, sharpen'd'st, smooth'st.
13. twelfth, triumph'd'st, traml'd'st, tattl'd'st, twing'd'st.
14. wak'n'd'st, whelm'd'st, warmth, whistl'd'st, wiggl'd'st.

GENERAL EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

NOTE.—Repeat sentence once slowly and distinctly, then repeat five times with great rapidity and distinctness. Afterward repeat in a distinct whisper.

1. She sups sheep soup.
2. A shot-silk sash shop.

3. I saw snow softly snowing.
4. Socks and shoes shock Susan.
5. Five wise wives weaves withered withes.
6. Don't run along the wrong lane.
7. The hosts still stands in strangest plight.
8. Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane.
9. She was sitting sewing snug and warm.
10. I snuff shop-snuff; do you snuff shop-snuff?
11. She sells sea-shells; do you sell sea-shells?
12. He built an ice-house near his own nice house.
13. Some shun sunshine; do you shun sunshine?
14. The sun shines smilingly on the shop-signs.
15. Two totally tired toads tried to trot to Toadsbury.
16. The old, cold, scold sold a school coal-skuttle.
17. He sawed six long, slim, sleek, slender saplings.
18. She says she shall sew a sheet.
19. Charles Smith's Thucydides.
20. The peevish, feeble freeman feebly fought for freedom.
21. A rural ruler, truly rural.
22. The glassy glaciers gleamed in glowing light.
23. Whelpy Whelvell White was a whimsical, whining, whispering, whittling whistler.
24. A big black bug bit a big black bear.
25. Beneath the booth I found baths, cloths, laths, moths, sheaths, paths and wreaths.
26. I said "literary, literally, literarily," not "literarily, literary, literally."
27. I said "a knap-sack strap," not "a knap sack's strap."
28. Gibeon Gordon Grelglow, the great Greek grammarian, graduated at Grilgrove College.
29. The laurel crowned clown crouched cowering into the cupboard.

30. Sheba Sherman Shelly sharpened his shears and sheared his sheep.
31. Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes.
32. Success to the successful thistle-sifter.
33. See that thou in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb.
34. Thou prob'st my rack'd and weary ribs.
35. Eight great gray geese grazing gaily into Greece.
36. With a shriek she shrank before the shrine.
37. Hear the shrill shriek of the screaming shrapnel.
38. Amidst the mists with angry boasts,
 He thrusts his fists against the posts,
 And still insists he sees the ghosts.
39. He drew long, legible lines along the lovely landscape.
40. Did you ever see a saw saw a saw as that saw saws a saw?
41. Round the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran.
42. She uttered a sharp, shrill shriek and then sunk from the shriveled form that slumbered in the shroud.
43. Prithee, blithe youth, do not mouth your words when you wreathe your face with smiles.
44. Strange Sam should slight such splendid summer sales.
45. Thou turnedst, graspedst, countedst, rushedst forth and disappearedst.
46. Truly rural, truly rural rationalist.
47. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue.
48. The grass grows green above her grave.
49. Vile villains vent their vengeance vyingly.

50. Learned lads like long lessons.
51. Mournfully they marched to the martial music.
52. Napoleon's noble nature knew no niggardly notions.
53. Soldiers, sailors, seamen, all were lost.
54. Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
55. Of all the saws I ever saw, I never saw a saw saw as
that saw saws.
56. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.
57. Sober Stephen sold sugar, starch, spices, saddles,
stirrups, screws, silks, satins, shawls and skates.

Read the following correctly (in review) in one breath:

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. Now, if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that *thou*, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of *thy* thumb. Success to the successful thistle-sifter.

NOTE.—Read the following correctly, at first in seventy seconds,—in sixty seconds,—in review in fifty seconds. It has been read intelligibly in thirty-six seconds. Read the first paragraph in one breath, then read the first and second paragraph in one breath. Read in a whisper occasionally by way of variation—an admirable exercise:

THE TWO BOOT-BLACKS.

1. A day or two ago, during a lull in business, two little boot-blacks, one white and one black, were standing at the corner doing nothing, when the white boot-black agreed to black the black boot-black's boots. The black boot-black was of course willing to have his boots blacked by his fellow boot-black, and the boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots went to work.

2. When the boot-black had blacked one of the black boot-black's boots, till it shone in a manner that would make any boot-black proud, this boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots

refused to black the other boot of the black boot-black until the black boot-black, who had consented to have the white boot-black black his boots, should add five cents to the amount the white boot-black had made blacking other men's boots. This the boot-black whose boot had been blacked refused to do, saying it was good enough for a black boot-black to have one foot blacked, and he didn't care whether the boot that the boot-black hadn't blacked was blacked or not.

3. This made the boot-black who had blacked the black boot-black's boot as angry as a boot-black often gets, and he vented his black wrath by spitting upon the black boot of the black boot-black. This roused the latent passions of the black boot-black, and he proceeded to boot the white boot-black with the boot which the white boot-black had blacked. A fight ensued, in which the white boot-black who had refused to black the unblackened boot of the black boot-black, blacked the black boot-black's visionary organ, and in which the black boot-black wore all the blacking off his blacked boot in booting the white boot-black.

COMMON ERRORS IN PRONUNCIATION.

1. Among many persons there exists a constant tendency to mispronounce certain combinations of sounds. This tendency arises from one of several causes and occasionally from all. They may be caused, first, by an imperfect apprehension of the sound; second, an inability to reproduce the sound, and third, a careless indifference.

2. To overcome the first and second difficulties, train the ear to discover the true sound and to detect the error, and the speech organs to execute the sound correctly. The only remedy for the third cause is an appeal to the student's sense of propriety.

3. These faults are represented in part by the following words. Use them as a drill.

ănt	for	ăunt	sēnce	for	singe
ăsk	"	ăsk	sî lunt	"	sî lent
ăft'er	"	ăft'er	spōōn	"	spōōn
ăn'	"	ând	stăt'ue	"	stăt'ute
ă'el	"	ale	tēown	"	town
bărl or bārł	"	băr'rel	trăv'ler	"	trăv'eler
bēn	"	been (bîn)	voi'olent	"	vi'olent
bē'in'	"	bē'ing	wūs	"	was
būn'nit	"	bōn'net	wăt'ter	"	wă'ter
brēth'urn	"	brēth'ren	wăre or wūr	"	wēre
călf	"	călf	yēn'der	"	yōn'der
kă'd or kēărd	"	cărd	'east	"	yēast
kēтч	"	căтч	măak	"	măke
sūl'ler	"	çēl'lar	răegd	"	raid
chăr or cheăr	"	chăir	prăr'ie	"	prăi'rie
chil'durn	"	chil'drēn	măat	"	măt
kăw'fe	"	cōf'fee	făer	"	făre
cōm'mă	"	cōm'mă	thēr, thūr, thar or		
dōōz	"	does (dūz)	thăr	"	thēre
drēen	"	drăin	ăr, ăr, ăr or ér	"	ēre or ăir
dōō	"	dūe	lăf, lăf or lăf	"	lăugh
ēl'um	"	ēlm	găunt	"	găunt
ēre	"	ēre	grăss or grăss	"	grăss
ēv'ry	"	ēv'e ry	cōught	"	căught

fā' or fūr	for	fār	wānd	for	wānd
fāwm	"	fōrm	wās'sall	"	wās'sall
fē'ah	"	fēar	hēyhr	"	hēre
fūr	"	fōr	mōurn	"	mōurn
fōrge	"	fōrge	dāwg	"	dōg
fēound	"	found	fōr' rest	"	fōr'est
gā'den	"	gār'den	dōth	"	dōth
hēerd	"	heard	pūt	"	pūt
hīst'ry	"	hīst'o ry	nūr	"	nōr
ī dee or ī de a	"	ī dē ā	sāys	"	sāys (sēz)
jīst	"	joist	ān'y	"	any (ēn'ny)
lāw'ses	"	lōss'es	lūth'er	"	lēath'er
māēēd	"	māde	hāir or hāir	"	hāir
mā'k	"	mārk	āirn or ūrn	"	ēarn
mēl'ler	"	mēl'low	pērt or pūrt	"	pērt
māwk	"	mōck	mūr'cy	"	mēr'cy
mōd'ist	"	mōd'est	keīnd	"	kind
pāst	"	pāst	āye	"	āye (āy)
prōb'ble	"	prōb'a ble	fāire	"	fire
protes'	"	pro tēsts'	dēē'strict	"	dis'trict
rūth'er	"	rāth'er	sīr'up	"	sīr'up
rēg'ler	"	rēg'ular	geīrl or gūrl	"	gīrl
rēnch	"	rīnse	būrd	"	bīrd
rōōf	"	rōōf	won't or wōōn't	"	wōn't
rōōt	"	rōōt	fōr'ger	"	fōr'ger
scārce	"	scārce	fāwg	"	fōg
sēv'ral	"	sēv'er al	nōne	"	nōne
shūll	"	shāll	sāith	"	saith (sēth)
srēēk	"	shriek	wōōr'sted	"	wōrs'ted(wōos'ted)
shēt	"	shūt	sōōt	"	sūit

Pronunciation Matches.—Pronouncing matches should be had as often as once a week.

ENGLISH WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

[*Silent letters are printed in Italics.*]

Drill I.

ôn
ây
ôff
wâs
dûe
êlm
dôg
ûrn
new (nû)
wạn

Drill II.

êre
ê'er
gâpe
nape
bâde
lûte
hêre
fâst
lông
wêre

Drill III.

bôm**b**
pâss
sâlt
lôst
bîrd
môc**k**
rîse (n)
jô**u**l
rôô**t**
hâ**l**f

Drill IV.

eâ**l**f
câ**z**l
liêu
âunt
nûde
dê**a**f
wôn't
tûne
gâol
gôn**e**

Drill V.

êarn
wônt
quay (kê)
gýve
pâth
nóne
vâst
wând
rýse
bâth

Drill VI.

inâ gî
dâ'is
al lý'
lî en
idê á
tî ny
dû'ty
âr id
ô nyx
1 ron (1 urn)

Drill VII.

fâr'o
withe
bôrne
chânt
gráft
thêir
groâ**t**
rînse
sûrge
sêrge

Drill VIII.

bôô**th**
jôûst
saith (sêth)
ehâir
môurn
spôôn
cônch (kônk)
sâ**l**ve
sêine
fôrge

Drill IX.

gh**q**ul
sough (sûf)
heârth
quoit (kwoít)
stâ**l**k
sweâr
lâugh (lâf)
shâft
vêrge
brôth

Drill X.

chýle
hough (hòk)
psâ**l**m
plâit
lîthe
fôsse
châps
côrps
hâ**l**ve
trôth

Drill XI.

arô'má
lû rid
ex tól
châr y
fi er j
again (-gên)
vis' or
nôm' ad
ea bâl'
ex úde'

Drill XII.

i rate'
ô**l**'en
âft'er
câ'ret
wâ'ter
di vâ'n
l'ron y (-n)
irony (adj.) (1 urn y)
sîr'up
eó'pal

Drill XIII.

â' lî as
pî ân' o (n)
é' dile
brâ' vo (n)
rê**s**' in

Drill XIV.

rá' ti o (rá' shî o)
viê ar
tên' et
ôx îde
eyrie á' rý

Drill XV.

ná' sal
fâç et
hôn' el
ôf' fal
âg' ile

Drill XVI.

chough (chûf)
lâunch
yq**u**ths
brôoch
trough (trâwf)

Drill XIII (Con.)

de sist'
fêt' id
guâ' va gwâ' va
lê' ver
môn' ad

Drill XIV (Con.)

sâ' tyr
têp' id
a dult'
o dê' on
pêt' al

Drill XV (Con.)

nâi ad (nâ' yad)
a mQur'
sîn' ew (sîn' yu)
mâ' ni â
a dieû'

Drill XVI (Con.)

fê tich' (tish)
ellique
bûrred
trûths
vâunt

Drill XVII.

fôr' est
ba salt'
çem' ent (n)
pês' ile
de sist'
re çêss'
ex hôrt'
âl lies'
côme ly
fau' çes

Drill XVIII.

a cá' ci á (-shí á)
i' o dine
lý cé' um
râp' ine
rîb ald
dêc' ade
ên' sign
nu sê um
ven dûe'
dôç' ile

Drill XIX.

ôr dê al
bâr' rel
as sùme
ôr' ehid
förg er
ba nâ' na
vî' rile
ea nine
oe eult'
ti rade

Drill XX.

sê nlle
gêr' und
lâr' ass
ro búst'
fêc' und
sâ' trap
êx' tant
pâr' ent
sûbt le
côr net

Drill XXI.

pûis ne
dâh lia (-ya)
fil' i al (-yal)
lieh' en
tâs'sel
çê' rate
ex çise'
âv' e nûe
fâç' ile
vîz' ier (-yer)

Drill XXII.

eôf' fee
bôn' net
eôg' nac (kôn' yak)
dôn' jôn
ôr' gîes
pî âz' zâ
rêt' i nâ
strâ' tâ
va gâ' ry
vî ra' go

Drill XXIII.

thôught
swollen
pôr tray'
fê' brile
pa lá' ver
brô' mine
eu rá' tor
fûl' sôme
eâr' bine
plâ teau (-to)

Drill XXIV.

o bês' i ty
squâ' lôr
hôs' tage
in quí' ry
pla eârd'
frônt' al
dif fuse (adj.)
dis çern'
prâyers
lêis' ure (-zhur)

Drill XXV.

eon tqur'
gôn' do lá
prôb' i ty
eâis son
pâg' eant
âd' i pôse
gâl' lows (-lûs)
fî nânçe'
isth' mus
hý' gi êne

Drill XXVI.

jû' gu lar
ehi mé' ra
as phâlt'
pý ri' tês
suf fiçe' (-fiz)
ge nér' ie
gu ré' o lá
bêst' ial (-yal)
ehô' rist
prûs sie

Drill XXVII.

eôn' côrd
bêl' lôics
prê' mi er
spín' ach (ěj)
equ rânt'
ver bôse'
rév er iê'
âm' a teur'
wqrst' ed
fûch si a (Wb.)
fû' shí á (Wor.)

Drill XXVIII.

sýr' inge
nât i neç'
ér' y dite
flô' rist
be di' zen
glâ mQur'
lân' guor (-gwur)
ghêr' kin
eây ênne
eôurt' ier (-yer)

Drill XXIX.

lê' ni ent
def' i çit
âd' vêrse
a' pri eôt
u sûrp' er
ím' pi oûs
bên' zine
glâ' çier
pre têxt'
rqu tine

Drill XXX.

cæ sũ' ra
grân' a ry
per sist
prâi' rie
re elûse'
rûf' fian (-yan)
hlâ' tant
hóst' ler
segl' lop
squa'ld

Drill XXXI.

suâv' i ty (swav-)
dis' tieh
eý' ra qôa'
an chô' vy
is' o late
pa pý' rus
âl' ca rân
a mên' i ty
bí tñ' men
broth' el

Drill XXXII.

e pîs' ile
biv' ou ae (-wâk)
ârd' û oûs
wâs' sail
sýs' to le
ho ri' zon
pa rôt' id
kêel sôn
e' qua ble
e lýs' i an

Drill XXXIII.

frũc' tĩ fy
 eol' an der
 nĩ' hĩl list
 eol' ride
 ap pãr' ent
 squĩr' rel
 op pũ' nent
 va gã' riẽs
 frũnt' ier
 e nẽr' vate

Drill XXXIV.

rãĩl' ler y
 tỹ rãn' nic
 êq' uĩ page (-pẽj)
 a mẽn' a ble
 dĩ ôc' e san
 çĩn eh'ũ' nã
 ma uĩ ae al
 dũn' a tĩve
 lũs' cĩous (lũsh' us)
 eoln' tra ry

Drill XXXV.

eolũ' nũ' men
 fre quẽnt'
 as pĩr' ant
 mũr' phĩne
 spẽ cĩous (-shũs)
 dũl' o roũs
 dĩ na mĩte
 a phẽl' ion (-yũn)
 re eũ sant
 cẽl' i bã çy

Drill XXXVI.

ãn tĩ mo ny
 eo quẽt ry
 trĩ eh' nã
 seĩr rĩũs
 sẽn' tĩ ent (-shĩ ent)
 ĩm mũ' bĩle
 eolr' rĩ dũr
 splẽn' e tĩe
 mus tãche'
 êq' uĩ vũke

Drill XXXVII.

erẽ' dençe
 sub ũr' ban
 rẽ tro ãet'
 bã sãm' ic
 de eol' roũs
 sũr nãmẽd'
 vẽ' he ment
 hĩc' ough (hĩk' up)
 chãl' dron
 eoln' strũe

Drill XXXVIII.

tar tãr' ic
 pãr' af fine
 trãn' quĩl
 ĩn dũc' ile
 nãũ' seolũs (nã' shũs)
 sãr' do nỹx
 de rĩ sĩve
 vĩr y lent
 eũ' lĩ na ry
 hỹ men e' al

Drill XXXIX.

dĩsh ẽv' el
 vĩç' ĩn age
 sĩ ne eũre
 sphẽ roĩd
 ũnet' uolũs (ũnkt'yũs)
 uũ ũ' rĩ oũs
 gũur' mand
 eolũr' e oũs
 bẽ he moth
 çỹn o sũre

Drill XL.

pẽd' a gũ gy
 mãg' a zĩne'
 rẽ sũurçe'
 rẽs' pĩt ed
 ĩn tãg' lĩ o (-yo)
 ẽ' ẽr o nãũt
 bo re a' lĩs
 gãũ grẽne'
 jũ' ve nĩle
 mãr' i time

Drill XLI.

mãt' ron ize
 çẽre' ments
 eow' ard içe
 drũn' e da ry
 eoln' eolurse
 eolm' ĩnu nĩsm
 ẽx' quĩ şĩte
 fẽt' i çhĩsm
 de elĩv' oũs
 ẽd' mĩ ra ble

Drill XLII.

spẽç' ially (spẽsh' alty)
 glã dĩ' o lus
 çhĩv' al rĩe
 trũ' eũ lent
 pe eũnĩa ry (-ya ry)
 lẽg' eũd a ry
 dĩs eolurse'
 seĩve ner
 south east
 as sũ' çĩ ate (-shĩ at)

Drill XLIII.

solũ' er eĩgn
 sũp' o rĩf' ic
 erẽm' a to ry
 eãs' sĩ mẽre
 eol' ad jũ' tor
 ẽl' ter nãte (v)
 ẽl' tẽr' nãte (n)
 mĩs' dĩ tũe
 i rãs' çĩ ble
 dĩş hũn' est

Drill XLIV.

rẽf' er a ble
 ĩn fãũt ile
 re fũt' a ble
 ob jũr' gãte
 eolch' i nẽal
 trĩ' lo bĩte
 ẽl' a bãs' ter
 a eol' stĩes (kow)
 thẽre' fore
 eoln' fĩ dãũt'

Drill XLV.

mãel' strom
 ẽp' pa rã' tũs
 eoln' tu mẽ ly
 de fãl' eãte
 rẽp' ũ ta ble
 ẽş em plã ry
 grĩm ẽl' kĩn
 ae elĩ' mãte
 frãn chĩş
 rẽp' a ra ble

Drill XLVI.

ãr' mĩs tĩçe
 fũl' mĩ nãte
 chũr' ĩs ter
 eoln' gẽ' rĩ ẽş
 dẽs' ul to ry
 ĩm brũgl' lo (brũl' y'o)
 vẽr' dĩ grĩs
 men ẽg' e rĩe (-ãşh-)
 fĩn' an çĩer'
 dĩph thẽ' rĩ a (dĩf-)

Drill XLVII.

ehãl' çẽd' o ny
 ẽl' le go rĩst'
 eoln' ver sant
 trũr' a bã qũr
 ĩl' lũs' trate
 ĩn' ter stĩçe
 plã' gĩa rĩst
 pẽr' ẽmp tũ ry
 eolm' par a ble
 sub sĩd' ençe

Drill XLVIII.

re mẽ' dĩ a ble
 re spĩr' a ble
 hũs' pĩ ta ble
 eoln' sũm' mãte (adj)
 hĩgh' way man
 re fẽr' rĩ ble
 ĩn' plã' ea ble
 ĩn' dĩ ea to ry
 ẽm' en dã' tĩon
 re mẽd' ĩless

Drill XLIX.

eal çĩn' a ble
 ab sũl' ũ to ry
 eolm' man dãũt'
 rẽç' i ta tĩve'
 flãe çĩd' i ty

Drill L.

ãn' te pe nũlt'
 gũm ẽr' ab ĩe
 mẽn' ĩn gĩ' tĩs
 pũst' hu mũũs
 rẽn' deũ vũũs

Drill LI.

sãç' er dũ' tal
 prẽ sçĩ ençe (-shĩ-)
 hũ' me õp' a thỹ
 lãr yĩ gĩ' tĩs
 eãr' i ea tũre

Drill LII.

ẽãp' i tũl ĩne
 ẽp' o thẽ' o sĩs
 bãl' der dãşh
 brũn eũl' tĩs
 dẽm o nĩ' a eal

Drill XLIX(Con.)

pa rên' chÿ mã
mêt' al lâr gy
dÿs' pu ta ble
lâm' ent a ble
côm' pen sate

Drill L (Con.)

ea lig ra phy
in im' it a ble
ae eli' mât ed
te lëg ra phy
tôn sil i' tis

Drill LI (Con.)

ea mël o pard
dis ka bille
hÿ dröp' a thy
ôb' li ga to ry
mas' sa ering

Drill LII (Con.)

fôre eas ðe
mër' can tile
pÿ ä' no-for' tē
pre çed ençe
strÿch nîne

Drill LIII.

con' serv a tor
pro vô' ea tive
me' te ôr' o lite
se quës' trate
mis côm' strÿe
dêp' ri vâ' tion
dêm'on strate
three lëgged'
hÿ pôth' e nÿse
in ôp'por tâne'

Drill LIV.

lëg' is lâ' tive
di plô' ma tist
mâr' çhiôn ess
mis' chiev oÿs
in' ter êst ing
en frân chÿe
elan dës tine
sÿper fi' çÿes (fish'êz)
vÿn' di ea tive
sâc' ri lê' giôÿs

Drill LV.

prôtes tâ tion
trans fêr' a ble
ûn fre quêt' ed
côm' plaÿ şânçe'
ir rêf ra ga ble
ir re mē' di a ble
pre sēt' i ment
re cōg ni zânçe
sÿ mul tá' ne oÿs
châr nel-house

Drill LVI.

côn tu mē' li oÿs(yÿs)
in côm' pa ra ble
frōnt is piēçe
un prēç' e dent ed
ô le o mâr' ga rine
äg' ri cÿlt' ûr ist
lí thōg' ra pher
ir re cōg ni za ble
tēr gi ver sâ tion
pro nÿn' çiation(-shi-)

FOREIGN WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

A few of the following words have received an English pronunciation.

The student should find the meaning of the terms.

abandon (n) (a bân dồng')

a do' bẻ

aid de camp (kống)

adagio (ad ã' gĩ o)

allegro (al la' gro)

ân' gli ẻ

attache (ât a shâ')

à propos (â prô pô')

au fait (o fá)

au revoir (o rêv wâr')

ballet (bâl la')

bas bleu (bã blô')

beaux esprit (bôzes' prê')

belles lettres (bel lêt' ter)

bijou (be zhô')

blasé (blã zã')

bonhomie (bo no mế')

bon mot (bon' mô)

boulevard (boo' le vâr')

bouquet (bôô' kã')

café (kã' fá')

cachet (kãsh' a')

caisson (kã' son)

canon (kãn' yũn')

cantatrice (kan ta trẻ' che)

caoutchouc (kôô' chôôk)

carte de visite (kãrt' de vẻ zẻt')

cart blanche (kãrt blônsh')

caviar (kãv' e ảr)

chargé d'affaires (shãr' zhã, đãf fãr')

charivari (shã rê' va rê')

eôm' plaissance

corps d'armée (kôr' dãr mã')

cortège (kôr' tazh)

coup d'état (koo' dà tã')

coupe (koo pã')

coupon (koo' pống)

coyote (koi ô' te)

cuisine (kive zẻn')

débouche (da boo shã')

débris (da brẻ')

début (dã bù')

débutant (dã bù tống')

débutante (dã bù tãnt')

dénouement (da nôô' mống)

dernier ressort (dẻn ya res sỏr)

distingué (dis tãng gã')

douche (doosh)

éclat (a klã')

éc'ce ho' mo (ẻk'sẻ)

élite (ả leẻt')

ém' ploy ẻ')

encore (ống kỏr')

ennui (ống nwẻ')

en route (ống rỏt')

entrée (ống trã)

esprit de corp (ẻs prẻ' de kor)

étagère (ẻt' a zhãr')

étui (ả twẻ)

exeunt (ẻks' se unt)

exposé (ẻks pỏ zã')

facade (fa sãd)

finale (fe nã' lả)

finesse (fi nẻs')

gamin (gamãng')

garçon (gãr' sỏn')

gens d'armes (zhãn dãrm')

giaour (jour)

gout (gôô)

haricot (hãr' e kỏ)

hauteur (ho' tủr')

jeu d'esprit (zhủ' des prẻ')

kirschwasser (kẻrsh' wỏs ser)

litterateur (lẻ tã' rỏ tủr')

mademoiselle (mãđ' mwa zẻl')

- man dá' mus
 mayonnaise (mā yón az')
 melange (mā' lôn zh')
 melee (mā lá)
 mesdames (mā dām')
 mezzotint (mêd zo tint)
 mirage (mī rāzh')
 miserere (mīz e rê' re)
 monsieur (mo seer')
 morale (mō rāl')
 naively (nā év ly)
 naïveté (nā' évta)
 négligée (nā glā zhā')
 on dit (óng dé')
 outre (ō trā')
 papier maché (pāp' ya' mā sha')
 patois (pat wə')
 penchant (pōng' shōng')
 protege (prō' tā zhā')
 pueblo (pū eb lo)
 qui vive (kē vev')
 raisonner (rā' zôn nā')
 ranchero (ran tshā' ro)
 recherche (rūh' shēr shā')
 restaurateur (rās' tō' rā tūr')
 reconnaissance (re cōn' nīs sāns)
 regime (rā zheem)
 renaissance (rūh nā' sōngs')
 repertoire (rā' pā' twār)
 résumé (rā' zū' mā')
 ricochet (rik ō shā')
 role (rōl)
 rouge (rōōzh)
 roué (rō a')
 sa' lām'
 sã lōn'
 sang froid (sōng frwā')
 savant (sā' vōng')
 séance (sā' ōngs')
 silhouette (sil ōō ét)
 sobriquet (sō' bre ká')
 soi disant (swā de zōng')
 soirée (swā rā')
 sotto voce (sôt' to vo' chá)
 souvenir (soōv nēer')
 tapis (tā pē')
 tiers état (te êrz' a tā')
 tournure (tōōr nōōr)
 tragedienne (tra' jē de ên')
 valet de chambre (vā lā' de shōng hr)
 vaudeville (vōd' vél)
 vis a vis (vis' a vé')
 zouave (zwāv)

PROPER NAMES AND PROPER ADJECTIVES OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

Aaron (ār' on)

Ād' e lā

Æ né id (e nè' id)

Āf ghān is tān'

A dōn' is

Ajaccio (ā yāt' cho)

Āl ā mo

Āl' ar ic

Āl' dīne

Alicia (a lish' i ā)

Ā' II

Āl' pīne

Ān tūl' lēs

Aph ro dī' tē

Ār ab

Ār' a bīe

A ri' on

Ar con (ār' son)

Arctic (ār'k' tik)

Ār' kan sās

Arnaud (ār' no)

Asia (ā shī ā')

Aubert (o' bēr')

Āu gē' an

Bal mōr' al

Bāl zāc'

Bār ti mē' us

Bas tīe'

Beauchamp (beech' am)

Beethoven (bā' tō' ven)

Bēd' q' uin

Bē' li al

Boccaccio (bok kāt' cho)

Boleyn (bōōl' in)

Bolingbroke (bōl' ing brook)

Borghese (bor gā' zā)

Boulanger (boo lan zhaē)

Bōs' ton (not baw stun)

Brāh' mīn

Brugh' am

Bud dīsm

Būf' fon

Būr' gūn dy

Cā' dī

Cāl i' fōr' ni a

Cāl li o pe

Cār īb bē an

Cās si o pē' a

Cau cā' si an (-shī)

Cē cīl' i ā

Cenci, Beatrice

(chēn' chee, bā ā trē' chā)

Cham (kām)

Cheops (kē ops)

Cherubini (ka ruy bē' né)

Chī eā' go

Chī nēse'

Chopin (sho pān)

Christianity (krist yān i ty)

Concord (kong' kurd)

Crick' ton

Curacoa (kū' ra sō)

Cuvier (kū ve ā')

Czerny (chēr' ne)

Dān ish

D'Aubigne (dō bēn' yā')

Dēb o rah

Descartes (dā' kārt)

De Stāel (stāl)

Dis rā' el ī

Dōr' ic

Dōr' o thē' ā

Edinburgh (ēd' in būr' ro)

E li' ab

E li' pha let

Faneuil Hall (fān' el)

Fēb ruy ā ry

Freycinet (frā' sē' nā')

Froude (frōōd)

Gloucester (glōs' ter)

Goethe (gēteh)

Gounod (gō no')

Graefe (grā' fe)

Guido (gwē' do)

Guelph (gwelf or welf)

Guisse (gwēz)

Guizot (gē zo')

Hawaii (hā wī' ee)

Hē' bē

Heine (hi' neh)
Hél' le nēs
Hēm' ang
Her mī' o ne
Holburn (ho' burn)
Hu' di bras
Ib ra hīm'
I' ó wá
Iphigenia (í f i ġe ní a)
Ismail (ís mǎ eel')
Italian (i tǎl' jan)
Ix l' on

Jacques (Fr.) (zhǎk)
Jaques (Eng.) (zhǎk or já' quez)
Juarez (hoo á' rēs)
Junot (zhū nō')

Khē dive'
Kossuth, Louis (hosh' oot)

Lange (lāng' eh)
La óe' ó ón
Lát' in (not lǎt'n)
Le thē' an
Liverrier (leh vá' re á')
Lu cy (not lǒó' cy)
Lyonnais (lé' un á')

Macleod (mǎe loud')
Maggiore (mǎd jò' rá)
Mǎg' na Chār'ta
Mazzini (mǎt see' nee)
Medici (med' e chee)
Mēl pōm' e nē
Mis squ' rī (not zoo)
Moliere (mo le ár')
Món' gol

Na pō' le ón
Nēm' e sís
Notre Dame (nó' tr dām')

Oberon (ób' e ron)
Ōd' ys sey
Ōmé' gá
Orí' on
Orpheus (ór' feús)
Ossian (ósh an)

Pall Mall (pēl mēl')
Pēg' a sūs
Pe nēl' o pe
Persia (pēr' shí á)
Phi lán' der
Phi lé' mon
Pleiades (plē ya dēz)
Plū' tareh
Pompeii (pom pá' yē)
Psyche (sý' ke)
Richelieu (rēsh' el loo)
Rousseau (roo so')

Sǎ há' rá
Sa ló' me
Sǎn' he drim
Schurz, Carl (shöorts)
Sēv' ille
Síg' is münd
Stēph' a ná
Strahan (strawn)
Sturm (stöorm)
Sū' san (not sōó' san)

Tērp sieh o ré' an
Tha lí' á
Thiers (te êr')
Tuileries (twē le ré')

Ūl' ri cá
Ūl' ti má Thū' le
U'lys' sēs
U' ran us

Vespucci (vēs pōót' chee)
Vibert (vā bār)
Vir gín' i a (not gín' yá)

Whewell (hū el)
Worcester (woo' ster)

Yonge (yung)

Zac eh'e' us
Zach' a ry

VOICE AND SPEECH CULTURE.

1. VOICE is the audible vibrations heard in the air passing from the lungs into and through the vocal organs. The air is driven from the lungs as from a bellows by the action of the respiratory muscles; and after receiving the vibratory motion in the larynx and resonance in the pharynx the peculiar sound termed voice is produced. Speech is made of voice by the proper articulations of the speech organs.

2. The highest skill in speech is attained only by a perfect control of the voice and speech organs.

3. The chief requisite in securing great vocal power is an erect and easy posture of the body, giving *expansiveness* to the chest and freedom to the limbs, and that absolute command of the breath which will enable the speaker to utter one hundred or more syllables in a single breath.

4. To secure the greatest compass and flexibility the student should not confine his practice to low notes, under the impression that thus only can he acquire the full, rich volume he so much admires in some favorite speaker. The exercises must include every interval between the highest and lowest notes. Practice in all degrees and tones gives compass and flexibility. Flexibility and decision of speech are secured largely by frequent practice upon passages requiring the utmost rapidity of utterance.

5. Cultivate particularly pleasant tones and correct and distinct articulation. Avoid falling into the habit of a drony enunciation and a drowsy, drawling speech, or the *offensive* tones of AFFECTATION.

6. In your public vocal performances, be deliberate. Leave nothing unfinished. The mind, not the organs involved, must *control* the speech.

7. Huskiness, harshness and hardness of tone result from the contact of air inhaled during vocal exercises with the lining mucous membrane of the speech organs; no air whatever should *enter* the mouth. Keep the mouth constantly moist. This will not be difficult if you inhale through the nostrils, and employ all exhaled air in phonation.

8. The nasal passages should be kept constantly open. Proper breathing and cleanliness will secure this condition.

9. Fullness, depth, richness and flexibility of tone are so largely dependent upon the control of the tongue, throat, and jaw muscles that constant attention should be given to the free action of these muscles.

10. To render words most easily understood by those remote from the speaker, the mouth should be opened freely and fully, and should not be closed too suddenly in finishing syllables.

11. During reading and speaking care should be exercised to avoid a continued pitch too high, too low, or a monotone. The last reacts upon the speaker, rendering his delivery dull and lifeless; a pitch too low usually prevents understanding the words; while a prolonged high pitch exhausts the speaker and wearies an audience beyond its capacity of enjoyment. The pitch should follow the general law of thought development—curves, slides and waves—few planes.

12. To prevent embarrassment, arising from nervousness, inhale and exhale to your utmost capacity a number of times before attempting to use the voice in public. The same precaution will materially prevent incoherency, stuttering and stammering in extemporaneous speech.

13. Finally, avoid the so-called “modern elocutionist’s style” which seems to reach its perfection of unreality in a sickening *affectation* as repulsive to the good sense of the public as it is false to the teachings of nature.

HUMAN SYMPATHY.—The student is here reminded that

however vigorous his enunciation, however accurate his articulation, appropriate his quality, force, pitch and movement, one element of success may be lacking. This is genuine *human sympathy*. The ear may be pleased by harmonious sounds, the eye fascinated by graceful gestures, and even the intellect may tacitly acknowledge the speaker's art, but the soul, that priestess of the inner temple, can not be deceived by outward show. The stifled breath, the palpitating heart, the moistened eye respond not to skillful movements and artistic sounds, but to the stricken heart—the suffering soul whose agonies the speaker's looks and feelings vivify.

VOICE PRESERVATION.

1. Do not *throat* your voice.
2. Consign tobacco to the mutes.
3. Constantly cultivate pure tones.
4. Avoid a long continued high pitch.
5. Use no drinks during vocal exercise.
6. Use no stimulants or acids of any kind.
7. Breathe as directed under RESPIRATION.
8. Keep the mind and body pure and healthy.
9. Avoid affectation, arrogance, and irritability.
10. Keep the temper as a reserve force, under control.
11. Permit no compression about the neck, waist or chest.

MODULATION.

MODULATION is the ready and perfect adaptation of the appropriate elements of speech to the sentiment designed to be conveyed.

1. The skillful modulation of the voice requires an instantaneous and imperceptible transition from one quality to another, an easy increase or decrease of force, a ready change of stress, and a perfect command of every degree of pitch and movement.

2. The good reader or speaker varies the element of expression so skillfully that the hearer gets a suggestion of the meaning of the words by the very nature of the sound in which they are uttered.

MODE OF UTTERANCE.

VOICE is vocalized breath and as such its formation depends upon the method of exhalation employed in phonation and speech.

As there are three methods of forcing the air from the lungs, termed *effusive*, *expulsive*, and *explosive*, so there are three modes of utterance derived from the manner of expiration, and named:

1. EFFUSIVE UTTERANCE, in which the tone is gently and evenly effused from the vocal organs without abruptness. It is the characteristic tone of *tranquillity*, *pathos*, *grandeur*, *devotion*.

2. EXPULSIVE UTTERANCE, in which the tone is projected from the vocal organs with more or less abruptness, according to the intensity of feeling accompanying speech. It ranges in use from ordinary *description* and *narration* to the highest forms of *argumentative discourse*.

3. EXPLOSIVE UTTERANCE, in which the tone is shot forth with an instantaneous burst like the crack of a rifle. The abrupt shock peculiar to the explosive is produced by a momentary restraint of the breath in the glottis followed by an irresistible upward action of the respiratory

muscles. This mode of utterance is employed in the expression of *sudden anger, terror, ecstasy, command*.

APPLICATION.—No one mode of utterance is likely to be appropriate to an entire composition. The effusive is rarely found in more than two or three consecutive words. The expulsive is more common than the others, being employed in the greater part of every conversation.

EXERCISES IN MODES OF UTTERANCE.

EFFUSIVE UTTERANCE.

Sublimity, reverence.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Did'st weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

[From "God's First Temples."—*Bryant*.]

EXPULSIVE UTTERANCE.

Joyous exclamation.

Go, ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "freedom" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle-shout;
Let boasted eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With "glory" for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty."

[From "Prisoner for Debt."—*Whittier*.]

EXPLOSIVE UTTERANCE.

Fright, terror.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now—now to sit, or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 O the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!

[From "The Bells."—*Poe.*]

SLIDES.

SLIDES, sometimes termed inflections, are concrete changes of pitch, either upward (´) or downward (˘) on a single element or word. They vary in extent of elevation or depression according to the nature of the sentiment.

1. The purpose of slides is to convey more accurately those delicate shades of meaning found in abstract reasoning, unemotional description and narration, to give clearness to contrasted ideas, and vigor to expressions of earnestness, emotion and passion.

2. In addition to the service rendered in the apprehension of the thought by the correct use of slides, their judicious employment gives a beauty, variety and melody to speech which, when artistically applied, is as pleasing to the ear as the most artistic variations of music and song.

3. The importance of slides is shown in the fact that many actors, public readers and teachers of expression prepare compositions for delivery and teaching by marking nearly every passage with the appropriate voice slides. The author's experience with hundreds of students confirms the opinion that the skillful application of slides and waves contributes to intelligible delivery more than any one element the orator may employ.

4. While many will appreciate the value of slides in adding clearness to reading and speaking, the student is reminded that the recognition of a requisite does not imply a natural ability to command and properly employ the appropriate slide. Indeed, many young people of superior intelligence and fair attainments in our high schools and colleges are found who can neither apply the required slide when indicated nor imitate it when given by their instructor, without much practice.

5. No marked degree of excellence in expressive reading may be expected until the student has given much time to the practice and intelligent study of the principles governing voice slides.

UPWARD SLIDE.

The Upward Slide is an elevation of voice through the concrete change of pitch, the degree of elevation depending upon the intensity of the thought or emotion.

GENERAL LAW OF USE.

The Upward Slide is employed upon the accented syllable of those words used singly, in phrases or in sentences, denoting *indifference, uncertainty, incompleteness, doubt, contingency, negation, direct interrogation, tenderness, pathos, surprise, wonder, anticipation.*

PRINCIPLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Upward Slide is used in—

I. *Direct questions*; as,

Would you make men trustworthy?

Do you refuse me justice!—audience—even?

NOTE.—A repetition of a direct question requires the downward slide; as Did you go home? What did you say? Did you go home?

- II. *Emphatic interrogative repetitions; as,*
 Looked as if I guessed his méaning?
 I'm always wanting money for clóthes?
- III. *Words and phrases of informal address; as,*
 Jóhn, bring me your book.
 Macláine! you've scourged me like a hound.
- NOTE.—A formal or emphatic address requires the downward slide, as, Fellow citizens: It is no ordinary cause, etc. O còmrades! Warriors! THRACIANS!
- IV. *Expressions of negation, implying contrast; as,*
 He is not a man of wórds.
 I did not say a yóunger man.
- V. *Anticipative phrases or clauses; as,*
 To become wise and léarned, requires study.
 He that can not béar a jest should not make one.
- VI. *Expressions of indifference; as,*
 You may go if you wish.
 What do you wish to see? Oh, nóthing.
- VII. *Words of pathos, entreaty, gentle reproof; as,*
 He moaned so pítifully, I cóuldn't chíde him.
 Jóhn, I'm very sorry you've disregarded my wishes.
- VIII. *Unimportant particulars, except the last; as,*
 Pride costs more than húngér, thíst and cóld.
 Jóhn, Hénry, Jámes and Chàrles are present.
- IX. *Expressions of doubt, contingency and uncertainty; as,*
 There is a possibility of the train's being láte.
 Good advice were bétter if well followed.
- X. *Contrasts introduced by adverbial as; as,*
 Night brings out stars, as sórrow shows us truth.
 As we rise in glóry, we sink in pride.

DOWNWARD SLIDE.

The Downward Slide is a downward movement of the voice through the concrete change of pitch, the degree of depression depending upon the completeness, exactness, or definiteness of the thought in the speaker's mind.

GENERAL LAW OF USE.

The Downward Slide is employed upon those syllables used singly, in phrases or in sentences denoting *completeness, determination, certainty, command, passion, positive and decisive declaration.*

PRINCIPLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Downward Slide is used in—

I. *Answers to direct or indirect questions; as,*

Did you go homé? Nò, I did nòt.

Who discovered the Mississippi? De Soto discòvered it.

EXCEPTION.—If the person addressed is indifferent, he will usually answer with an upward slide; as,

Did you enjoy your vacátion? Oh, yés, pretty wéll.

Do you regard her as hándsome? Yés, pássably só.

Which way shall we wàlk? I am not partícular.

II. *Declarative, imperative and exclamatory sentences; as,*

Great beggars are said to be little dòers.

Confess your fáults; a fault confessed is half redrèssed.

III. *Completeness of thought in principal or subordinate clauses; as,*

Did ye not héar it?—Nò; 'twas but the wínd,

Or the càr rattling o'er the stony strèet.

On with the dànce! let joy be unconfined;

No sleep till mòrn, when Youth and Pleasure meet

To chase the glowing hours with flying feet:

But, hârk! that heavy sound breaks in once mòre,
 As if the clouds its echo would repèat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than befòre!
 Arm! arm! it is—it is the cànnon's opening roar!

- IV. *Language of determination and certainty; as,*
 We shall attack the fort at sùnrise.
 I know the power of freèdom, I rejoice in her màjesty.
- V. *Impassioned exclamations; as,*
 To àrms! they come! the Greèk! the Greèk.
 Hènce, horrible shàdow! Unreal mockery hènce!
- VI. *Direct interrogative anticipating the answer yes or no; as,*
 Have I not treated you as a gèntleman? Yès,
 Have we ever failed to keep our fàith? Nò.
- VII. *Emphatic and repeated direct or indirect questions; as,*
 Why have you disobeyed my commànds?
 Will you stop that distressing nòise?
- VIII. *Each member except the last of a commencing series; as,*
 The wisdom of the philòsopher, the eloquence of the his-
 tòrian, the sagacity of the stàtesman, the capacity of the gén-
 eral, may produce more lasting effects upon human affairs, but
 they are incomparably less rapid in their influence, and less
 intoxicating from the ascendancy they confer than the art of
 oratory.
- IX. *Each member except the last but one of a concluding series;*
 as,

Let a child read and understand such stories as the friend-
 ship of Damon and Pýthias, the integrity of Aristídes, the
 fidelity of Règulus, the purity of Wáshington, the invincible
 perseverance of Frànklin, and he will think differently and act
 differently all the remaining days of his life.

- X. *Members of sentences expressing affirmation and negation have opposite slides; the affirmative member has the downward slide, the negative the upward; as,*

I am here to àct, not to tálk.

I am here not to tálk, but to àct.

WAVES.

The WAVE, (Λ) sometimes termed circumflex, from the twisting or crooked motion of the tone in passing over the vowels, is a compound movement of voice on a single syllable, word or sentence.

CLASSIFICATION OF WAVES.

The UPWARD WAVE, expressive of *completeness*, is the union of the Upward and Downward Slides; as, âh.

The DOWNWARD WAVE, expressive of *incompleteñess*, is the union of the Downward and Upward Slides; as, ãh.

WAVES may be *Single*, consisting of the two Slides only, Upward or Downward; or they may be

MULTIPLE, consisting of any number of Slides greater than two, beginning with either the Upward or Downward Slide.

WAVES may be *Equal* when the voice slides equally in both directions, or they may be

UNEQUAL, when the voice slides unequally in both directions.

APPLICATION OF WAVES.

The UPWARD SINGLE EQUAL WAVE expresses *astonishment, admiration*; as, Âh! beautiful!

The DOWNWARD SINGLE EQUAL Wave expresses *scorn, contempt, ridicule, mockery, sneer*; as, Yôu a sôldier!

UNEQUAL SLIDES are employed to increase the intensity of emotionñs.

MULTIPLE WAVES, in addition to increasing the intensity of expression, mark a progressiveness of emotion that produces a most startling impression upon the hearer. For illustrations of multiple waves see sentences with diagrams below.

EXTENT OF WAVES.

WAVE OF THE SECOND, Upward or Downward, rarely unequal, have the least perceptible change of pitch. It is the gentle undulation of voice through the interval of two notes. In the expression of grandeur, sublimity, and devotion with subdued force it gives to the voice a beauty, harmony, and impressiveness found nowhere else in the whole range of earthly sounds. Without it the solemn service of the church and the grandeur of the inspired Word become meaningless cadences or painful monotony.

LAW OF USE.

The WAVE OF THE SECOND, employed with a subdued force and low pitch, is used to express *dignified admiration, mild contrast, gentle yet all pervading emotions of reverence and awe, sentiments of beauty, sublimity, grandeur, devotion and adoration.*

Drill frequently on the following beautiful stanza:

Thère the life-fires brighten, | and bürn | and roll,
O'er diamonds | that sparkle | o'er sands of gold,
Where | to *breathe* the sweet äir | yields a bliss untöld,
And the dwellers | immörtal | shall never grow öld.

["*God's Beautiful City.*"—B. F. Taylor.]

The WAVE OF THE THIRD, Upward or Downward, Equal or Unequal, rises or falls through an interval of three notes. It is the characteristic wave of *playful wit, humor, and good-natured raillery.* Its peculiar deflections refer the mind backward or forward to some implied or unexpected witticism.

LAW OF USE.

The WAVE OF THE THIRD expresses *mirth, wit, jest, drolery, insinuation, double meaning, affectation, mimicry, strong contrast.*

EXAMPLE:—

A dŭchess! You shall be a quēen—to all
Who, by the courtesy, will cāll you so.

WAVE OF THE FIFTH AND OCTAVE. A voice wave direct, inverted, equal or unequal, passing through a fifth or an octave, is termed emotional, or impassioned. It is characteristic of the greatest mental and physical agitation. Confined within the speaker's compass, restrained by will and controlled by judgment, it becomes one of the most potent accompaniments of *invective, vituperation, scorn, sarcasm, and mockery* which a speaker can employ. It rarely occurs in modern literature. It is found mostly in the drama. As a voice building exercise, giving facility in impressive transitions, it is superior to any other single effort required of the student. Daily practice in all the waves, closing with the octave, should be insisted upon throughout the course.

LAW OF USE.

The WAVE OF THE FIFTH AND OCTAVE is used to express *irony, sarcasm, satire, sneer, ridicule, astonishment, intense interrogation, amazement, scorn, mockery, disgust, contempt, malice, hatred, revenge.*













For examples of waves of the fifth and octave see diagrammed and miscellaneous examples following.

EXERCISES IN WAVES.

The student will study carefully each sentence and endeavor to apply the waves in the manner indicated by the diagram following it.

To secure facility in expression, the student should concentrate his mental powers upon all the conditions surrounding the supposed speaker of these sentences.

NOTE.—The breaks in the diagrams mark the different words.

1. AFFECTATION: *I am so fatigued.* 
2. ANXIETY: *Where can he be?* 
3. GAYETY: *Merrily they sing.* 
4. LAUGHTER, MIRTH: *You're a happy dog!* 
5. SURPRISE: *What! the King's wife! the Queen!*¹ 
6. CONTEMPT: *You may keep your money.* 
7. RAGE: *I hate him!* 
8. GRIEF: *Oh, my son! my son!* 
9. SNEERING: *Smile on, my lords!* 
10. TRIUMPH: *Shout freedom!* 
11. IRONY: *Brutus is an honorable man.* 
12. INTENSE IRONY: *They are all honorable men.* 

¹The skip from "wife" to "queen" is a discrete movement.

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

NOTE.—Wave words not marked with the signs are in italics.

1. I did not give a dollar.
2. I did not give a dollar.

3. Ah! it was yóu, then, that struck me.
4. I did not think that hê would do it.
5. *Old* enough! ay, there it *is*.
6. It cannot bê—thou dost but sây 'tis so.
7. You boast yöur father was a lôrd!
8. Yes, I claim mý father was a lord.
9. What dost thou think? Think, my lord?
10. Gone to be mǎrried! gone to swear a peace!
11. O, nôble judge! O, êxcellent young man!
12. Oh, but he *paused* upon the brink. *Paused* did he?
13. Thou wear a lion's hide? Doff it for shâme,
And hang a cǎlf skin on the recreant limbs.
14. They tell *us* to be *moderate* while *they* revel in *pro-*
fusion.
15. Sěems, madam! nay it is; I know not sěems.
16. Can hōnor set a lěg? Nô. Or an árm? Nô.
17. What's in a *name*? That which we call a *rose*
By any *other* name would smell as sweet.
18. Yet *this* is *Rome* and *we* are *Romans*.
19. Men, *indeed*! call themselves *lords* of *creation*.
Pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an
umbrella!
20. Her mōther only killed a cōw,
Or witched a chŭrn or dairy-pan;
But shě, forsooth, must charm a mân.
21. Hath a *dog* money? Is it *possible*
A cur can lend three thousand *ducats*?
22. A *second* Daniel, a *Daniel*, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have *thee* on the hip,
A *Daniel* still I say; a *second* Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for *teaching* me that word.
23. Yet Brutus says he was *ambitious*,
And Brutus is an *honorable* man.
24. Was this *ambition*?

- Yet Brutus says he was *ambitious*;
 And, sure, he is an *honorable* man.
25. And this man is now become a *god*!
26. *Rich* in some dozen paltry *villages*!
Strong in a hundred *spear*men!
 Only *great* in that strange spell,—
 A *name*.
27. My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you *mad*?
 My father, sir, did never *stoop* so low,—
 He was a *gentleman*, I'd have you know.
28. What! shear a *wolf*? a prowling *wolf*?
-

PAUSES.

PAUSES are temporary suspensions of speech between words, phrases and clauses.

1. Pauses serve three purposes:

I. To convey the speaker's meaning clearly; termed *Sentential*.

II. To increase the effectiveness of delivery; termed *Emotional*.

III. To add embellishment to the composition; termed *Rhythmical*.

2. The primary use of pauses is to set off the divisions of thought—to arrange the ideas with respect to each other so that the mind of the hearer can grasp their relations to each other and to the thought as a whole.

3. Without frequent and appropriate pauses speech is but a monotonous succession of *words* whose related significance must be obtained only by great mental effort; while their judicious employment arouses and rivets the attention—quickens the perception and makes the receiving of truth acceptable for the pleasure afforded in hearing it.

4. No combination of words however rhetorically arranged, however well delivered with reference to all the embellishments of elocution can be made to produce an effect so impressive, so thrilling, as a profound pause made amid the stillness of a breathless audience. If speech is sometimes silver, a pause is golden; if the former is grand the latter is awful—sublime.

5. Punctuation marks, sometimes termed “grammatical pauses,” indicate the syntactical structure of the sentence, but do not necessarily locate or determine the length of pauses. The reader gathers the sense of a passage by the aid of punctuation and applies the appropriate pause according to the nature of the sentiment, modified by attending circumstances of time, place and occasion.

6. A good reader will make many more pauses than are indicated by the punctuations, and will sometimes pass over such marks without any pause. In the sentence “No, sir, there is none.” A pause between “no” and “sir” would be improper.

7. The length of pauses is dependent wholly upon the nature of the thought, sentiment or emotion. As a general rule, lively, playful thought and joyous, excited emotions require short pauses; commonplace sentiments, ordinary description and narration require moderate pauses; while long pauses are appropriate to solemn, serious thought and emotions of sublimity and awe.

PRINCIPLES AND EXERCISES.

PAUSE:

- I. *Before the infinitive phrase; as,*
Life is too short | to learn more than one trade well.
I do not rise | to waste the night in words.
- II. *Before prepositional phrases; as,*
How sweet the chime | of the Sabbath bells!
Hearts may agree | though heads differ.

- III. *Before the predicate noun clause; as,*
 The truth is | my money was all gone.
 My prayer shall ever be | "Angels guard thy way."
- IV. *Before the objective clause; as,*
 He said, | "I am the man ye seek."
 Tell your master | that I await his pleasure.
- V. *Before adjectives following their noun; as,*
 There's a lute | unswept and a harp without strings.
 One stands apart, a woman | sad and silent.
- VI. *Before relative pronouns and conjunctive adverbs; as,*
 Let me have friends | whose hearts are pure.
 She fell not | when the mighty were upon her.
- VII. *Before conjunctions; as,*
 Religion is an excellent armor, | but a poor cloak.
 Night folds her sable mantle | and pins it with a star.
- VIII. *Before an ellipsis; as,*
 Art thou some god, | some angel, or | some devil?
 Time wasted is existence, | used | is life.
- IX. *Before any important or emphatic word; as,*
 The Union | *must* and | *SHALL* be preserved.
 When you do not know what to do | wait.
- X. *Before the logical subject or subject and copula in inverted sentences; as,*
 The happiest of girls | was Mary.
 Soon rested | those who fought.
 But beneath all these relations | he is a man.
- XI. *Before the copula preceded by a phrase or clause; as,*
 Duties fulfilled | are always pleasures to the memory.
 That he may succeed | is my daily prayer.

PAUSE:

- I. *After the nominative phrase or clause; as,*
The perfection of art | is to conceal art.
All that breathe | will share thy destiny.
- II. *After the objective phrase, in an inverted sentence; as,*
My happy peaceful youth | restore to me.
His manly face | our eyes shall see no more.
- III. *After introductory predicate adjectives; as,*
Happy | is the man who owes not another.
Gentle and kind | were the friends of my youth.
- IV. *After emphatic words; as,*
Go preach to the coward, | thou death-telling seer!
Strike | for the sires who left you free.
- V. *After a participial phrase; as,*
Fearing a disastrous defeat | he prudently withdrew.
Raising his hand | he motioned the boy forward.
- VI. *After an important or emphatic subject; as,*
Life | is real! Life | is earnest!
Some Cromwell, | guiltless of his country's blood.
- VII. *After transposed adverbial elements; as,*
In toil | he lived; in peace | he died.
When anger rises | breathe through your nose.

PAUSE:

- I. *Before and after an apposition phrase; as,*
The youth, | a very giant, | soon won the respect of all.
The citizens, | kings of a republic, | must wield the ballot.
- II. *Before and after parenthetical expressions; as,*
The mansion | for such it was, | had been a beautiful structure.

The wolves, | the most formidable beasts present | howled madly.

III. *Before and after direct quotations; as,*

Lifting his eyes, | he seemed to say, | “ Yes,” | and sank back.

It stopped to whisper, | “ beware, beware,” | and passed on.

IV. *Before and after important words; as,*

And every word was | *War!* | *war!* | *war!*

Lord Angus, | thou | hast | lied!

V. *Before and after a verb separated from its auxiliary; as,*

The change will, | in all probability, | affect his mind.

The man did, | beyond all doubt, | show great bravery.

PAUSE:

Between the parts of an inverted sentence; as,

When boasting ends, | there dignity begins.

As we advance in life, | we learn the limits of our abilities.

PAUSES IN POETRY.

The principles governing pauses, as stated above, apply to nearly every form of vocal expression, whether prose or poetry. The rule requiring a slight pause at the end of every line of poetry is misleading, and results in that sing-song style so common among children and illiterates. The rhythm must not be made so prominent as to obscure the sense. Poetic measure may embellish thought, but it can not supplant it in expression.

The terms *cæsura* and *demi-cæsura* should not be regarded as pauses, but as divisions of the rhythmical structure of the poetic line. Unless the sense requires a pause, regard neither these divisions nor the punctuation marks. Observe the following rule: In reading poetry, unless the sense requires a pause,

let the voice delicately *poise* at cæsuras, demi-cæsuras and the end of each line.

A vocal poise is effected by a gentle swell and pivotal movement of tone to the next word or line.

QUANTITY.

QUANTITY is the measure of time occupied in the utterance of single syllables and words.

1. Whatever importance may be attached to the peculiar meaning to be given individual words, no marked success will be attained until the element of quantity is mastered.

2. It is observed that the untrained speaker can not make the short sounds short enough nor the long sounds sufficiently long. His attempts in the first efforts result in incoherency, in the second, drawing.

All syllables may be classed as:

1. *Indefinite*: Capable of being indefinitely prolonged.
2. *Immutable*: Incapable of prolongation.
3. *Mutable*: Capable of a slight degree of prolongation.

APPLICATION OF QUANTITY.

Indefinite syllables, requiring Long Quantity, are employed in the expression of *tenderness, reverence, adoration, awe, solemnity, sublimity, shouting, calling, sorrow, remorse.*

Immutable syllables, requiring Short Quantity, are employed in the expression of *rapturous joy, mirth, command, sudden anger, terror.*

Mutable syllables, requiring Medium Quantity, are employed in *ordinary narration, description, unimpassioned conversation and introductions to orations.*

Exercises upon Indefinite syllables, Long Quantity.

Prolong the syllables without mouthing or drawling.

gray	peace	cold	ah	appall	darkling
woe	moan	poor	home	disarm	smiled
dare	gold	far	praise	beware	pleading
ay	toll	aim	all	forlorn	glorious
sea	roam	mourn	mourn	groaning	yearning

Exercises upon Immutable syllables, Short Quantity.

Utter the syllables instantaneously.

at	hip	mock	sat	lackey	backing
not	sick	dip	lip	reckon	speckle
lit	dock	tack	cup	bedeck	trickle
tin	back	hat	beck	wicket	rocket
sup	duck	met	map	upper	attic

Exercises upon Mutable syllables, Medium Quantity.

Prolong these words without destroying their identity.

mad	arch	hast	quart	spotted	dotted
sob	fig	odd	what	lately	basely
will	nod	big	land	blunder	sadden
orb	heart	charm	debt	letter	trouble
gait	graft	ran	might	thunder	madder

EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is that peculiar utterance of words, phrases and clauses which renders them especially prominent or significant.

1. The importance of Emphasis in determining the meaning of a sentence may be inferred from an examination of the following sentence which, by placing the emphasis upon the marked words, is capable of expressing seven different meanings:

1. *John* did not say you bought that book; *Henry* said so.
2. John did not *say* you bought that book; he *wrote* it.

3. John did not say *you* bought that book; but that your *sister* bought it.

4. John did not say you *bought* that book; but that you *found* it.

5. John did not say you bought *that* book; but *this* book.

6. John did not say you bought that *book*; it was your *slate*.

7. John did *not* say you bought that book; he said nothing.

2. Emphasis is effected by a change of quality, force, stress, pitch, sliding, waves, movement or quantity or by lengthening the pauses. Usually two or more of these elements are employed to produce the required emphasis.

3. Perfect command of every variety of emphasis depends upon an accurate perception of the sentiment and its relation to and connection with every other thought with which it is associated, and skill in the control of all the elements of vocal expression previously explained.

4. The most common method of applying emphasis is by an increase of force, but that is by no means the only method. Pupils should guard against its use where it would not be indicated by the sentiment. Many instructors teach their pupils that "Emphasis is an increase of force." It is not always an *increase* of force. The etymology of the word signifies "to show," "to indicate;" and emphasis may be shown by diminishing the force as well as by increasing it. It may be shown by raising or lowering the pitch, and by accelerating or retarding the movement.

GENERAL LAWS GOVERNING EMPHASIS.

1. The subject, predicate and object in sentences much involved usually receive slight emphasis; as,

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

2. All words introducing new ideas are moderately emphasized; as,

"He mounted into *literature* from the moment that he fell."

3. Words expressing contrasts or antithesis are emphatic; as,

The *sweetest* pleasure is that of *imparting* pleasure.
 The *noblest* mind the *best* contentment has.
 Love *lights* more fires than hate *extinguishes*.

4. All words which seem to contain the principal ideas of the thought should be indicated by emphasis; as,

"The clear *conception*, outrunning the deductions of *logic*, the high *purpose*, the firm *resolve*, the dauntless *spirit*, *speaking* on the *tongue*, *beaming* from the *eye*, informing every *feature*, and urging the *whole man* onward, right onward to his *object*—this, *this* is *eloquence*; or rather, it is something greater and higher than *all eloquence*—it is *action*, noble, sublime, godlike action."

5. In repetition each succeeding word receives greater force than the word preceding; as,

Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
 STRIKE—for your altars and your fires;
 STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires;
 God and your native *land*.

NOTE.—This rule applies also to cumulative emphasis; as,

Forward, the LIGHT BRIGADE!
 CHARGE FOR GUNS!

6. The intensity of absorbing emotions is best shown by emphasis effected by pauses; as,

"He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so,—he's dead!"

7. Words of exclamation usually require the strongest emphasis; as,

"HENCE! *horrible* SHADOW!
 Unreal MOCKERY, HENCE!"

NOTE.—Even when one member of the antithesis is omitted the expressed member is made emphatic; as,

"An *attentive* student would not make such blunders."

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

Quality:—

I hate him for he is a Christian. (Guttural.)
 Give me liberty or give me *death*! (Aspirate.)
 Quoth the raven, "*Nevermore*." (Pectoral.)
 And the sisters, they murmured, "*Of Shame!*" (Falsetto.)

Force:—

I repeat it, sir, the charge is *false*. (Increase.)
 But on the way it burst, it fell; and lo!
 A *skeleton*! (A decrease of force.)

Stress:—

Back to the punishment, false fugitive. (Radical.)
 Softly sleep and *breathe* the odors sweet. (Median.)
Fret till your proud heart *break*. (Final.)
 Must I *budge*? Must *I* observe *you*? (Compound.)
Charge for the *guns*! *Charge*! (Thorough.)
 May *God* forgive me: I have *been* to blame. (Intermittent.)

Pitch:—

"It *snows*!" cries the school-boy. "*Hurrah*!" and his shout
 Is ringing through parlor and hall. (Raising of pitch.)
 Read on her urn, "*A broken heart*."
 This tells her tale. (Lowering of Pitch.)

Movement:—

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you—*trippingly*
 on the tongue. (Fast.)
 There on a snow-white couch,
 Lay his two sons, *pale, pale* and motionless. (Slow.)

Pause:—

The old, old fashion—Death.

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

By a proper application of emphasis find the true meaning of the following sentences:

1. Mr. *Davis* told *John* to saddle his *horse*, and John saddled *him*.
2. The *dog* would have *died* if they hadn't cut off his *head*.
3. A fellow in a *market town* most *musical* cries *razors up and down*.

4. Now, therefore, the said *witness* (says the said Thomas) is a *thief*.
 5. He had a *patient* lying at *Death's door*,
Some three *miles* from the town, it might be four.
 6. A man who is in the daily use of ardent spirits, if he doesn't become a *drunkard*, is in danger of losing his health and character.
 7. O, fools, and slow of heart to *believe* all that the *prophets* have written of me.
 8. Hang out our banners on the outward wall;
The cry is still, They come.
 9. A man going to sea, his *wife* desired the prayers of the congregation.
-

SLUR.

SLUR is a smooth, rapid, subdued movement of voice over certain words, phrases and clauses of less importance than others with which they stand associated.

The object of Slur is to bring out the principal thought of a passage as contained in the *leading* clause by a subdued force and rapid movement over the *subordinate*, or *auxiliary* clauses.

LAW OF USE.

The Slur is applied to passages expressing *contrast*, *repetition*, *explanation*, *modifications of persons, things, time, place, cause, manner and degree*, and all *parenthetical expressions*.

NOTE.—Let the student place curves around slurred passages in the following selection and read correctly:

THE WORTH OF ELOQUENCE.

1. Let us not, gentlemen, undervalue the art of the orator. Of all the efforts of the human mind, it is the most astonishing in its nature and the most transcendent in its immediate triumphs. The wisdom of the philosopher, the eloquence of the historian, the sagacity of the statesman, the capacity of the general, may produce more lasting effects upon human affairs, but they are incomparably less rapid in their influence and less intoxicating from the ascendancy they confer.

2. In the solitude of his library, the sage meditates on the truths which are to influence the thoughts and direct the conduct of men in future times; amid the strife of faction, the legislator discerns the measures calculated, after a long course of years, to alleviate existing evils or produce happiness yet unborn; during long and wearisome campaigns, the commander throws his shield over the fortunes of his country, and prepares, in silence and amid obloquy, the means of maintaining its independence. But the triumphs of the orator are immediate; his influence is instantly felt; his, and his alone, it is,

“The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o’er a smiling land,
And read his history in a nation’s eyes.”

3. “I can conceive,” says Cicero, “of no accomplishment more to be desired than to be able to captivate the affections, charm the understanding, and direct or restrain, at pleasure, the will of whole assemblies.” This single art, amongst every free people, has commanded every encouragement and been attended with the most surprising effects; for what can be more astonishing than that from an immense multitude one man should come forth, the only, or almost the only, man who can do what nature has made attainable by all? Or, can any thing impart to the ears and the understanding a pleasure so pure as a discourse which at once delights by its elocution, enlists the passions by its rhetoric, and carries captive the conviction by its logic?

4. What triumph more noble and magnificent than that of the eloquence of one man swaying the inclinations of the people, the consciences of judges and the majesty of senates? Nay, farther: can aught be esteemed so grand, so generous, so public-spirited, as to relieve the suppliant, to raise up the prostrate, to communicate happiness, to avert danger, to save a fellow-citizen from exile and wrong? Can aught be more desirable than to have always ready those weapons with which we can at once defend the weak, assail the profligate, and redress our own or our country’s injuries?

5. Apart from the utility of this art in the forum, the rostrum, the senate, and on the bench, can any thing, in retirement from business, be more delightful, more socially endearing, than a language and elocution agreeable and polished on every subject? For the great characteristic of our nature, that which distinguishes us from brutes, is our capacity of social intercourse, our ability to convey our ideas by words. Ought it not, then, to be pre-eminently our study to excel mankind in that very faculty which constitutes their superiority over brutes?

6. Upon the eloquence and spirit of an accomplished orator may often depend, not only his own dignity, but the welfare of a government; nay, of a people. Go on, then, ye who would attain this inestimable art. Ply the study you have in hand, pursue it with singleness of purpose, at once for your own honor, for the advantage of your friends, and for the service of your country.

QUALITY OF VOICE.

The term Quality of Voice is applied to the nature, character, or kind of tone used.

Quality of voice is wholly independent of force, stress, or pitch. Its distinguishing characteristic is the place of reverberation or resonance. This depends upon the state of mind or physical condition of the speaker. Hence, the quality employed becomes a valuable aid in the portrayal of thought, sentiment, and emotion.

Eight qualities of the voice are commonly recognized, namely:

PURE TONE	PLAINTIVE	GUTTURAL	NASAL
OROTUND	PECTORAL	ASPIRATE	FALSETTO.

PURE TONE.

The Pure Tone is a clear, pure, smooth, round, musical tone, the reverberations being confined wholly within the mouth.

In its production, all the breath employed is converted into tone free from aspiration and harshness.

The Pure Tone is illustrated in nature by the joyous songs of birds and the merry ringing laugh and gleeful tones of childhood.

DIRECTIONS FOR SECURING PURE TONE.

Shape the mouth and lips in such a manner as to form the sound of *oo* in *ooze*, the tongue lying low and concave uppermost so as to form the largest mouth cavity. Utter the sound of *oo* several times with your conversational pitch.

To test the purity of tone, while practicing, place the back of the hand within three inches of the mouth. If any air is felt to strike the hand your tone is not pure. Purse the lips less and repeat.

PURE TONE.

Exercises:

eve	aim	vain	heel	moan
ale	air	here	home	breathe.

LAW OF USE.

The Pure tone is used in the expression of *pathos* and *tenderness*, in *solemn*, *serious*, *tranquil*, *narrative*, *didactic*, and *descriptive thought*, in *calling*, and in *joyous* and *mirthful emotions*.

THE THREE CHERRY-STONES.

Narration and Description.

Narrative and descriptive, appealing to the fancy, sentiment, and imagination. It requires, according to the vividness of the thought or scene, great variety of slides, portraying the constantly changing picture and development of incident. Use a pure tone and conversational style.

1. Three young gentlemen, who had finished the most substantial part of their repast, were lingering over their fruit and wine at a tavern in London, when a man of middle age, and middle stature, entered the public room where they were sitting, seated himself at one end of a small unoccupied table and, calling the waiter, ordered a simple mutton chop and a glass of ale.

2. His appearance, at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was beginning to be thin and gray; the expression of his countenance was sedate, with a slight touch of perhaps, melancholy; and he wore a gray surtout with a standing collar, which manifestly had seen service, if the wearer had not,—just such a thing as an officer would bestow upon his serving man. He might be taken, plausi-

bly enough, for a country magistrate, or an attorney of limited practice, or a school-master.

3. He continued to masticate his chop and sip his ale in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a cherry-stone, sportively snapped from the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen at the opposite table, struck him upon his right ear. His eye was instantly upon the aggressor, and his ready intelligence gathered from the ill-suppressed merriment of the party that this petty impertinence was intentional.

4. The stranger stooped, and picked up the cherry-stone, and a scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features as he carefully wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and placed it in his pocket. This singular procedure, with their preconceived impressions of their customer, somewhat elevated as the young gentlemen were by the wine they had partaken of, capsized their gravity entirely, and a burst of irresistible laughter proceeded from the group.

5. Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger continued to finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another cherry-stone, from the same hand, struck him upon the right elbow. This also, to the infinite amusement of the other party, he picked from the floor, and carefully deposited with the first.

6. Amidst shouts of laughter, a third cherry-stone was soon after discharged, which hit him upon the left breast. This also he very deliberately took from the floor, and deposited with the other two.

7. As he rose, and was engaged in paying for his repast, the gaiety of these sporting gentlemen became slightly subdued. It was not easy to account for this. Lavater would not have been able to detect the slightest evidence of irritation or resentment upon the features of the stranger. He seemed a little taller, to be sure, and the carriage of his head might have appeared to them rather more erect. He walked to the table at which they were sitting, and, with that air of dignified calmness which is a thousand times more terrible than wrath, drew a card from his pocket, and presented it with perfect civility to the offender, who could do no less than offer his own in return.

8. While the stranger unclosed his surtout, to take the card from his pocket, they had a glance at the undress coat of a military man. The card disclosed his rank, and a brief inquiry at the bar was sufficient for the rest. He was a captain whom ill health and long service had entitled to half-pay. In earlier life he had been engaged in several affairs of honor, and, in the dialect of the fancy, was a dead shot.

9. The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence,

containing a challenge, in form, and one of the cherry-stones. The truth then flashed before the challenged party,—it was the challenger's intention to make three bites at this cherry, three separate affairs out of this unwarrantable frolic! The challenge was accepted, and the challenged party, in deference to the challenger's reputed skill with the pistol, had half decided upon the small sword; but his friends, who were on the alert, soon discovered that the captain, who had risen by his merit, had, in the earlier days of his necessity, gained his bread as an accomplished instructor in the use of that weapon.

10. They met, and fired alternately, by lot; the young man had selected this mode, thinking he might win the first fire. He did—fired, and missed his opponent. The captain leveled his pistol and fired—the ball passed through the flap of the right ear, and grazed the bone; and, as the wounded man involuntarily put his hand to the place, he remembered that it was on the right ear of his antagonist that the cherry-stone had fallen. Here ended the first lesson. A month had passed. His friends cherished the hope that he would hear nothing more from the captain, when another note—a challenge of course—and another of those ominous cherry-stones arrived, with the captain's apology, on the score of ill-health, for not sending it before.

11. Again they met—fired simultaneously, and the captain, who was unhurt, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist,—the very point upon which he had been struck with the cherry-stone; and here ended the second lesson. There was something awfully impressive in the *modus operandi*, and exquisite skill of his antagonist. The third cherry-stone was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the unoffending gentleman upon the left breast. A month had passed—another—and another, of terrible suspense; but nothing was heard from the captain. Intelligence had been received that he was confined to his lodging by illness.

12. At length the gentleman who had been his second in the former duels once more presented himself, and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived on taking it, contained the last of the cherry-stones. The note was superscribed in the captain's well-known hand, but it was the writing evidently of one who wrote feebly. There was an unusual solemnity also in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the cherry-stone in a blank envelope.

“And what, sir, am I to understand by this?” inquired the aggressor.

“You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you—he is dead!”

GOD'S BEAUTIFUL CITY.

B. F. TAYLOR.

Solemnity.

Solemnity requires nearly the same elements of expression as Pathos, with lower pitch and slower movement of voice—the greater the solemnity the lower the pitch and the slower the movement. Let the waves be full and impressive, the quality pure and round and free from affectations. God's Beautiful City is very suitable for a closing piece.

1. Far, far away, amid realms of light,
 Hid deep in the azure beyond our sight,
 Stands a beautiful city so high and bright,
 Where is known no sorrow, nor death nor night.
 Beautiful City!
 Oh, blest abode, oh, home of God!
 Whose streets by the feet of the sinless are trod.
2. They roam through the gardens of endless spring,
 They crowd all thy portals, on rushing wing,
 While the echoing domes of the palace ring
 With the hymns of the angels that shout and sing.
 Beautiful City!
 Hark! hark again! the angelic strain,
 As gleams through the crystal, that burnished train.
3. There the life-fires brighten, and burn, and roll,
 O'er diamonds that sparkle o'er sands of gold,
 Where to breathe the sweet air yields a bliss untold,
 And the dwellers immortal shall never grow old.
 We pierce the skies with longing eyes,
 And yearn to inherit the golden prize.
4. It is said that the King, in his power sublime,
 When the last sands drop from the glass of time,
 And our world shall be robed in its Eden prime,
 Will bring down that city to gladden earth's clime.
 Beautiful City!
 Bright capital where saints shall dwell,
 And reign on the throne with Immanuel.

5. I have heard in that city they wait for me;
That its gates stand open wide and free;
That the ransomed the King in his beauty may see,
And live in his presence eternally.
O, Beautiful City!
In royal state blest mansions wait,
And beckon us on through the pearly gate.
-

A HAPPY YOUNG GIRL.

EUGENE J. HALL.

Gay, joyous and mirthful emotions arise from any unusual mental or physical exaltation, and their effective delivery requires great vocal flexibility, as varied pitch, force and movement and the skillful use of slides and waves.

1. I wonder if, under the beautiful sky,
There's a good looking girl that is gladder than I?
I'm merry, for Jerry has promised for life
To take me and make me his fond little wife.
He called me his honey,
O, wasn't it funny,
My face in my apron I bashfully hid.
I said I was willing,
I didn't look chilling,
And Jerry looked tickled to pieces, he did!
I'm happy, ha! ha!
I'm tickled, he! he!
There's nobody living more merry than me.
I wonder if, under the beautiful sky,
There's a good looking girl that is gladder than I?
2. Up nigher the fire the sofa we drew,
And we talked of the future as true lovers do.
'Twas splendid; he tended the bright fire for me
Till the awful old clock in the corner struck three.
Nobody was stirring,
The old cat was purring,

The curtain was down and the keyholes were closed;
 And, somehow, he kissed me,
 He could not resist me,
 And that's how it happened that Jerry proposed.
 I'm happy, ha! ha!
 I'm tickled, he! he!
 There's nobody living more merry than me.
 I wonder if, under the beautiful sky,
 There's a good looking girl that is gladder than I?

TO-DAY.

CARPENTER.

The expression of didactic thought is addressed to the judgment and reason through the intellect; and while fewer vocal embellishments are required than in description and narration, the logical connection of terms and accuracy of statement demand the utmost precision of utterance and purity of tone. Deliver with sincere earnestness.

1. Don't tell me of to-morrow;
 Give me the man who'll say,
 That, when a good deed's to be done,
 "Let's do the deed *to-day*."
 We may all command the present,
 If we act and never wait;
 But repentance is the phantom
 Of a past that comes too late!
2. Don't tell me of to-morrow;
 There is much to do *to-day*
 That can never be accomplished
 If we throw the hours away;
 Every moment has its duty;
 Who the future can foretell?
 Why put off until to-morrow
 What *to-day* can do as well?

3. Don't tell me of to-morrow;
 If we look upon the past,
 How much that we have left to do
 We cannot do at last!
To-day it is the only time
 For all upon the earth;
 It takes an age to form a life—
 A moment gives it birth!
-

DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Pathos is designed to awaken in the hearer emotions of sympathy for the person or object represented. The requirements are a clear conception of the conditions described, genuine sympathy, purity of tone, and effusive utterance of the particularly expressive words. The slides and waves rarely reach the note of a third. The rising slide prevails in the more intensely pathetic parts. Avoid anything like "show"—be natural.

1. Little Dombey had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything.

2. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall, like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long unseen streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look reflecting the hosts of stars; and, more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

3. "Floy! What *is* that?"

"Where, dearest?"

"There! at the bottom of the bed."

"There's nothing there, except papa!"

The figure lifted up its head and rose, and, coming to the bedside, said:

4. "My own boy! Don't you know me?"

Paul looked it in the face. Before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it.

"Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa. Indeed, I am quite happy!"

5. His father coming and bending down to him, he held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and he never saw his father in his room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me! Indeed, I am quite happy!"

6. How many times the golden water danced upon the wall, how many nights the dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him, Paul never sought to know.

7. One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing room down stairs. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother. For he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

8. "Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling; why?"

"Did I never see any kind face, like a mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"

"O yes, dear!"

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's. Often."

9. "And where is my old nurse? Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!"

"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy!"

10. Little Dombey closed his eyes with these words, and fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. Then he awoke,—woke mind and body,—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

11. "And who is this? Is this my old nurse!" asked the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

12. "Floy! this is a kind, good face! I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse. Stay here! Good by!"

"Good by, my child?" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good by?"

"Ah, yes! Good by!—Where is papa?"

13. His father's breath was on his cheek before the words had parted from his lips. The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "Good by!" again.

"Now lay me down; and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you."

14. Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But, it's very near the sea now. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

15. Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. Now the boat was out at sea. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!—

16. "Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion,—Death.

17. Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean.

OROTUND QUALITY.

The OROTUND is the Pure Tone deepened and intensified to its utmost magnitude, with the resonance in the chest.

The Orotund is so called in allusion to its roundness and fullness of tone. It is the voice of grandeur, emanating from the loftiest emotions which animate the soul. It is esteemed the highest perfection of human

utterance, and, while naturally possessed by few, it may be cultivated by all. Both the Orotund and Pure Tone should possess mellowness, sweetness, sympathy, attractiveness, smoothness and penetrating power.

DIRECTIONS FOR ACQUIRING OROTUND QUALITY.

Stand erect, *depress* and *enlarge* the larynx as if trying to swallow some large object. Prolong the sound of *a* in *awe*, using medium low pitch. Hold the organs firmly as directed, but avoid any constriction of the muscles about the throat and neck.

NOTE.—The student is cautioned against attempting the grand, swelling orotund in the opening parts of declamations and orations.

Modes of Utterance.—The Orotund may be uttered effusively, expulsively or explosively.

EXERCISES:

Effusive Orotund.

awe	home	roll	ah	arm
old	ooze	thou	soul	all
rain	shore	child	grand	borne

1. Roll on, old Ocean gray!
2. Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround!

Expulsive Orotund.

hail	heart	hand	time	earth
brave	blood	cause	stain	shame
war	roar	joy	storm	stand

1. Our faith is in God and the right.

Explosive Orotund.

shriek	clang	clash	mock	down
day	struck	base	out	hence
men	rouse	die	torn	lash

1. Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
2. Too near the body of my dead!

LAW OF USE.

The Orotund quality is employed in the expression of emotions of *grandeur*, *sublimity*, *reverence*, *adoration*, *devotion*, *awe*; in *earnest*, *bold*, *grand*, and *lofty thought*; in *abrupt* and *startling emotions* of *daring*, *warning*, *courage*, *inspiration* and in the *fierce outbursts* of *passion*.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

LORD BYRON.

Effusive Orotund.

The rendition of the more profound emotions of *grandeur*, *sublimity*, *reverence*, *adoration* and *awe* demands a full, deep, sonorous, effusive orotund, with long quantity, low pitch and slow movement, free from all impurity of tone and abrupt slides and waves.

The following poem will furnish an excellent exercise for cultivating the deep and flowing orotund:

1. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
 Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown.
2. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitols,
 The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make,
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;—
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.
3. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou,
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play;
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

4. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm—
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving; boundless, endless and sublime—
 The image of eternity—the throne
 Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone!
5. And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers; they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy main, as I do here.

For additional practice in Effusive Orotund study the fourth stanza of “The Bells,” “Break, Break, Break.”

THE NATIONAL BANNER.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Expulsive Orotund.

The expression of earnest, bold, grand, and elevated thought, termed oratorical style, requires a strong expulsive orotund, with full force and deliberate movement. To effectively produce the vigorous, compact tones required in the oratorical style of delivery, strike each important word with an energetic expulsion of air. This is accomplished by a vigorous inward and upward action of the abdominal muscles. This selection is well adapted for securing that fullness of volume

peculiar to the orotund. Much time may profitably be given to the drill.

1. All hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory, and patriotic hope on the dome of the capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the entented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast.

2. Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar! Though stained with blood in a righteous cause may it never in any cause be stained with shame!

3. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart! First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm! Having been borne victoriously across the continent and on every sea, may virtue and freedom and peace forever follow where it leads the way!

For additional examples read "Ambition of a Statesman," "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Apostrophe to the English Language," "Brutus on the Death of Cæsar."

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Explosive Orotund.

The delivery of all startling emotions of *hurry, fear, terror, indignation, defiance* requires the explosive orotund with full force and high and very high pitch. Let the tones be sharp, ringing, clear and incisive. In the following selection only the

impassioned speeches of Marmion and Douglas are uttered with *explosive* orotund.

1. Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array,
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.
2. The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by the king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and towers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."
3. Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;
And "This to me," he said,
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first I tell thee, haughty peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more, I tell thee here,

E'en in thy pitch of pride,
 Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
 And if thou said'st, I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou—hast—lied!"

4. On the Earl's cheek, the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
 Fierce he broke forth; "And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hopest thou thence unscathed to go?
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up draw-bridge, grooms,—what, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall."
 Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung;
 The ponderous gate behind him rung.
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, grazed his plume.
5. The steed along the draw-bridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim;
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band
 He halts, and turns with clinchéd hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

For additional practice in Explosive Orotund study the seventh and tenth stanzas of "Revolutionary Rising" and the fourth stanza of "An American Exile."

PLAINTIVE QUALITY.

The PLAINTIVE, sometimes termed the semi-tone, or oral, is that quality of voice whose tones, sliding through a semi-tone

or minor third, are uttered in a feeble, trembling tone, with the resonance in the forward part of the mouth.

In the production of this quality the organs seem to labor under a painful effort; and, though it sometimes expresses the most exalted emotions, the weakness of the vocal organs or intensity of emotional sympathy prevents the conversion of all the breath used into tone, and the quality is therefore impure.

DIRECTIONS FOR SECURING THE PLAINTIVE QUALITY.

Draw in the cheeks so as to reduce the size of the resonance chamber of the mouth, gently compress the lips, and prolong the sound of long *o*, in high pitch, with subdued force. This will give you the quality, when you can reproduce it in the exercises following.

LAW OF USE.

The Plaintive Quality is used with various degrees of force to express *tenderness, sympathy, pathos, sadness, acute pain, feebleness of old age, grief, entreaty, complaint, exhaustion, languor* and AFFECTATION.

CAUTION.—The student is cautioned against using this quality in any case except where it may be proper. It should be used with discretion even where indicated, as its excessive use is apt to run into a disagreeable whine, exciting ridicule instead of pity.

EXERCISES.

ah	head	pray	old	wait	you
dead	storm	mine	fair	tomb	name

1. Ah, how we loved her, God can tell.
2. Oh! tell me, is this death!
3. Give your children food, O Father!
4. Oh, I could weep my spirit from mine eyes!
5. O death, wilt thou never come?
6. I have no pain, dear mother, now.

GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER.

MISS EDWARDS.

Begin with gentle, but earnest, pleading tones, and gradually merge into a tremulous, agitated stress until the last stanza, when approaching death requires a struggling, labored utterance, but with sufficient distinctness to render the words intelligible. This is an excellent piece for practice in the plaintive tones.

1. Give me three grains of corn, mother,
 Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have,
 Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
 Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death
 My lips have never told.
2. It has gnawed like a wolf, at my heart, mother,
 A wolf that is fierce for blood,—
All the livelong day, and the night beside,
 Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
 And the sight was heaven to see;
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
 But you had no bread for me.
3. How could I look to you, mother,
For bread to give to your starving boy,
 When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
 And in your eye so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand
 As you laid it on your child.
4. Come nearer to my side, mother,
And hold me fondly as you held
 My father when he died;

Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,
 My breath is almost gone;
 Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
 Give me three grains of corn.

An excellent selection for additional practice in the practice of the Plaintive is "The Dying Boy."

PECTORAL QUALITY.

The PECTORAL is a rough, harsh, hollow tone, with the resonance in the chest.

1. The Pectoral is low in pitch and usually slow in movement. It arises from a debilitated or relaxed condition of the vocal cords and a feeble action of the respiratory muscles.

2. It is exhibited in persons of little physical or mental energy and in those addicted to dissipation and intemperance.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRODUCING THE PECTORAL.

Relax the muscles about the throat and waist. Give the sound of long *o* with low pitch, feeble voice and the utmost relaxation of all the vocal organs. Let the tone be hollow and husky, somewhat resembling the groan.

EXERCISES:

ah	oh	home	voice	more	grave
die	fall	to-day	pride	heart	vain

1. Oh, the long and dreary winter!
2. My dream was lengthened after life.
3. Now o'er the one-half world nature seems dead.
4. Hear the tolling of the bells—iron bells.
5. Oh, I have passed a miserable night!

LAW OF USE.

The Pectoral quality is used to express *dread, sorrow, gloom, despair, grief, deep solemnity* mingled with *awe, remorse,*

horror, settled hatred, malice, and in the representation of the supernatural.

The Pectoral is usually formed effusively, but the speaker inflamed by the malignant passions frequently employs the explosive mode of utterance.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

N. P. WILLIS.

The following poem furnishes a valuable drill for the expression of deep feeling. Be careful to enter into the sentiment before attempting its portrayal. Avoid permitting the tones to anticipate the feeling. You must experience the emotion first—its expression is then possible.

1. Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
 My proud boy, Absalom!
2. Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill,
 As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
 How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
 Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee,
 And hear thy sweet '*my father*' from these dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom!
3. The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
 Of music, and the voices of the young,
 And life will pass me in its mantling blush,
 And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung,
 But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
 To meet me, Absalom!

4. And, O! when I am stricken, and my heart,
 Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
 How will its love for thee, as I depart,
 Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
 It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
 To see thee, Absalom!
5. And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
 With death, so like a gentle slumber, on thee;
 And thy dark sin! O! I could drink the cup,
 If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
 May God have called thee, like a wanderer home,
 My erring Absalom!

For other illustrations of Pectoral quality, see "Death Bed of Benedict Arnold," "The Miser's Death" and the fifth and seventh stanzas of "She Would be a Mason."

GUTTURAL QUALITY.

The GUTTURAL (from *guttur*, throat) is a *rough, harsh, grating, rasping, discordant* sound, produced by a rigid compression of the muscles of the neck and a partial closing of the throat above the glottis, with the resonance in the throat. The quality resembles the growling utterances of the lower animals.

1. The Guttural originates from an agitation of the most intense and malignant passions. The sound is cut off from communication with the chest by an obstructed throat, as in a person suffering from intense rage. The sound issues apparently from the pharynx, or swallow, instead of the larynx.

2. The Guttural quality, in a modified form, is very prevalent among persons with large, flaccid, vocal organs and in the aged. Its use, except in the expression of the malignant passions, should be carefully avoided.

3. The practice of this quality is highly beneficial in strengthening the muscles of the throat. Its frequent employment by actors and vocal teachers protects from many forms of throat disease. Boys and girls should practice the guttural moderately at first, discontinuing as soon as any unpleasant irritation is felt.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRODUCING THE GUTTURAL QUALITY.

Contract the muscles about the throat and neck and give the sound of *a* in *ah*, in a harsh, grating tone, as if endeavoring to clear the throat of an accumulation of phlegm.

EXERCISES.

hate	rage	out	howl	heart
mock	away	die	revenge	growl

1. But I *defy* him, let him come!
2. I *scorn* forgiveness, haughty man!
3. *Curses* on him! Will not the villain *drown*!
4. How like a fawning *publican* he looks!
5. I *hate* him, for he is a *Christian*!

LAW OF USE.

The Guttural quality, with various degrees of force, is used to express *intense anger*, *hatred*, *contempt*, *disgust*, *scorn*, *loathing*, *malice* and *detestation*. It may be given by any of the three modes of utterance, effusive, expulsive or explosive, according to the sentiment indicated.

SHYLOCK'S REPLY.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Antonio, a merchant of Venice, had given a bond to Shylock, a wealthy Jew, for the payment of three thousand ducats, which sum Shylock had loaned to Antonio's friend, Bassanio. In default of payment it had been agreed that Shylock might claim a pound of flesh to be taken nearest the merchant's heart. Through a combination of circumstances Antonio fails to pay the bond when due, and the Jew demands the forfeit. Salanio endeavors to dissuade Shylock from exacting the penalty by

explaining that a pound of human flesh has no marketable value, and ventures to ask to what use it can be put. Shylock, almost consuming with rage, answers in the following terms.

This is one of the best exercises in the whole range of elocutionary models for strengthening the vocal organs. Give it daily attention for a month and mark the effect.

Use full force and long quantity with great intensity on the italicized words.

Hatred, Contempt, Detestation.

SHYLOCK:—To bait *fish* withal; if it will feed nothing *else*, it will feed my *revenge*. He hath *disgraced* me, and *hindered* me of *half a million*; *laughed* at my *losses*, *mocked* at my *gains*, *scorned* my *nation*, *thwarted* my *bargains*, *cooled* my *friends*, *heated* my *enemies*: and *what's his reason*?—I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew eyes*? hath not a *Jew hands*, *organs*, *dimensions*, *senses*, *affections*, *passions*?—fed with the same *food*, hurt with the same *weapons*, subject to the same *diseases*, healed by the same *means*, warmed and cooled by the same *winter* and *summer*, as a *Christian* is? If you *stab* us, do we not *bleed*?—if you *tickle* us, do we not *laugh*?—if you *poison* us, do we not *die*? and if you *wrong* us, shall we not *revenge*? If we are like you in the *re t*, we will resemble you in *that*. If a *Jew* wrong a *Christian*, what is his *humility*? *revenge*! If a *Christian* wrong a *Jew*, what should *his* sufferance be by *Christian example*? why, *revenge*! The *villainy* you *teach* me, I will *execute*! and it shall go *hard*, but I will better the instruction.

Other fine illustrations of Guttural quality are “Vagaries of a Madman,” “Catiline’s Defiance” and “The Seminole’s Defiance.”

ASPIRATE QUALITY.

The ASPIRATE quality is articulated breath, and ranges from a mere whisper to the least audible tones of the Plaintive, Pectoral and Guttural qualities.

1. The true Aspirate is unmixed breath, but as the term is commonly used, it is combined with other abnormal qualities to aid their intensity of utterance.

2. The practice of the Aspirate quality alone and in combination with other abnormal qualities, with full force, is highly beneficial in strengthening the vocal organs.

3. The daily practice of whispering a page or more of vigorous prose or poetry with full force and sufficient distinctness to be heard across a large room will develop a greater depth and penetration of tone than any one exercise in which the student can engage. To secure the greatest benefit the articulation must be as nearly perfect as the student can command.

LAW OF USE.

The Aspirate quality alone and in combination with other qualities is used to express *secrecy, surprise, impatience, fear, caution, remorse, awe, dread, anger, rage, terror, horror, and expiring life.*

EXERCISES.

1. *Hist!* Down with your heads!
2. Hush! *Silence* along the lines!
3. Not a word, on the peril of your *lives!*
4. *Hark!* I hear a knocking at the outer door!
5. *Angels* and ministers of *grace* defend us!
6. *Avaunt!* and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
7. *Hence,* horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, *hence!*

MACBETH'S VISION.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Act II, Scene I.

Macbeth, a powerful lord of Scotland, with a drawn dagger is stealthily approaching the chamber of King Duncan, his guest for the night, to murder the king, when, seized with fear and remorse, he imagines he sees a dagger suspended in the air before him.

Begin with an excited whisper and gradually merge into a strongly vocalized aspirate.

Few selections afford better practice in voice building than the following. Open the mouth freely and exaggerate the distinctness.

1. Is this a *dagger* which I see before me,
The *handle* toward my *hand*? Come, let me *clutch* thee:—
I have thee *not*; and *yet* I see thee *still*.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To *feeling*, as to *sight*? or art thou but
A *dagger* of the *mind*; a false *creation*,
Proceeding from the heat-oppresséd *brain*?
I see thee *yet*, in form as *palpable*
As *this* which now I draw.

2. Thou *marshall'st* me the way that I was *going*;
And such an *instrument* I was to use.
Mine *eyes* are made the *fools* o' the *other* senses,
Or else worth *all* the *rest*; I see thee *still*;
And on thy *blade*, and *dudgeon*, *gouts* of blood,
Which *was* not so *before*.—There's no such thing;
It is the bloody *business*, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

3. Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems *dead*, and wicked *dreams* abuse
The curtained *sleep*; now *witchcraft* celebrates
Pale Hecate's *offerings*; and withered *murder*,
Alarumed by his *sentinel*, the wolf,
Whose howl's his *watch*, thus towards his design
Moves like a *ghost*.

4. Thou sure and firm-set *earth*,
Hear not my *steps*, which way they *walk*, for fear
The very *stones* prate of my *whereabout*,
And take the present *horror* from the time,
Which *now* suits *with* it.—Whiles I *threat*, he *lives*;
Words to the *heat* of *deeds* too cold *breath* gives.
I go, and it is *done*; the bell *invites* me. [A bell rings.
Hear it *not*, Duncan; for it is a *knell*
That summons thee to *heaven*, or to *hell*.

NASAL QUALITY.

The NASAL quality (from *nasus*, the nose) is a *harsh, thin, twangy* tone, with the resonance in the nose.

1. The Nasal is an impure quality, because its production arises from some vocal disability, as a cold, or a mal-formation of the organs of speech.

2. It is not a talking through the nose, as may be shown by the reader's clasping his nose with his fingers and attempting to read or speak in a pure tone. The quality which follows is the Nasal.

3. The student will have no occasion to use the Nasal except in *mimicry* or *burlesque*; but a perfect command of all the qualities requires a drill upon this, both for the purpose of personation and avoiding its use where improper.

DIRECTION FOR PRODUCING THE NASAL QUALITY.

Place the organs in position to pronounce the syllable *on* with high pitch; now depress the lower jaw and prolong the syllable *ong*, retaining the sound so as to cause the reverberation to be heard in the back part of the mouth and nose.

LAW OF USE.

The Nasal quality is used in the mimicry of nasal speakers and in the personation of those suffering from colds.

EXAMPLE.

The birds can fly, an' why can't I?
 Must we give in, says he, with a grin,
 To the bluebird an' Phebe as smarter'n we be?
 Just fold our hands an' see the swaller
 An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler.
 Does the leetle chattering, sassy wren,
 No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
 Just show me that, 'er prove 't bat
 Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
 An' I'll back down, an' not till then.

—*Darius Green and his Flying Machine.*

THE BEWITCHED CLOCK.

Use a clear, distinct pure tone in narration. The different speakers use the nasal quality. Distinguish the characters by difference in pitch and rate.

1. About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in the dead of night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

2. "Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder if Sal'll come down. The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' or 'nother, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar bear here. Oh, here comes Sally."

3. The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle and a box of matches.

4. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made a roaring fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from her chamber door:

5. "Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most mornin'" whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe, and running to the huge old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

6. "Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman up-stairs.

"It's five by the clock," answered Sally, and corroborating the words the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again, and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the stair case began to creak.

"Good gracious! it's father."

"The deacon, by jingo!" cried Joe; "hide me, Sal!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

7. "Oh, I know," said he; "I'll squeeze into the clock case."

And without another word he concealed himself in the case, and drew to the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and seating himself down by the cooking-stove pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking very deliberately and calmly.

8. "Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes; then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better go and feed the critters first sir, and smoke afterward?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No; smoking clears my head and wakes me up," answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

9. Bur-r-r-r—whiz—z—ding—ding! went the clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What in creation is that?"

Whiz! ding! ding! ding! went the old clock furiously.

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally tremulously.

10. "Powers of mercy!" cried the deacon, "striking five! It's struck a hundred already."

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what is the matter of the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man.

"It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before."

Whiz! bang! bang! bang! went the clock.

11. "It'll burst itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," he said, after a pause, advancing resolutely toward the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."

"Oh, don't!" cried the daughter, affectionately, seizing one of his coat-tails, while his faithful wife hung to the other.

"Don't," chorused both the women together.

"Let go of my raiment!" shouted the deacon; "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness."

12. But the women would not let go; so the deacon slipped off his coat, and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside

with a death-grasp. The deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, came from the inside, and then the clock case pitched headforemost on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its proportions.

13. The current of air extinguished the light; the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled upstairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his retreat in the same way that he had entered. The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed its version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock case existed only in a distempered imagination.

FALSETTO QUALITY.

The Falsetto (from *falsus*, false) is a *screechy, high, shrill* tone, pitched above the natural, with the resonance in the head. The Falsetto begins where the pure tone breaks, or outruns its compass. It is illustrated by the sharp, shrill shriek of the owl.

1. In producing this quality of voice, the veil of the palate is raised very high, and the uvula is forced into the veil, becoming completely hidden from view.

2. Some voices, through excitement or irritability, naturally tend to run into the Falsetto. This is a serious fault and should be carefully avoided.

DIRECTION FOR PRODUCING THE FALSETTO QUALITY.

Begin on the sound of long *o*, with your natural pitch, and, without changing the force, raise your pitch till the purity of voice breaks, and the quality that follows will be Falsetto.

LAW OF USE.

The Falsetto quality, like the Nasal, is used in mimicry, to denote *excitement, irritability, scolding, invective, mockery, sudden fright, anger, pain, terror, and irritable old age*. It is also employed in distant calling and in the imitation of faint musical bells heard in the distance.

EXAMPLES.

1. "Ho! the starboard watch, *ahoy!*"
 2. A voice fell, like a falling star—
"Excelsior!"
 3. "Co,' boss! co', boss! co', co', co'!"
 4. Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, "*dying, dying, dying.*"
 5. The sisters, they murmured "*of shame,*"
And "*she hadn't oughter a let him;*
No doubt she was mostly to blame."
-

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

Give narrative parts in Pure Tone. The Justice uses a deep Orotund, his wife, the Falsetto. Let the three tones be strongly marked, and the effect will be quite ludicrous.

1. "The snow is deep," the Justice said;
"There's mighty mischief overhead,"
"High talk, indeed!" his wife exclaimed:
"What, sir! shall Providence be blamed?"
The Justice, laughing, said, "Oh, no!
I only meant the loads of snow
Upon the roofs. The barn is weak;
I greatly fear the roof will break.
So hand me up the spade, my dear—
I'll mount the barn, the roof to clear."
2. "No!" said the wife; "the barn is high,
And if you slip, and fall, and die,
How will my living be secured?—
Stephen, your life is not insured.
But tie a rope your waist around,
And it will hold you safe and sound."
"I will," said he. "Now for the roof—
All snugly tied and danger-proof!
Excelsior! Excel— But no!

The rope is not secured below!"
Said Rachel, "Climb, the end to throw
Across the top, and I will go
And tie that end around my waist."

3. "Well, every woman to her taste;
You always would be tightly laced.
Rachel, when you became my bride,
I thought the knot securely tied;
But lest the bond should break in twain,
I'll have it fastened once again."
4. Below the arm-pits tied around,
She takes her station on the ground,
While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
He shovels clear the lower edge.
But, sad mischance! the loosened snow
Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
And as he tumbles with the slide,
Up Rachel goes on t'other side.
Just half way down the Justice hung;
Just half way up the woman swung.
"Good land o' Goshen!" shouted she;
"Why, do you see it?" answered he.
5. The couple dangling in the breeze,
Like turkeys hung outside to freeze,
At their rope's end and wit's end, too,
Shout back and forth what best to do.
Cried Stephen, "Take it coolly, wife;
All have their ups and downs in life."
Quoth Rachel, "What a pity 'tis
To joke at such a time as this!
A man whose wife is being hung
Should know enough to hold his tongue."
6. "Now, Rachel, as I look below,
I see a tempting heap of snow.
Suppose, my dear, I take my knife.
And cut the rope to save my life?"
She shouted, "Don't! 'twould be my death—
I see some pointed stones beneath."

A better way would be to call,
With all our might for Phebe Hall."
"Agreed!" he roared. First he, then she
Gave tongue: "O Phebe! Phebe! *Phe-e-*
be Hall!" in tones both fine and coarse,
Enough to make a drover hoarse.

7. Now Phebe, over at the farm,
Was sitting, sewing, snug and warm;
But hearing, as she thought, her name,
Sprang up, and to the rescue came,
Beheld the scene, and thus she thought: —
"If now a kitchen chair were brought,
And I could reach the lady's foot,
I'd draw her downward by the boot,
Then cut the rope, and let him go;
He cannot miss the pile of snow."
8. He sees her moving toward his wife,
Armed with a chair and carving-knife,
And, ere he is aware, perceives
His head ascending to the eaves,
And, guessing what the two are at,
Screams from beneath the roof, "Stop that!
You make me fall too far, by half!"
But Phebe answers with a laugh,
"Please tell a body by what right
You've brought your wife to such a plight?"
And then, with well-directed blows,
She cuts the rope and down he goes.
9. The wife untied, they walk around,
When lo! no Stephen can be found.
They call in vain, run to and fro;
They look around, above, below,
No trace or token can they see,
And deeper grows the mystery.
Then Rachel's heart within her sank;
But, glancing at the snowy bank,
She caught a little gleam of hope—
A gentle movement of the rope.

10. They scrape away a little snow;—
What's this? A hat! Ah! he's below.
Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
And forth he stalks in tragic style,
Unhurt, and with a roguish smile;
And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
The missing found, the fallen rise.
-

FORCE.

FORCE is the degree of energy, depending upon the intensity of feeling, with which speech is delivered.

1. Force should not be confounded with loudness. Force is the measure of intensity by which a sentiment or emotion, concentrated in the speaker's mind, is manifested by utterance. Force marks the degree of mental and physical agitation rather than its expression. Loudness depends upon force and pitch—full force and high pitch producing the greatest degree of loudness. Words may be uttered with full force in a whisper.

2. The degree of force employed in the expression of the various sentiments and emotions corresponds, with one exception, to the strength of the sentiments or emotions that occasion speech. Sometimes we are so overpowered by passion, fright, or other overwhelming emotion, that the energy required to express our feelings is consumed in maintaining our very consciousness.

3. Few subjects treated by the elocutionist are of greater importance in developing a full, deep, flexible, and powerful voice than that of force; hence, practice—much practice, and intelligent practice is essential in this department of vocal culture.

4. The student should increase his force by degrees. Sudden transitions are injurious to one not accustomed to a severe use of the voice. Every new acquisition of power will enable him to go beyond his present attainments. When that degree of force is obtained beyond which the voice cannot go without inconvenience, the effort to increase the force should be discontinued, and a few minutes' practice should be had with that degree of force.

5. In the exercises following, avoid any change of pitch while increasing the force. If the pitch is raised, begin again with the element

and endeavor to complete the fullest degree of force with the same pitch with which that element is begun.

6. The student will observe that every shade of emotion requires a corresponding degree of force. The varying intensity must therefore be constantly noted and faithfully indicated by the appropriate force.

DIVISION OF FORCE.

Force may be divided into three classes, namely: SUBDUED, MODERATE, FULL, each of which may be further divided into three degrees.

EXERCISES.

The student will repeat the sentence opposite the dots with nine degrees of force *without change of pitch*. Begin with the least audible sound that can be uttered, and increase in *intensity* not *loudness*, till the utmost energy is attained. Reverse the order. Repeat each degree of force several times before passing to the next.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| • | } | Hang out our banners on the outward walls! |
| • | | Hang out our banners on the outward walls! |
| • | | Hang out our banners on the outward walls! |
| • | } | Hang out our banners on the outward walls! |
| • | | Hang out our banners on the outward walls! |
| • | | Hang out our banners on the outward walls! |
| • | } | Hang out our banners on the outward walls! |
| • | | Hang out our banners on the outward walls! |
| • | | Hang out our banners on the outward walls! |

SUBDUED FORCE. LAW OF USE.

Subdued Force is used in the expression of *tenderness*, *pathos*, *sadness*, *seriousness*, *solemnity*, *reverence*, *awe*, *melancholy* and *tranquillity*, usually with pure tone.

MEMORY.

(A Student's Midnight Reverie.)

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Subdued Force.

This selection is designed to cultivate purity and smoothness of tone as well as subdued force. Long quantity and gentle, undulating waves of the second prevail. The wave applied to italicized words will render the delivery beautiful. Avoid affectation.

1. 'Tis beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
 Upon the earth, decked in her *robe* of snow.
 No light gleams at the windows, save my *own*,
 Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
 And *now*, with noiseless step, sweet *memory* comes
 And leads me gently through her twilight *realms*.
 What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
 Or delicatest pencil e'er *portrayed*
 The enchanted, shadowy land where *memory* dwells?
2. It has its valleys, *cheerless*, lone, and drear,
 Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
 And yet its sunlit *mountain* tops are bathed
 In Heaven's *own* blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant *years*,
 Are clustered joys serene of *other* days.
3. Upon its gently sloping hill-sides bend
 The weeping willows of the *sacred* dust
 Of dear *departed* ones; yet in that land,

Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from *out* the dust
 Of death's *long*, silent years, and round us stand
 As *erst* they did before the prison tomb
 Received their clay within its voiceless halls.

4. The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
 And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
 From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
 Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
 And beckons toward the verge. *Again*, the path
 Leads o'er the summit where the *sunbeams* fall;
 And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
 Sorrow and joy, this life-path leads along.

See also, as an example of Subdued Force, "Break, Break, Break," and "Which One."

MODERATE FORCE. LAW OF USE.

MODERATE FORCE is employed in the expression of *narrative*, *descriptive* and *didactic* thought, and may be used to express the milder forms of *sublimity*, *solemnity*, *grandeur* and *devotion*, and in *introductions* to *orations*.

THE GLADIATOR.

Moderate Force.

This is an excellent piece for recitation. The force throughout, except the gladiator's speech, is moderate. His words receive more force than the narrative part. Let the whole be rendered with animation and the effect will be impressive and thrilling.

1. Stillness reigned in the vast amphitheatre, and, from the countless thousands that thronged the spacious inclosure, not a breath was heard. Every tongue was mute with suspense, and every eye strained

with anxiety toward the gloomy portal where the gladiator was momentarily expected to enter. At length the trumpet sounded, and they led him forth into the broad arena. There was no mark of fear upon his manly countenance, as with majestic step and fearless eye he entered. He stood there, like another Apollo, firm and unbending as the rigid oak. His fine proportioned form was matchless, and his turgid muscles spoke his giant strength.

2. "I am here," he cried, as his proud lip curled in scorn, "to glut the savage eyes of Rome's proud populace. Aye, like a dog you throw me to a beast; and what is my offense? Why, forsooth, I am a *Christian*. But know, ye can not fright my soul, for it is based upon a foundation stronger than the adamant rock. Know ye, whose hearts are harder than the flinty stone, my heart quakes not with fear; and here I aver, I would not change conditions with the blood-stained Nero, crowned though he be, not for the wealth of Rome. Blow ye your trumpet—I am ready."

3. The trumpet sounded, and a long, low growl was heard to proceed from the cage of a half-famished Numidian lion, situated at the farthest end of the arena. The growl deepened into a roar of tremendous volume, which shook the enormous edifice to its very center. At that moment the door was thrown open, and the huge monster of the forest sprang from his den, with one mighty bound to the opposite side of the arena. His eyes blazed with the brilliancy of fire, as he slowly drew his length along the sand, and prepared to make a spring upon his formidable antagonist. The gladiator's eye quailed not; his lip paled not; but he stood immovable as a statue, waiting the approach of his wary foe.

4. At length, the lion crouched himself into an attitude for springing, and with the quickness of lightning, leaped full at the throat of the gladiator. But he was prepared for him, and bounding lightly on one side, his falchion flashed for a moment over his head, and in the next it was deeply dyed in the purple blood of the monster. A roar of redoubled fury again resounded through the spacious amphitheatre, as the enraged animal, mad with anguish from the wound he had just received, wheeled hastily round, and sprang a second time at the Nazarene.

5. Again was the falchion of the cool and intrepid gladiator deeply planted in the breast of his terrible adversary; but so sudden had been the second attack, that it was impossible to avoid the full impetus of his bound, and he staggered and fell upon his knee. The monster's paw was upon his shoulder, and he felt his hot fiery breath upon his cheek, as it rushed through his wide distended nostrils. The Nazarene drew a short

dagger from his girdle, and endeavored to regain his feet. But his foe, aware of his design, precipitating himself upon him, threw him with violence to the ground.

6. The excitement of the populace was now wrought up to a high pitch, and they waited the result with breathless suspense. A low growl of satisfaction now announced the noble animal's triumph, as he sprang fiercely upon his prostrate enemy. But it was of short duration; the dagger of the gladiator pierced his vitals, and together they rolled over and over, across the broad arena. Again the dagger drank deep of the monster's blood, and again a roar of anguish reverberated through the stately edifice.

7. The Nazarene, now watching his opportunity, sprang with the velocity of thought from the terrific embrace of his enfeebled antagonist, and regaining his falchion, which had fallen to the ground in the struggle, he buried it deep in the heart of the infuriated beast. The noble king of the forest, faint from the loss of blood, concentrated all his remaining strength in one mighty bound; but it was too late; the last blow had been driven home to the center of life, and his huge form fell with a mighty crash upon the arena, amid the thundering acclamations of the populace.

FULL FORCE. LAW OF USE.

FULL FORCE is employed in the expression of *strong emotion*, as *joy, gladness, courage, boldness, defiance, anger, profound sublimity* and *grandeur*, and in the delivery of *political, senatorial, and judicial speeches* of an exalted *oratorical* character.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Denunciation, Indignation.

This piece furnishes an excellent drill in Expulsive and Explosive Orotund and Full Force. Let the tones be ringing and distinct. As a model of its style it will amply repay the labor of memorizing.

1. I come not here to *talk*. You know too well
 The story of our thralldom. We are—*slaves*!
 The bright sun rises to his course and lights
 A *race* of slaves! He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a slave; not *such* as, swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
 To crimson glory and undying fame:
 But—*base*—*ignoble* slaves; slaves to a horde
 Of *petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,*
Rich in some dozen *paltry villages;*
Strong in some *hundred spearmen; only great*
 In that *strange spell*—a NAME.

2. Each hour, dark fraud,
 Or open rapine, or protected *murder*,
 Cries out against them. But *this very day*,
 An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—
 Was *struck*—*struck* like a—*dog*, by one who wore
 The badge of Ursini, because, forsooth!
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
 At sight of that great ruffian!

3. Be we *men*,
 And suffer *such* dishonor? *men*, and wash not
 The stain away in *blood*? Such shames are common.
I have known *deeper* wrongs; *I*, that speak to ye,
 I had a *brother* once—a gracious boy,
 Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
 Of sweet and quiet joy;—there was the look
 Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
 To the beloved disciple.

4. How I *loved*
 That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once, and son! He left my side,
 A summer bloom on his fair cheek; a smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In *one short hour*
 The *pretty harmless boy* was *slain*! I saw
 The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For *vengeance*! ROUSE ye, ROMANS! ROUSE ye SLAVES!
 Have ye *brave sons*? Look in the next fierce brawl

To see them *die*. Have ye *fair daughters*? Look
 To see them live, *torn from your arms, distained,*
Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the *lash*.

5. Yet, this is *Rome*,
 That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
 Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans.
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king! And, once again—
 Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus!—once again, I swear,
The Eternal City shall be free!

See also “South Carolina and Massachusetts” as an example of Full Force.

SUSTAINED FORCE.

In addressing large assemblies, and in *calling* and *commanding*, the Full Force is sustained for some moments, according to the size of the audience, or distance to which the voice is to be heard.

Calling at a distance and preparatory commands require an effusive prolongation on the accented vowels. Speaking to great numbers at a distance requires long quantity on words and long pauses between the words.

Exercises:

1. O-v-e-r!
2. Young men—ahoy!
3. Ship—ahoy! Send—a-boat!
4. Attention—Company!—March!
5. And lo! from the assembled crowd
 There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
 That to the ocean seemed to say,
 “Take—her,—oh—bridegroom—old—and—gray,
 Take—her—to—thy—protecting—arms,
 With—all—her—youth—and—all—her—charms.”

—[Longfellow.

APPEAL IN BEHALF OF IRELAND.

S. S. PRENTISS.

The following appeal to the citizens of New Orleans during the Mexican War, made in behalf of Ireland, then suffering from a terrible famine, is one of the finest specimens of modern eloquence. It is a favorite among college students. With it many prizes have been won.

Its delivery requires effusive and expulsive orotund, full and sustained force, long quantity and long pauses.

1. FELLOW-CITIZENS: It is no ordinary cause that has brought together this vast assemblage, on the present occasion. We have met, not to prepare ourselves for political contests. We have met, not to celebrate the achievements for those gallant men who have planted our victorious standards in the heart of an enemy's country. We have assembled not to respond to shouts of triumph from the West, but to answer the cry of want and suffering which comes from the East. The Old World stretches out her arms to the New. The starving parent supplicates the young and vigorous child for bread.

2. There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the state of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos.

3. Into this fair region, God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers that fulfill his inscrutable decrees. The Earth has failed to give her increase. The common mother has forgotten her offspring, and she no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly Famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp. Unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets, for a moment, the gloomy history of the past.

4. Oh! it is terrible, that in this beautiful world, which the good God has given us, and in which there is plenty for us all, men should die of starvation! When a man dies of disease, he alone endures the pain. Around his pillow are gathered sympathizing friends, who, if they can not keep back the deadly messenger, cover his face, and conceal the horrors

of his visage, as he delivers his stern mandate. In battle, in the fullness of his pride and strength, little recks the soldier whether the hissing bullet sings his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel.

5. But he who dies of hunger, wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; for, if he had friends, how could he die of hunger? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him; for his foe, vampire-like, has exhausted his veins. Famine comes not up, like a brave enemy, storming, by a sudden onset, the fortress that resists. Famine besieges. He draws his lines round the doomed garrison. He cuts off all supplies. He never summons to surrender; for he gives no quarter.

6. Alas! for poor human nature, how can it sustain this fearful warfare? Day by day the blood recedes; the flesh deserts; the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last the mind, which at first had bravely nerved itself against the contest, gives way, under the mysterious influences which govern its union with the body. Then the victim begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence. He hates his fellow-men, and glares upon them with the longing of a cannibal; and, it may be, dies blaspheming.

7. This is one of those cases in which we may, without impiety, assume, as it were, the function of Providence. Who knows but that one of the very objects of this calamity is to test the benevolence and worthiness of us, upon whom unlimited abundance is showered? In the name, then, of common humanity, I invoke your aid in behalf of starving Ireland. He who is able, and will not aid such a cause, is not a man, and has no right to wear the form. He should be sent back to Nature's mint, and re-issued as a counterfeit on humanity, of Nature's baser metal.

For other examples of sustained force, see the *commands* in "Charge of the Light Brigade."

STRESS.

STRESS is the application of *Force* to some particular part, of a syllable or word.


1. Stress differs from accent in this particular: stress is limited to only a part of a syllable, while accent includes the entire syllable.

2. In the utterance of an elementary sound which consists of but a single impulse of the voice, the force may lie prominently on the first or on the last part, on the middle or on both extremes, or it may be distributed with an equal degree throughout the sound.

The divisions of stress are,

RADICAL,	MEDIAN,	FINAL.
COMPOUND,	THOROUGH,	INTERMITTENT.

RADICAL STRESS.

Radical Stress () is the application of Force to the *first* part of a syllable or word.

In applying this stress the sound should burst instantaneously upon the first part of the syllable or word, and the succeeding part should be uttered with a decreasing force.

LAW OF USE.

The degree of Radical Stress is determined by the intensity of emotion. It is used, first, in a mild form, to express *narrative, didactic, and descriptive* thought; and, second, with greater force, to express *mirthful emotions, sudden anger, fear, impetuous and startling emotions*; and, third, with full force, in the delivery of *vigorous and earnest argument*.

EXERCISES IN RADICAL STRESS.

Apply radical stress to the short vowel sounds:

▶ a ▶ e ▶ i ▶ o ▶ u

1. He woke to hear his sentry shriek,
To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!
2. Back to thy punishment, false fugitive!

THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The following poem is a favorite drill exercise among voice trainers. Examples of the three degrees of force are af-

forded for the application of Radical Stress. Observe that stanzas second and third are delivered with a force varying between subdued and moderate, the others with a force varying with the intensity of emotion.

1. Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet,
While the first oath of freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.
2. Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.
3. How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool;
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.
4. The pastor came: his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;

- And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He lead into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
The Psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
5. The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.
6. Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.
7. A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkley cried, "Cease traitor, cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"
8. And now, before the open door—
The warrior priest had ordered so—

The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
 Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
 Its long reverberating blow,
 So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
 Of dusty death must wake and hear.


9. And there the startling drum and fife
 Fired the living with fiercer life;
 While overhead, with wild increase,
 Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before.
 It seemed as it would never cease;
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was, "War! WAR! WAR!"

10. "Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,
 As striding from the desk he came—
 "Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
 For her to live, for her to die?"
 A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered, "I!"

[*J. B Lippincott Co., Publishers.*]

For additional illustrations see "The Little Black-Eyed Rebel," "The Happy Young Girl," and "Marco Bozzaris."

MEDIAN STRESS.

The MEDIAN STRESS () is the application of force to the middle of the syllable or word. Its application consists in a gradual swelling of voice to the middle of the syllable or word, followed by a gradually diminishing force to the end.

1. The Median Stress supplies the chief element of grandeur, beauty and impressiveness in the rendition of poetic thought.

2. The lengthened and expansive quantity given to those words significant of pathos, sublimity, and intense feeling reach the heart and enlist our sympathies beyond the power of the most artistic combination of words. It is the natural vein with which heart speaks to heart.

3. Great care, however, should be exercised lest this should be overdone, misplaced or ill-timed, for ridicule and contempt would then take the place of sympathy. To avoid any misapplication, feel the sentiment before you attempt its expression. Here, as elsewhere, artistic error deceives only artificial tastes.

4. The characteristic utterance of Median Stress is *effusive*, though the expression of the more elevated emotions of grandeur and sublimity coupled with full force requires an *expulsive* utterance.

EXERCISES IN MEDIAN STRESS.

1. O, the long and dreary winter!
2. O, the cold and cruel winter!
3. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
4. O Lord, thou art clothed with honor and majesty.
5. Lo, all grow old and die!

LAW OF USE.

The Median Stress is used in the expression of *tenderness*, *compassion*, *grandeur*, *sublimity*, *pathos*, *reverence*, and *devotion*.

The intensity of the stress varies with the degree of emotion.

WHICH ONE?


A beautiful recitation which never fails, when properly given, to produce a profound impression. Let the quantity and pauses be long and the Median Stress well marked. Avoid affectation.

1. One of us, dear—
 But one—
 Will sit by a bed with a marvellous fear,
 And clasp a hand,
 Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land—
 Darling, which one?

2. One of us, dear—
But one—
Will stand by the other's coffin bier,
And look and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence keep—
Darling, which one?
3. One of us, dear—
But one—
By an open grave will drop a tear.
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know—
Darling, which one?
4. One of us, darling, it must be,
It may be *you* will slip from *me*;
Or perhaps *my* life may first be done;
Which one?

Other excellent examples of Median Stress are “The Long Ago,” “Memory,” “Break, Break, Break,” and the second stanza of “The Bells.”

FINAL STRESS.

The FINAL STRESS () is the application of force to the last part of the syllable or word.

1. The final Stress consists of a gradual increase of force till the end of the syllable or word is reached, when the force culminates in an abrupt explosive utterance.

2. This is emphatically the stress of decisive statements. Its use, with those to whom it is natural, admits of no equivocation.

3. The student is cautioned against its use where not indicated. Its frequent recurrence in conversation or oratory, when not required in appropriate expression, savors of arrogance, and serves to repel rather than persuade or convince.

EXERCISES IN FINAL STRESS.

hate	budge	slave	gone	blood
crouch	fawn	cringe	swear	scorn

I dare accusation! I defy the honorable gentleman!

LAW OF USE.

The Final Stress is used in expressing a *dogged determination, disdain, contempt, protest, rebuke, disgust, revenge, defiance* and *hatred*.

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

GEORGE CROLY.

An admirable selection to cultivate the bold utterance of angry vehemence. Use Pectoral quality, Full Force and Final Stress.

1. CONSCRIPT FATHERS:


I do not rise to waste the night in words;
 Let that plebeian talk; 'tis not *my* trade;
 But *here* I stand for *right*—let him show *proofs*—
 For *Roman* right; though none, it seems, dare stand
 To take their share with me. *Ay*, cluster there!
 Cling to your master, judges, Romans, *slaves*!
 His charge is false;—I *dare* him to his proofs.
 You have my answer. Let my *actions* speak!

2. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
 And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong!
 Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
 Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
 Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
 The gates of honor on me—turning out
 The Roman from his birthright; and, for what?
 To fling your offices to every *slave*!
 Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb.
 And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
 Of this huge, moldering monument of Rome,
 Hang hissing at the nobler man below!
 Come, consecrated lictors, from your thrones;
 Fling down your scepters; [*To the Senate*] take the rod and ax
 And make the *murder* as you make the law!

3. *Banished* from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact with the things I *loathe*?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
4. *Banished!* I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword's my *own*. *Smile on, my lords!*
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and *scoff* you! here, I fling
Hatred and full *defiance* in your face!
Your consul's merciful—for this all thanks;
He *dares not touch a hair* of Catiline!
5. "*Traitor!*" I go; but I *return*. This—trial?
Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of *age*,
Or make the *infant's* sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes!
Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till *Anarchy* comes down on you like night,
And *massacre* seals Rome's eternal grave!
6. I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but, when I come, 'twill be the burst
Of *ocean* in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves! [*To the Lictors*]
I will return!

Another fine example of Final Stress is "The Seminole's Defiance."

COMPOUND STRESS.

COMPOUND STRESS () is the application of force to the first and last part of a word, giving the middle part but slight force.

The Compound Stress may be regarded as an emphatic form of the emotional wave.

EXERCISES IN COMPOUND STRESS.

dead	added	gone	feared	happy.
brother	bloody	king	paused	deed.

Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace!

False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!

Shall Louis have Blanche, and Blanche these provinces?

LAW OF USE.

The Compound Stress is used to express *ridicule, irony, astonishment, contempt, malice, mockery, sarcasm, and raillery.*

SPARTACUS TO THE ROMAN ENVOYS IN ETRURIA.

EPES SARGENT.

This declamation is a great favorite among contestants for declamation honors and prizes. Words requiring Compound Stress are printed in Italics. Use Orotund quality and moderately Full Force.

1. ENVOYS OF ROME: The poor camp of Spartacus is too much *honored* by your presence. And does Rome *stoop* to parley with the escaped *gladiator*, with the rebel *ruffian*, for whom heretofore no slight has been too *scornful*? You have come, with steel in your right hand, and with gold in your left. What heed we give the *former*, ask Cossinius; ask Claudius; ask Varinius; ask the bones of your legions

that fertilize the Lucanian plains. And for your *gold*—would ye know what we do with *that*—go ask the laborer, the trodden poor, the helpless and the hopeless, on our route; ask all whom Roman tyranny had crushed or Roman avarice plundered.

2. Ye have seen me *before*; but ye did not then shun my glance as *now*. Ye have seen me in the *arēna*, when I was Rome's pet *ruffian*, daily smeared with blood of men or beasts. One day—shall I forget it ever?—*ye* were present—I had fought long and well. Exhausted as I was, your munerator, your lord of the games, bethought him, it were an equal match to set against me a new man, younger and lighter than I, but fresh and valiant. With Thracian sword and buckler, forth he came, a beautiful defiance on his brow! Bloody and brief the fight. "He has it!" cried the People: "*habet! habet!*" But still he lowered not his arm, until, at length, I held him, gashed and fainting, in my power.

3. I looked around upon the Podium, where sat your Senators and men of State, to catch the signal of release, of mercy. But not a thumb was reversed. To crown your sport the vanquished man must die! Obedient brute that I was, I was about to slay him, when a few hurried words—rather a welcome to death than a plea for life—told me he was a Thracian. I stood transfixed. The arena vanished. I was in Thrace, upon my native hills! The sword dropped from my hands. I raised the dying youth tenderly in my arms. O, the magnanimity of Rome.

4. Your haughty leaders, enraged at being cheated of their death-show, *hissed* their disappointment, and shouted. "Kill!" I heeded them as I would heed the howl of *wolves*. Kill *him*?—They might better have asked the mother to kill the babe, smiling in her face. Ah! he was already wounded unto death; and, amid the angry yells of the spectators, he died. That night I was scourged for disobedience. I shall *not* forget it. Should *memory* fail, there are *scars* here to quicken it.

5. Well; do not grow impatient. Some hours after, finding myself with seventy fellow-gladiators, alone in the amphitheatre, the laboring thought broke forth in words. I said—I know not what. I only know that when I ceased, my comrades looked each other in the face—and then burst forth the simultaneous cry—"Lead on! lead on, O Spartacus!" Forth we rushed—seized what rude weapons Chance threw in our way, and to the mountains speeded. There day by day our little band increased.

6. Disdainful Rome sent after us a handful of her troops, with a scourge for the *slave* Spartacus. Their weapons soon were ours. She sent an *army*; and down from old Vesuvius we poured, and slew three thousand. Now it was Spartacus the dreaded *rebel*! A larger army,

headed by the Prætor, was sent and routed; then another still. And always I remembered that fierce cry, riving my heart, and calling me to "*kill!*" In three pitched battles, have I not obeyed it? And now affrighted Rome sends her two *Consuls*, and puts forth all her strength by land, and sea, as if a Pyrrhus or a Hannibal were on her borders!

7. Envoys of Rome! To Lentulus and Gellius bear this message: "*Their graves are measured!*" Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread, high on the mountain's side! Slenderly it winds, but soon is swelled by others meeting it, until a torrent, terrible and strong, it sweeps to the abyss where all is ruin. So Spartacus comes on! So swells *his* force—small and despised at first, but now resistless! On, on to Rome we come! The *gladiators* come! Let Opulence tremble in all his palaces! Let Oppression shudder to think the oppressed may have their turn! Let Cruelty turn pale at thought of redder hands than his! O, we shall not forget Rome's many lessons. She shall not find her training was all wasted upon indocile pupils. Now begone! Prepare the Eternal City for *our* games!

Additional examples in Compound Stress will be found in the italicized words in the "Scene from Hamlet."

THOROUGH STRESS.

THOROUGH STRESS (■■■■■) is the equal distribution of Force to all parts of the syllable or word.

1. It is a combination of the Radical, Median and Final in the order named.

2. It is the characteristic Stress of a powerful and all-pervading emotion that seeks to express itself in broad, swelling sounds which electrify the hearts and fire the souls of listeners.

3. The effect of the Thorough Stress upon the assembled multitude, listening to the impassioned appeals of a skillful orator, pleading the cause of suffering humanity, or denouncing insatiate ambition, unbridled licentiousness or unchecked tyranny, is wonderful and beyond our comprehension. If, however, employed in the expression of common-place ideas and trivial thoughts, it can excite in cultivated minds only ridicule and disgust.

4. Children are usually deficient in the power of Thorough Stress, and on attempting to apply it to one or more words, are apt to run into a high, monotonous chant that is extremely unpleasant to hearers. To

avoid this tendency, examples should be used for the practice of this stress containing words at their close which require some other stress.

[See example below; the words, "he said," require Thorough Stress.]

EXERCISES IN THOROUGH STRESS.

sail	strong	home	know	swarm
drove	song	shore	prayer	prolong

*"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.*

LAW OF USE.

The Thorough Stress is employed to express *lofty command, rapturous joy, calling, shouting, vehement indignation, oratorical apostrophe* and *intense and violent emotion*.

APOSTROPHE TO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Expulsive Orotund, Full Force, Thorough Stress. Excellent for drill on these three elements.

1. Go forth, then, language of Milton and Hampden, language of my country; take possession of the North American Continent! Gladden the waste places with every tone that has been rightly struck on the English lyre, with every English word that has been spoken well for liberty and man!


2. Give an echo to the now silent and solitary mountains; gush out with the fountains that as yet sing their anthem all day long without response; fill the valleys with the voices of love in its purity, the pledges of friendship in its faithfulness; and as the morning sun drinks the dew-drops from the flowers all the way from the dreary Atlantic to the Peaceful ocean, meet him with the joyous hum of the early industry of freemen!

3. Utter boldly and spread widely through the world the thoughts of the coming apostles of the people's liberty, till the sound that cheers

the desert shall thrill through the heart of humanity, and the lips of the messenger of the people's power, as he stands in beauty upon the mountains, shall proclaim the renovating tidings of equal freedom for the race.

For other illustrations of Thorough Stress, see "The National Banner," "Defense of Hofer" and last paragraph of "Impeachment of Warren Hastings."

INTERMITTENT STRESS.

THE INTERMITTENT STRESS () is a tremulous application of Force throughout the syllable or word, prolonged in utterance.

1. It is the characteristic Stress of extreme tenderness, feebleness and old age, but is also observed in subdued grief and joy, when the breath is sent forth in agitated jets, as if the vital forces were too weak to control its accurate articulation.

2. To secure command of the tremor, much practice upon simple elements and words is necessary before attempting continuous sentences.

LAW OF USE.

The Intermittent Stress is used in the expression of *distress, fear, weakness, exhaustion, sickness, pity, tenderness, overwhelming joy and grief*, and in the *feebleness of old age*.

Exercises in Intermittent Stress:

old	gone	poor	grave
strength	word	time	breath
hear	come	round	soul
chain	twine	path	roll

EXAMPLES: SICKNESS AND EXHAUSTION.

Jessie's — too — sick, — Papa. Can't — say — goodnight, — Papa.
 ——— In — the — morning.

Mother, — the — angels — do — so — smile, — and — beckon — little
 Jim.

FEEBLENESS OF OLD AGE.

*Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;—
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store!*

THE DYING BOY.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A most impressive reading or recitation when well rendered. Give descriptive parts with Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Radical and Median Stress. The child uses Plaintive Quality, Subdued Force and Intermittent Stress. Avoid affectation.

1. It must be sweet, in childhood, to give back
 The spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
 Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
 And sown, to garner up, its bitter fruits.
 I knew a boy whose infant feet had trod
 Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
 And when the eighth came round, and called him out
 To revel in its light, he turned away,
 And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
2. 'Twas night; he summoned his accustomed friends,
 And on this wise bestowed his last bequest:
 "Mother, I am dying now!
 There's a deep suffocation in my breast
 As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed;
 And on my brow,
 I feel the cold sweat stand;
 My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
 Comes feebly on. O! tell me, is this death!
3. "Mother, your hand,
 Here, lay it on my wrist,
 And place the other thus beneath my head,
 And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,

- Shall I be missed?
 Never beside your knee,
 Shall I kneel down again at night to pray;
 Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
 You taught me.
4. "O, at the time of prayer,
 When you look round, and see a vacant seat,
 You will not wait then for my coming feet;
 You'll miss me there.
 Father, I'm going home!
 To the good home you spoke of, that blest land
 Where it is one bright summer always, and
 Storms do never come.
5. "I must be happy then,
 From pain and death you say I shall be free,
 That sickness never enters there, and we
 Shall meet again.
 Brother, the little spot
 I used to call my garden, where long hours
 We've stayed to watch the budding things and flowers,
 Forget it not!
6. "Plant there some box or pine,
 Something that lives in winter, and will be
 A verdant offering to my memory,
 And call it mine!
7. "Sister, my young rose-tree,
 That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
 Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
 I give to thee;
 And when its roses bloom,
 I shall be far away, my short life done;
 But will you not bestow a single one
 Upon my tomb?
8. "Now, mother, sing the tune
 You sang last night. I'm weary, and must sleep,
 Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep,
 You'll all come soon!"

9. Morning spread o'er earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savory odors of the early spring;
He breathed it not; the laugh of passers-by
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,
But wakened not his slumber. He was dead.

For other illustrations of Intermittent Stress, see "Give Me Three Grains of Corn, Mother," "The Miser's Death," and "Good Night, Papa," in Brown's Popular Readings No. 2.

PITCH.

PITCH is the degree of elevation or depression of sound above or below the keynote.

1. We say that one tone is higher than another when the number of vibrations produced in the utterance of one is greater than the other.

2. Pitch in music is determined by the unvarying musical scale, and transitions from high to low, or the reverse, are made by steps; while in speech the appropriate pitch depends upon the sentiment to be expressed and the construction of the vocal organs of the speaker; and the various changes are made by slides of the voice called the concrete movement.

3. A number of persons singing the same piece of music would employ the same pitch, but if these same persons read the same selection, though it require a high or low pitch, there is scarcely any probability that their voices would be pitched upon the same key; and yet, each, using *his* appropriate pitch for the sentiment, would read it correctly. In the first instance the pitch is determined by musical instruments; in the latter by the voices of the respective individuals.

4. All that has been said concerning the influence of emotion in determining the appropriate element in vocal expression applies to pitch. These conditions operate directly upon the vocal organs—tension of the vocal chords, producing a high pitch, arises from exaltation of spirit; relaxation of these chords, producing low pitch, accompanies

mental depression; while a tranquil state of mind leaves the vocal chords in their natural condition, and a pitch midway between *high* and *low* will be selected.

DIVISIONS OF PITCH.

Since the sentiment determines the appropriate pitch, three divisions are naturally formed, which we designate *high*, *middle* and *low*.

1. These divisions are not absolute, and have no definite place on the musical scale. They vary according to intensity of feeling and the natural key of different voices.

2. Each of these divisions has an extended compass, since many emotions that are classed as exciting differ widely in degree and in their influence upon individuals; hence, we may have pitch high, moderately high, and very high, and the same is true of low pitch. The pupil must decide from the intensity of the sentiment what degree of high or low pitch he shall use, bearing in mind that the greater the agitation from joyous or angry emotions, the higher the pitch; and, conversely, the greater the depression from emotions of solemnity or grief, the lower the pitch.

EXERCISES.

Pronounce each name in the following list with pure tone, moderate force, radical stress, as you would if calling to the individuals situated at distances indicated by the number of feet opposite his name. Repeat the names in reverse order, and afterward promiscuously, always imagining the distance to which your voice is to be heard:

Very low pitch.....	5 feet—Thomas Hall.
Low pitch.....	10 feet—Henry Jones.
Moderately low pitch.....	20 feet—Samuel Taylor.
Middle pitch.....	40 feet—David Cole.
Moderately high pitch.....	80 feet—James Temple.
High pitch.....	160 feet—Robert Morris.
Very high pitch.....	320 feet—Edward Blake.

Begin with *one* and count to *ten*, starting with your lowest pitch, and ending with your highest. Reverse the order. Maintain a moderate force. Avoid the musical scale.

MIDDLE PITCH.

The MIDDLE PITCH is used in our ordinary conversation in the delivery of *narrative*, *descriptive* and *didactic* thought, and in the introduction to *lectures*, *orations* and *sermons*.

THE MUSIC OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Read in a clear, full, pure, *earnest* tone. Use Moderate Force, Radical Stress, with Middle Pitch. Avoid anything strained or artificial.

1. Willis, in his essay on "Unwritten Music," has placed the appropriate sound of the female voice among the most beautiful of its forms; and there is, unquestionably, a fine analogy between the sound of the running brook, the note of the wood-bird, the voice of a happy child, the low breathing of a flute, and the clear, soft tone of a woman's voice, when it utters the natural music of home—the accents of gentleness and love.

2. To a well-tuned ear, there is a rich, deep melody in the distinctive bass of the male voice, in its subdued tones. But the keynote of poetry seems to have been lent to woman. On the ear of infancy and childhood, her voice was meant to fall as a winning prelude to all the other melodies of nature; the human nerves are attuned, accordingly, to the breath of her voice; and, through life, the chords of the heart respond most readily to her touch.

3. Yet how often is this result impeded by the processes of artificial culture; by the over-excitement of mind and nerve, attending excessive application; by that unwise neglect of health and healthful action, which dims the eye and deadens the ear to beauty, and robs life of the joyous and sympathetic spirit which is native to childhood; and which, otherwise, would ever be gushing forth in notes of gladness and endearment, the physical not less than the moral charm of human utterance.

4. There are beautiful exceptions, undoubtedly, to this general fact of ungainly habit. But the ground of just complaint is, that there is no provision made in our systems of education for the cultivation of

one of woman's peculiar endowments—an attractive voice. Our girls do not come home to us, after their period of school life, qualified to read with effect in their own language. There is wanting in their voices that adaptation of tone to feeling, which is the music of the heart in reading; there is wanting that clear, impressive style which belongs to the utterance of cultivated taste and judgment, and which enhances every sentiment by appropriate emphasis and pause; there is even a want of that distinct articulation which alone can make sound the intelligible medium of thought.

HIGH PITCH.

HIGH PITCH is used in *calling, commanding and shouting*, in the delivery of *animated, earnest and joyous* sentiments, and in the emotions of *gayety, gladness, exultation and triumph*.

High Pitch combined with Pure Tone and Full Force produces loudness.

EXERCISES.

1. "*Victory! Victory!*" is the shout.
2. "Oh, spare my *child*, my *joy*, my *pride*;
Oh give me back my *child!*" she cried.
3. *Ring joyous chords! ring out again*
A swifter still and a wilder strain!

LIBERTY OR DEATH—MARCH, 1795.

PATRICK HENRY.

High Pitch.

This is a favorite selection for oratorical drill. Many prizes and honors attest its worth as a contest declamation. Let the quality be a strong Orotund, the force Full, and the Stress vary with the sentiment. Begin in *conversational* tones.

1. MR. PRESIDENT: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is

this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for *liberty*? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having *eyes*, see not, and having *ears*, *hear* not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?

2. For *my* part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the *whole* truth—to know the *worst*, and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the *future* but by the *past*; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the *last ten years* to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House.

3. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? *Trust it not*, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a *kiss*. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are *fleets* and *armies* necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so *unwilling* to be reconciled that *force* must be called in to win back our love?

4. Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of *war* and *subjugation*—the *last* arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any *enemy* in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies?

5. No, sir, she has *none*; they are meant for *us*: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them?

6. Shall we try *argument*? Sir, we have been *trying* that for the *last—ten—years*. Have we anything *new* to offer upon the subject? nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already *exhausted*?

7. Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves *longer*. Sir, we have done *everything* that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have *remonstrated*; we have SUPPLICATED; we have PROSTRATED ourselves before the throne, and have

implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

8. Our petitions have been *slighted*; our remonstrances have produced additional *violence* and *insult*; our supplications have been *disregarded*; and we have been spurned with *contempt* from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

9. If we wish to be *free*; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves *never* to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be *obtained*, we must *fight*! I repeat it, sir: WE MUST FIGHT! An appeal to *arms* and to the *God of Hosts* is all that is left us!

10. They tell us, sir, that we are *weak*—*unable to cope* with so formidable an adversary; but *when* shall we be *stronger*? Will it be the *next week*, or the *next year*? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by *irresolution* and *inaction*? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

11. Sir, we are *not weak* if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. *Three millions of people*, armed in the holy cause of *liberty*, and in *such* a country as that which we possess, are *invincible* by any force which our enemy can send against us.

12. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles *alone*: there is a just *God* who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the *strong alone*: it is to the *vigilant*—the *active*—the *brave*.

13. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to *desire* it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in *submission* or *slavery*! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is *inevitable*, and *let it come*! I repeat it, sir: LET IT COME!

14. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, "*Peace! peace!*" but there is *no peace*. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our *brethren* are *already* in the field! Why stand we here idle?

15. What is it that gentlemen *wish*? What would they *have*? Is life so *dear*, or peace so *sweet*, as to be purchased at the price of *chains* and *slavery*? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course *others* may take, but, as for *me*, give me *liberty*, or GIVE ME DEATH!

See also "The Revolutionary Rising."

LOW PITCH.

LOW PITCH is used in the delivery of *solemn*, *serious*, *pathetic*, and *devotional thought*, and in giving expression to emotions of *awe*, *melancholy*, *gloom*, *despair*, *horror*, *reverence*, and *adoration*.

EXERCISES.

1. 'Tis a time for memory and for tears.
2. Now o'er the one-half world nature seems dead.
3. Toll, toll, toll, thou bell by billows swung.
4. 'Tis now the very witching time of night.

THE LONG AGO.

B. F. TAYLOR.

Use Pure Tone, Subdued Force, Median Stress, and Low Pitch. This selection is well adapted to cultivate the musical element, so pleasing in the expression of pathos and solemnity. Avoid everything unreal.

1. Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
 As it runs through the realm of tears,
 With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme
 And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
 As it blends in the ocean of years!
2. How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
 And the summers like birds between,
 And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go

- On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!
3. There's a Magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing.
There's a cloudless sky and tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.
 4. And the name of this Isle is "the Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust—oh! we love them so—
And there are trinkets and tresses of hair.
 5. There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our dead used to wear.
 6. There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.
 7. Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed Isle,
All the day of life until night;
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile,
May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

For other examples, see "God's Beautiful City," "David's Lament," and "The Suppliant."

MOVEMENT.

MOVEMENT is the degree of rapidity or slowness with which words are uttered in continuous discourse.

1. Movement, like other elements of vocal expression, depends upon the nature of the thought to be spoken; and as the moods of mind, like

an April sky, are constantly changing,—now buoyant with hope or exhilarated with joy, and anon sobered in serious contemplation or depressed by grief, there is necessarily little uniformity in the rate of human speech.

2. The slow and measured tread, timed in unison with the mournful dirge, suggests gloom and sorrow; while the lively step of the merry dancers in fling or reel, betray the utmost animation of mind and body. “The grave psalm and the song of serious sentiment express, in their measured regularity, the adaptation of gentle and moderate movement to tranquil and sedate feeling.”

3. A perfect command of every degree of movement is essential to correct and effective reading or speaking. Ignorance of this element gives the reading and declamation of our pupils that monotonous drawl which renders exercises so insipid and tedious to visitors.

4. Appropriate movement is indispensable in rousing and retaining the attention of an audience; hence, no pains should be spared to adapt the movement of every selection to the sentiment intended to be conveyed.

CLASSES OF MOVEMENT.

The natural divisions of Movements are, RAPID, MODERATE and SLOW, with the further subdivisions of *very rapid* and *very slow*.

MODERATE MOVEMENT.

MODERATE MOVEMENT is used in unimpassioned discourse, in the expression of *narrative, descriptive* and *didactic thought*, and in the *beginning of orations*.

The term “Moderate” must not be understood as representing a uniform rate. It includes a rate of movement that is constantly varying with the sentiment between rapid and slow.

TACT AND TALENT.

Moderate Movement.

1. Talent is some thing, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a

sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

2. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes, tact carries it against talent ten to one.

3. Take them to the theater, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that shall scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together; so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

4. Take them to the bar and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry: talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact arouses astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and, by keeping its eye on the weather-cock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

5. Take them into the church: talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

6. Take them to court: talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate: talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard-ball insinuates itself into the pocket.

7. It seems to know every thing, without learning any thing. It has served an extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never

ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear; no blind side. It puts on no look of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of common-place, and all the force and power of genius.

SLOW MOVEMENT.

SLOW MOVEMENT is used in the expression of sentiments of *reverence, solemnity, sublimity, grandeur, pathos, awe, melancholy, despair, gloom, adoration and devotion.*

DEATH OF THE WIFE.

ANONYMOUS.

Slow Movement.

A most impressive recitation when well rendered. Keep the tone pure and force subdued. Let the pitch vary with the change of sentiment. Be natural—be sincere.

1. She had lain all day in a stupor, breathing with heavy-laden breath, but as the sun sank to rest in the far-off western sky, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, awoke and called feebly to her aged partner, who was sitting motionless by the bed-side. He bent over his dying wife and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his.

2. "Is it night?" she asked in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not.

"Yes," he answered softly; "it is growing dark."

"Where are the children?" she queried; "are they all in?"

3. Poor old man! How could he answer her? The children had slept for years in the old churchyard.

"The children are safe," answered the old man, tremulously; "don't think of them, Jane. Think of yourself. Does the way seem dark?"

4. "My trust is in Thee. Let me never be confounded. What does it matter if the way is dark?"

"I'd rather walk with God in the dark, than walk *alone* in the light."

"I'd rather walk with Him by faith, than walk alone by sight."

5. "John, where's little Charley?" she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The grave dust of twenty years had lain on Charley's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him. The old man patted her cold hands that had labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and calloused with years of toil, and the wedding ring was worn to a mere thread of gold—and then he pressed his lips to them and cried; they had encouraged and strengthened him in every trial of life. Why, what a woman she had been! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death-bed together—closed eyes of loved ones, and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promise. Now she was about to cross the dark river alone.

6. And it was strange and sad to the yellow-haired grand-daughter left them to hear her babble of walks in the woods, of gathering May flowers and strolling with John, of petty household cares that she had always put down with strong, resolute hand, of wedding feasts and death-bed triumphs; and when at midnight she heard the Bridegroom's voice, and the old man, bending over her, cried pitifully, and the grand-daughter kissed her pale brow, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the names of her children, one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with one glad smile put on immortality.

* * * * *

7. They led the old man sobbing away, and when he saw her again the glad morning sun was shining, the air was jubilant with the song of birds, and she lay *asleep* on the couch under the north window where he had seen her so often lie down to rest while waiting for the Sabbath bell. And she wore the same black silk, and the string of gold beads about her thin neck and the folds of white tulle. Only now the brooch with his miniature was wanting, and in its place was a white rose and a spray of cedar—she had loved cedar—she had loved to sing over her work:

"Oh, may I in His courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green."

8. But the strange transformations that were there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age and pain and weariness were smoothed out; the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was on the pale lips. The old man was awed by this likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and then said softly:

9. "You have found heaven first, Janet, but you'll come for me soon. It's our first parting in more than seventy years, but it won't be for long!"

10. And it was *not*. The winter snow has not yet fallen, and there is another grave, and today would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but no! Where they are there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

For other examples of Slow Movement, see “Hamlet’s Soliloquy” and the fourth stanza of “The Bells.”

RAPID MOVEMENT.

RAPID MOVEMENT is used in the expression of *lively, gay* and *joyous* thought and *exciting* emotions emanating from *alarm, joy, mirth* or *fear*.

PIANO MUSIC.

This piece is adapted for concert recitation. If well rendered by a dozen students, with appropriate gesture, the effect will be very amusing.

First a soft and gentle tinkle,
Gentle as the rain-drop’s sprinkle,
Then a stop,
Fingers drop;
Now begins a merry trill,
Like a cricket in a mill;
Now a short, uneasy motion,
Like a ripple on the ocean.
See the fingers dance about,
Hear the notes come tripping out;
How they mingle in the tingle
Of the everlasting jingle,
Like to hailstones on a shingle,
Or the ding-dong, dangle-dingle
Of a sheep-bell! Double, single,
Now they come in wilder gushes,
Up and down the player rushes,
Quick as squirrels, sweet as thrushes.
Now the keys begin to clatter

Like the music of a platter
 When the maid is stirring batter.
 O'er the music comes a change;
 Every tone is wild and strange;
 Listen to the lofty tumbling,
 Hear the mumbling, fumbling, jumbling,
 Like the rumbling and the grumbling
 Of the thunder from its slumbering
 Just awaking. Now it's taking
 To the quaking, like a fever-and-ague shaking;
 Heads are aching, something's breaking.
 Goodness gracious! Ain't it wondrous,
 Rolling round, above and under us,
 Like old Vulcan's stroke so thunderous?
 Now 'tis louder, but the powder
 Will be all exploded soon;
 For the only way to do,
 When the music's nearly through,
 Is to muster all your muscle for a bang,
 Striking twenty notes together with a clang;
 Hit the treble with a twang,
 Give the base an awful whang,
 And close the whole performance
 With a slam—bang—whang!

SWINTON'S FIFTH READER.

MELODY.

MELODY (*Gr. sweet song*) is a succession of pleasing tones having but a limited compass above or below the initial note, with prevailing pitch above the natural.

1. Melody is one of the most valuable elements the speaker may employ in attracting and retaining the attention of an audience.

2. The element is employed in those rhythmical compositions, whether prose or poetry, expressing *pathos*, *tranquil pleasure* and *peaceful repose*.

3. To cultivate melodious tones, practice frequently upon such words as *calm*, *name*, *mine*, *thine*, *wailing*, *gone*, *moaning*, *mound*, *home*, *throne*, *wandering*, etc., with effusive utterance, pure tone, subdued force,

median stress, slightly elevated pitch, and long quantity, imparting to your utterance a rich musical intonation. Let the tones be sweet, clear, and musical.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOMAS MOORE.

Excellent for the cultivation of clear, sweet, mellow and musical tones. Let the utterance be mainly effusive, the tone pure, the force moderate, the prevailing stress median and the movement moderate. Avoid affectation.

1. Those evening bells, those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!
 2. Those joyous hours are passsd away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.
 3. And so 'twill be when I am gone:
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.
-

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

Apply the same elements as above to this selection. Give it frequent practice, and your tones will be much improved.

1. When kingle, klangle, kingle,
Far down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, now faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower

That make the daises grow;
 Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolingleingle,
 Far down the darkening dingle,
 The cows come slowly home.

2. And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
 And starry nights and sunny days,
 Come trooping up the misty ways
 When the cows come home.

3. Through violet air we see the town,
 And the summer sun a-sliding down,
 And the maple in the hazel glade
 Throws down the path a longer shade,
 And the hills are growing brown;
 To-ring, to-rang, to-ringleringle,
 By threes and fours and single
 The cows come slowly home.

4. The same sweet sound of worldless psalm,
 The same sweet June day rest and calm,
 The same sweet smell of buds and balm,
 When the cows come home.

MISCELLANEOUS VOCAL EXERCISES.

The following exercises are designed as a review of preceding principles. They should receive much attention.

Pronounce with exaggerated precision the following words:

Peremptory, comparable, despicable, obligatory, admiralty, intricacy, allegorist, conscientiousness, lugubriously, consecutiveness, irrerecognizable, tergiversation, irrefragable, hospitable, remediable, objurgate.

SOUND WORDS.

1. Many words are derived from peculiar sounds, associative impressions and phases of nature whose correct pronunciation often gives them a deeper significance than their printed form affords.

2. Such words furnish excellent examples for drill in imitative modulation, expressive speech, and play upon words in connecting sound with sense.

3. Pronounce the following words in the most expressive manner possible, so that every element, facial expression, and attitude shall be an echo to the sound:

gay	clear	whizz	dance	fierce	breathe
dark	hark	swing	scream	quick	whisper
hate	sweet	crash	laugh	rouse	rumble
roll	gush	roar	grind	freeze	staggering
bold	deep	howl	clang	loathe	shivering
wild	cold	hiss	dash	shriek	clatter
run	reel	drear	jump	flash	staggering
stop	glib	thrust	splash	thrill	wrangle
old	long	cool	young	timid	thunder

PERSONATION.

In expressing the following sentiments, emotions and passions, the student will place, "He is," or "Is he" before the word "*superannuated*," as he may wish to declare or ask the question; as, "*He is superannuated*," or "*Is he superannuated?*"

Before attempting to express the thought the student must, by an intense mental effort, *conceive* and intensely *feel* what he is about to utter.

pity	disgust	triumph	amazement
grief	pathos	contempt	intoxication
scorn	ridicule	remorse	hatred, rage
repose	terror	submission	exultation, joy
perplexity	weariness	affectation	humcr, laughter

MEDLEY DRILL.

The following quotations from many pieces afford an admirable medley for Vocal and Gesture concert drill. The gestures are indicated by italicized words.

1. Hear me for my *cause*; and be *silent* that you may hear. Believe me for mine *honor*; and have respect to mine honor, that you *may*

believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly—any dear friend of Cæsar's—to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was not less than his.

2. Then he *buttoned his coat* straight up to his *chin*
And *staidly, solemnly, waded in*;
And his broad brimmed hat he *pulled down tight*,
Over his forehead so *cold and white*.

3. And see! she *stirs*!
She *starts*—she *moves*—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her *keel*,
And spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous *bound*
She *leaps* into the ocean's arms.

4. Let us extend our ideas over the vast *field* in which we are called to act. Let our object be our *country*, our *whole country*, and *nothing* but our country.

5. Go, ring the bells and fire the *guns*,
And fling the starry banner *out*!
Shout FREEDOM till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle *shout*!

6. *Rouse ye, Romans! rouse ye, Slaves!*
Have ye BRAVE SONS? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them *die*. Have ye *fair daughters*? Look
To see them live, *torn from your arms, distained,*
Dishonored: and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the *lash*.

7. She leaned far out on the *window-sill*.
And *shook* it forth with a royal will,
"Shoot if you must this old gray head,
But spare your country's *flag*," she said.

8. *Three million of people*, armed in the holy cause of *liberty*, and in *such* a country as this which *we* possess, are *invincible* by *any force* which our enemy can send against us.

9. He *sets*, and his last beams
Fall on a *slave*; not *such* as, *swept along*

By the full tide of power, the conqueror *led*
 To crimson *glory* and undying *fame*;
 But—*base—ignoble* slaves.

10. Then straightway *plunging* with all his might,
 Away to the *left*—his friend to the *right*,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
 But at last *together* they entered in.

11. *Blaze* with your serried columns!
 I will not bend the *knee*;
 The shackles ne'er again shall bind
 The *arm* which now is *free*.

12. How the gay sledges, like meteors, *flash* by,
Bright for a moment, then *lost* to the eye;
 *Ring*ing,
 *Swing*ing,
 *Dash*ing they go,
 Over the *crust* of the beautiful snow.

13. "To all the truth we tell—we tell,"
 Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
 "Come, all ye weary *wanderers*, see!
 Our Lord has made salvation free."

14. And as he spoke he *raised* the child,
 To *dash* it 'mid the breakers wild.

15. You all do know this *mantle*;
 Look! in *this* place ran Cassius' dagger through,
 See what a *rent* the envious Casca made;
 Through *this* the well-beloved Brutus stabbed,
 And as he *plucked his cursed steel* away
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar *followed it*!

16. But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
 "My *manors, halls and bowers* shall still
 Be open at my sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, howe'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer;
 My castles are my king's alone,
 From *turret to foundation* stone,—
 The *hand* of Douglas is his *own*."

17. And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms
With all her youth and all her charms."

18. That very night the Romans landed on our coast, I saw the breast that had nourished me *trampled* by the hoof of the war-horse, the bleeding body of my father *flung* amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling.

19. And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And *grasping in his nervous hand*,
The imaginary battle brand,
In face of *death* he dared to *fling*
Defiance to a tyrant king!

20. *Flashed* all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging our army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they *broke*;
 Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke,
Shattered and sundered.

ORIGINAL DISCOURSE.

1. Thus far the student has been instructed in the manner only of expressing the thoughts of others. While the ability to comprehend instantly and render effectively an author's thoughts as outlined upon the printed page is an accomplishment of great value to all, such an attainment is not sufficient for the broad and general culture required by our times and institutions.

2. The responsibilities thrust upon us by the republican form of government under which we live, perpetuated in its purity and efficiency by the logic of a Choate, the wisdom of a Webster, and the eloquence of a Clay, demand attainments of a higher order than mere skill in the pathetic, forcible, or eloquent repetition of some popular composition.

3. The citizen who would form at least a unit in the Republic must be competent to wield the pen, and when called upon, be prepared to address his countrymen intelligently upon the questions of the day. His duty to himself and country demand that whether he write or speak, his performance should be creditable and effective.

4. A ready, vigorous pen and speech, like reading and declamation, come from instruction, practice and criticism.

EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEECH.

1. The greatest excellence to which the student, ambitious of oratorical fame, may aspire, is comprised in the ability to speak fluently, logically, and effectively, upon any subject, at any time, without previous preparation.

2. This accomplishment may be termed "thinking on one's feet." It is not the result of any spontaneous development. It comes from study, practice,—work.

3. The power to charm the heart, and steal away the senses, to divert the mind from its own devisings, and hold an audience in breathless spell, as the orator paints the rosy tints of heavenly longings, or leads the imagination down through the labyrinths of wonderland, or depicts with lightning tongue and thunder tones, the horrors of the doomed, comes not by nature, but by work,—work,—work.

4. Whether this so-called gift be assisted by the early efforts of a Demosthenes declaiming over the sea-beat cliffs of Attica, or the harangues of a youthful Clay before a group of oxen, perfection in delivery is attained only by frequent and long-continued practice, based upon accurate observation and zealous study.

THE TWO FORMS OF EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEECH.

1. CONVERSATION.

2. PUBLIC SPEAKING.

1. Conversation is the general and familiar interchange of sentiments.

2. No form of social intercourse furnishes so much humanizing enjoyment as pleasing and entertaining conversation. Notwithstanding the pleasure it affords, few people, even among the educated classes, are capable of entertaining a company by continuous, intelligent discourse.

3. The student is here reminded that unconnected remarks, followed by ambiguous or meaningless monosyllabic rejoinders, interspersed with nauseating repetition of such expletives as "Yes, indeed," "You don't say so," "You bet," etc., do not constitute elevating discourse.

4. Conversation is an art, and as such it is capable of cultivation to approximate perfection. Success in the higher forms of speech depends upon the conversational skill of the aspirant for oratorical honors.

GENERAL RULES FOR CONVERSATION.

1. Breathe without gasping or attracting attention.

2. Articulate distinctly, but do not impress your hearers with the idea that you are going through an exercise in vocal gymnastics.

3. Be natural; remember it is yourself you are impersonating, and you will be judged accordingly.

4. In general, use a full, pure tone, moderate force, radical stress, middle pitch, and moderate movement. In those parts of your conversation requiring peculiar description and personation, use the appropriate elements.

5. Enter into the spirit of the subject with all your mind. Cultivate the habit of listening to others. This is at least polite. Attention to what others say is the relay from which you are enabled to continue your part of the conversation intelligibly and agreeably to the other members of your company.

6. Avoid pedantry, *affectation*, and all *mannerisms* calculated to detract from the general topic of conversation.

7. Conceive, summon, and express your best thoughts.
8. Employ the simplest, purest, and most expressive language at your command.
9. Avoid unpleasant personalities, particularly with reference to those who are absent.
10. Avoid topics of little general interest to your listeners.
11. However familiar to the company the condition of the weather and streets may be, their prolonged discussion is not sufficiently important to justify more than a passing remark.
12. Indulge sparingly in raillery and cutting repartee. A merciless wit is never esteemed above a treacherous weapon.

GENERAL RULES FOR PUBLIC SPEAKING.

1. Public extemporaneous speaking is the delivery of sentiment without previous written preparation.
2. The speaker employs the same elements as in conversation, but upon an enlarged scale. To these he may, as occasion requires, add depth and fullness to his quality, producing the grand tones of the Orotund; he may increase his force, raise his pitch, and indulge in a greater variety of stress, movement, and pauses than in ordinary conversation. In addition to these departures he may energize and embellish his delivery by gesture and facial expression; and, generally, he may play upon the accidental elements in arousing the emotions of an audience more than would be proper in the most animated conversation.
3. Of all professions recognized by civilized man, probably none requires in its perfection so many and varied accomplishments as that of oratory. The public lecturer who leads the van in the march of science for the improvement of society; the statesman, who guards the nation's rights and shapes his country's destiny; the man of God, who seeks to purify the human heart and save a fallen race—all must wield the wondrous power of speech.
4. How far the orators of the past have possessed this comprehensive art of arts is largely answered in the social, governmental, and religious freedom of modern times.

GENERAL REQUISITES.

1. The orator should have a liberal education.
2. He should be actuated by the noblest impulses.
3. He should be endowed with the highest attributes of humanity.
4. Every physical organ should be subordinate to the will.

5. He should possess the most extended information upon all subjects. To this end, he should have frequent practice in reading, conversation, speaking and writing.

6. The summation of all these qualifications, Cicero tells us, marks the *perfect man*.

SPECIFIC RULES FOR EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

1. Have something to say worth hearing.
2. Know more of your subject than do any of your auditors.
3. Be wide awake and thoroughly in earnest.
4. Believe and feel intensely all you say.
5. Merge yourself into the thoughts you are uttering.
6. Look into the eyes of your hearers, not over their heads.
7. Cultivate facility and elegance of expression by using good language at all times.

8. Endeavor to hold your hearers that they may not wander from the subject.

9. Be *yourself*; you cannot personate another with your ideas.

10. Never lose control of your thoughts, your breath, your speech, or your temper.

11. Avoid all forms of slang; no speaker ever exhausted the English language.

12. Have a complete mastery of all the elements of elocution—thus your body and limbs are made subjective to the mental powers.

13. Think only of *what* you are going to say; your grammar, rhetoric and elocution will suggest the manner.

14. If you have five or ten minutes for preparation, think of their proposition only.

15. Command a faultless articulation, an accurate pronunciation, and an absolute control of the essential elements of vocal expression.

16. Carefully study the speeches known to be extemporaneous of eminent orators; consider the time, place and circumstance of their delivery.

17. Study the models furnished by Demosthenes, Cicero, Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Webster and Clay, and modern orators of recognized ability.

18. Maintain a constant reserve; the orator must appear greater than his theme or his effort.

19. Hold yourself flexibly erect with an active chest. The weight should be supported mainly on the balls of the feet, *not* the heels.

20. Keep the voice and speech organs moist, not by drink, but by chewing a bit of paper just before using the voice.

21. Avoid great force in the beginning by studied distinctness and deliberate movement. Your audience must be *led* by measured tones of persuasion gradually up to the more intensified forms of expression.

22. In passing from one sentiment or emotion to another, strive to feel the emotion before attempting its utterance; words without feeling awake no responsive chord among your hearers.

23. Commit and frequently recite aloud a few excellent passages abounding in decided sentiment, absorbing emotion and vehement passion. The possession of the words gives the mind opportunity to dwell upon the thoughts, and thus their frequent conception and utterance trains the nerves, muscles and vocal organs to command the required expression at will.

24. *Stop the moment you are done.*

SPEAKING FROM NOTES.

1. When the speaker has sufficient time to collect and arrange his thoughts, he should endeavor to think of all he wishes to say upon the subject, and write the heads of his thoughts as they occur, and afterward arrange them in the most appropriate order.

2. In general, the most pleasing and entertaining matter should appear first. The auditors are never so critical as when the speaker steps upon the platform. An unfavorable impression once made is too difficult to overcome to justify the speaker's giving it an occasion.

3. The closing thoughts should possess merit and originality, and should be spoken with such sincerity, vigor and eloquence that an audience shall respect at least the advocate, if not the sentiment he utters.

4. Do not be tedious. Do not labor to exhaust your theme. When you can no longer talk without stopping to think what next to say, you are done, and should stop at once.

METHOD OF CRITICISM.

The following plan of estimating the merits of a speaker's performance, introduced into a number of literary societies by the author, is recommended. It will prove valuable to critics of literary societies. The table should be prepared on printed sheets and the name of the performer written in the blank, with the proper answer placed after each question. This sheet so prepared by the critic, and given to the performer, would afford the latter much greater benefit than is conferred by the usual imperfect systems of criticisms.

Critic's Report on.....
delivered by M.....
in the.....Hall on the evening of
.....189.....Grade.....
.....Critic.

NOTE.—An affirmative answer to the following (20) questions, indicated by the number 5, denotes the standard of excellence. Approximating degrees of this standard are indicated by the numbers 4, 3, 2, and 1, in the order named.

	GRADE.
I. ENTRANCE.	
Is the entrance easy, graceful, self-possessed?
II. ATTITUDES.	
Are the attitudes natural, flexible, graceful?
III. ACTION.	
1. Do the motions of the head, trunk and limbs harmonize with the changes of thought, sentiment, emotion and passion?
2. Do the eyes and general facial expression confirm the speaker's statements?
3. Do the gestures made for emphasis render the speaker's assertions more forcible?
4. Do the gestures of illustration aid in giving a clearer view of the speaker's theme?
5. Are the gestures graceful, varied, timely, decisive, significant?
IV. ENUNCIATION.	
1. Are the sounds freely, fully, correctly, timely and appropriately uttered?
2. Is respiration performed without interfering with the speaker's enunciation?
3. Are the speaker's tones formed without unusual effort?
4. Are the tones free from local or personal peculiarities?
V. ARTICULATION.	
1. Are the syllables distinctly and correctly articulated?
2. Does each receive its proper force and quantity?
VI. PRONUNCIATION.	
Is each word pronounced according to prevailing usage, as represented in the standard dictionaries?
VII. VOCAL EXPRESSION.	
1. Do the tones harmonize in quality, force, stress, pitch, movement and quantity with the general sentiment?
2. Does the speaker's management of slides, waves, emphasis, shr, cadence and pauses indicate a correct conception of his composition?
VIII. GENERAL DELIVERY.	
1. Is the speaker's delivery free from the styles known as affected, conceited, effeminate, pedantic, pompous, stogy, over-vehement?
2. In direct discourses does the speaker look into the eyes of his audience?
3. In personation and apostrophe does the speaker ignore his audience?
4. Does the speaker hold the attention of his audience?
Grade on a basis of 100.	

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

AN AMERICAN EXILE.

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

In Norfolk Bay, long years ago, where waved
The nation's flag from mizzen gaff
Of frigate, sloop, and other warlike craft,
A group of naval officers, assembled
On the flag-ship's quarter-deck, discussed
With earnestness the act by which the State
Of South Carolina annulled
The tariff laws of Congress.
The President's prompt act,
Despatching Scott to Charleston, ordering
The execution of the laws by force,
Had thrilled the nerves of those who bore
Their country's arms.

The naval service boasted many men
Who traced through veins as chivalrous as their sire's
The blood of Sumter, Pickens, Hayne,
And other revolutionary patriots;
And, conscious of a lineage illustrious
From those who gave the grand Republic birth,
Their minds were often filled with politics
Of State; and thus the acts of courts
And legislatures oft became their theme
In time of peace as much as warlike deeds
Of Neptune.

One of these, in this debate,
A handsome, sun-bronzed officer of most
Commanding mien, became conspicuous
In warm approval of his State's rash act
And censure strong of President
And Congress. While his flashing eye betrayed
The fierce emotions of his soul, his voice

Rang fearful maledictions: "Curse the country
Whose flag from yonder mizzen floats; the men
Be cursed, who in the name of government
Ignore the rights my native State has held supreme."

Then drawing forth his rapier
As if in frenzied rage: "My sword's my own,
My heart is loyal to my native State;
And here I swear, this blade shall ne'er be drawn
But in defense of rights this tyrant thing
Called government usurps, and those its threats
Would terrify. Its flag be trailed in dust;
The fate of Carthage be its cursed doom!
The memory of its present acts, with those
Who give them shape, go down in blood and shame!"

Such direful imprecations shocked the ears
Of those who heard; and, ere the speechless group
Recovered from their blank amaze, a young
Lieutenant felled the speaker senseless to
The deck; then quick before the officer
Commanding, preferred the charge of treason.

Court-martial trials are speedy in results,
The sentence, novel in its terms, was heard
With unfeigned haughtiness and scorn by him
Whom it deprived of country:

"The prisoner, hence, for life, shall be consigned
To vessels cruising in a foreign sea;
No tongue to him shall speak his country's name,
Nor talk to him of aught save daily wants;
And ever to his sight that country's flag
Shall be a token that its power lives
To carry out this sentence."

* * * * *

In far-off seas, away from kindred hearts
And native home, the years passed slowly on;
But pride and stubborn will did not desert
This strange misguided man; his fate he seemed
To cherish for the cause he still believed
Would triumph in the end.
Yet to and fro his narrow bounds he paced,

Alone amid a frigate's crew. No cheering word
 His yearning heart in time could e'er expect
 From stricken mother, weeping wife, and babes
 By him made worse than orphans, who might blush
 To call him father. Still, above, around,
 In sportive play, the flag he madly cursed, as star
 By star was added to its field of blue,
 In gorgeous folds waved kindly o'er his head,
 As if forgiving his ingratitude.

And now, as other years rolled sadly by,
 And he was passed from ship to ship, as each
 In turn went home, the lines of grief and frosts
 Of age bore silent evidence of slow decay.
 In time his face was marked with pensive cast,
 A harbinger of sad, repentant thought.
 A sailor, unperceived, took note of him,
 And oft observed him watch the waving flag
 With strange emotion. And once his lips
 Were seen to move: "Thou ever-present curse,
 Reminding me of what I am, of what
 I've lost, thou Nemesis of nature's wrongs!
 For that I've sinned against my birth, my soul's
 Remorse affirms. How long e'er nature's laws,
 More kind than human heart, will free my eyes
 From thee, thou vengeful witness of my shame?
 I'd tear thee from thy staff,—but when I think
 Of all the tears thou'st witnessed in these eyes,
 At first my curses, then my prayers to God,
 Of secret thoughts conceived within thy sight,
 Thou seem'st so much a friend, I would not blot
 From out thy field a single star—and yet—and yet
 O soul, when will thy mad resentment cease?"

* * * * *

Full thirty years had passed since sound
 Of friendly voice had filled his ear, and now
 He paced another deck than one designed
 For heavy armament,—a merchant craft,
 Commissioned while the nation's ships of war
 Were called for duty home to try the cause
 For which this poor, deluded exile gave
 His manhood and his life.

Near set of sun
The cry of "sail" was heard, and then,
Against his will, they hurried him below.
The startling call to quarters reached his ear;
And e'er the roll of drum and boatswain's whistle died away
There came a distant "boom" that roused a hope
He yearned to realize. A moment more,
A deaf'ning sound that shook the very keel
Awoke his heart with joy. He knew and hailed
The truth. The land,—*his* land was now at war.
The foe—his name, it mattered not to him—
Had struck the challenge blow and filled his soul
With fire.

O love of Country! Thou art lasting as
The faith of childhood. Thou art stronger than
The love of life,—the fear of death!
This exiled penitent, this prodigal
Without a home, would prove himself a man!
He cried for help to free him from his bonds:
"Ahoy there! Men on deck! For love of God
Let me not perish in this cell. Unbar the door,
Take off these chains, and arm me for the fight!
Oh give me air and light beneath the flag;
My blood will wash away my curse!" but all
Was vain.

A tearing shot, that ploughed through side
And prison bulkhead walls, made clear
A passage wide enough through which
He sought his wild desire.
But e'er he reached the deck, the foe had lashed
His ship beside, and countless fierce wild men
Were leaping down among the feeble crew,
Who battled hard, but vain, against such odds.

He saw the flag the enemy displayed,
A flag unknown, unseen by him before,
Though strangely like the one he cursed,—now loved
So much—would die in its defense.
He wrenched a cutlass from a dying hand,
And hewed his way among the privateers.

Where'er he struck, the way was cleared of men
 Like wheat before the blade. His strange demean
 And antique garb amazed the foe, until
 It seemed he'd drive the boarders to their ships.
 At last, his wounds o'ercame his madd'ning strength,
 And sinking to his knee, was soon disarmed,
 But spared the murd'rous stroke by one who knew
 His name and story from a child,
 His glazing eye turned wistful toward the flag,
 Now drooping low, as if to mourn for him:—

“My country! thou art now avenged! my life—
 My wasted life,—I give to thee—to thee.”

THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

1. On the deck stood Columbus; the ocean's expanse,
 Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.
 “Back to Spain!” cry his men; “put the vessel about!
 We venture no farther through danger and doubt.”
 “Three days, and I give you a world!” he replied;
 “Bear up, my brave comrades, three days shall decide.”
 He sails, but no token of land is in sight;
 He sails, but the day shows no more than the night;
 On, onward, he sails, while in vain o'er the lea
 The lead is sent down through a fathomless sea.
2. The pilot in silence leans mournfully o'er
 The rudder that creaks mid the billowy roar;
 He hears the hoarse moan of the spray-driving blast,
 And its funeral wail through the shrouds of the mast.
 The stars of far Europe have sunk from the skies,
 And the great Southern Cross meets his terrified eyes,
 But at length the slow dawn, softly streaking the night,
 Illumes the blue vault with a faint crimson light.
 “Columbus! 'tis day and the darkness is o'er.”
 “Day! and what dost thou see?” “Sky and ocean—no more!”
3. The second day ends, and Columbus is sleeping,
 While Mutiny near him its vigil is keeping.

“Shall he perish?” “Ay, death!” is the barbarous cry;
 “He must triumph tomorrow, or, perjured, must die!”
 Ungrateful and blind! shall the world-linking sea
 He traced for the future his sepulcher be?
 Or shall it, tomorrow, with pitiless waves,
 Fling his corse on that shore which his patient eye craves?
 The corse of an humble adventurer, then;
 One day later—Columbus, the first among men!

4. But hush! he is dreaming; and sleep to his thought
 Reveals what his waking eyes vainly have sought:
 Through the distant horizon—oh rapturous sight!—
 Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness of night;
 Oh vision of glory! ineffable scene!
 What richness of verdure! the sky how serene!
 How blue the far mountains! how glad the green isles!
 And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with smiles!
 “Joy! joy!” cries Columbus, “this region is mine!”
 Thine? not e’en its name, wondrous dreamer, is thine.
5. But, lo! his dream changes; a vision less bright
 Comes to darken and banish that scene of delight.
 The gold-seeking Spaniards, a merciless band,
 Assail the meek natives, and ravage the land.
 He sees the fair palace, the temple on fire,
 And the peaceful caciques ’mid their ashes expire;
 He sees, too,—oh saddest, oh mournfulest sight!—
 The crucifix gleam in the thick of the fight:
 More terrible far than the merciless steel
 Is the uplifted cross in the red hand of Zeal!
6. Again the dream changes. Columbus looks forth,
 And a bright constellation illumines the North.
 ’Tis the herald of empire! A people appear,
 Impatient of wrong, and unconscious of fear:
 They level the forest, they ransack the seas;
 Each zone finds their canvas unfurled to the breeze.
 “Hold!” Tyranny cries; but their resolute breath
 Sends back the reply, “Independence or death!”
 The plowshare they turn to a weapon of might,
 And, defying all odds, hurry forth to the fight.

7. They have conquered! The people with grateful acclaim
Look to Washington's guidance from Washington's fame;
Behold Cincinnatus and Cato combined
In his patriot heart and republican mind!
O type of true manhood! what scepter or crown
But fades in the light of thy simple renown?
And, lo! by the side of the hero, a sage,
In freedom's behalf, sets his mark on the age;
Whom Science adoringly hails, while he wrings
The lightning from heaven, the scepter from kings!"
8. But see! o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks—
"Land! land!" cry the sailors; "land! land!"—he awakes—
He runs—yes! behold it!—it blesses his sight—
The land! Oh, dear spectacle! transport! delight!
Oh, generous sobs, which he cannot restrain!
"What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and Spain?
I will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne—
The king will repay all the ills I have known;
In exchange for a world what are honors and gains?
Or a crown?" But how *is* he rewarded? With chains!

DEFENSE OF HOFER.

Andreas Hofer was a patriotic Swiss leader, who successfully resisted the French armies in their invasion of his country. He was at length captured, *tried* and executed by order of Napoleon, 1810.

1. You ask what I have to say in my defense; you, who glory in the name of France, who wander through the world to enrich and exalt the land of your birth; you demand how I could dare arm myself against the invaders of my native rocks. Do you confine love of home to yourselves? Do you punish in others the actions which you dignify among yourselves? Those stars which glitter on your breasts, do they hang there as a recompense for patient servitude? -

2. I see the smile of contempt which curls your lips. You say, "This brute! he is a ruffian! a beggar! That patched jacket, that ragged cap, that rusty belt! Shall barbarians such as he close the pass against

us, shower rocks on our heads, and single out our leaders with unflinching aim; these groveling mountaineers, who know not the joys and brilliance of life, creeping amid eternal snows, and snatching with greedy hand their stinted ear of corn!"

3. Yet, poor as we are, we never envied our neighbors their smiling sun, their gilded palaces. We never strayed from our peaceful huts to blast the happiness of those who have injured us. The traveler who visited our valleys met every hand outstretched to welcome him; for him every hearth blazed as we listened to his tale of distant lands. Too happy for ambition, we were not jealous of wealth; we have even refused to partake of it.

4. Frenchmen! you have wives and children. When you return to your beautiful cities, amid the roar of trumpets, the smiles of the lovely and the multitude shouting your triumphs, they will ask, "Where have you roamed? What have you achieved? What have you brought back to us?" Those laughing babes who climb your knees, will you have the heart to tell them, "We have pierced the barren crags, we have entered the naked cottage to level it to the ground; we found no treasures but honest hearts, and those we have broken because they throbbed with love for the wilderness around them. Clasp this old firelock in your little hands, it was snatched from a peasant of Tyrol, who died in the vain effort to stem the torrent." Seated by your firesides, will you boast to your generous and blooming wives that you have extinguished the last ember that lighted our gloom?

5. Happy scenes! I shall never see you more! In those cold, stern eyes I read my fate. Think not that your sentence can be terrible to me, but I have sons, daughters, and a wife who has shared all my labors; she has shared, too, my little pleasures, such pleasures as that humble roof can yield, pleasures that you cannot understand. My little ones! should you live to bask in the sunshine of manhood, dream not of your father's doom! Should you live to know it, know, too, that the man who has served his God and his country with all his heart can smile at the musket leveled to pierce it!

6. What is death to me? I have not reveled in pleasures wrung from innocence and want; rough and discolored as these hands are, they are pure. My death is nothing. Oh, that my country could live! Oh, that ten thousand such deaths could make her immortal! Do I despair, then? No. We have rushed to the sacrifice, and the offering has been in vain for us; but our children shall burst these fetters; the blood of virtue was never shed in vain; Freedom can never die. I have heard that you killed your king once because he enslaved you, yet now, again

you crouch before a single man who bids you trample on all who abjure his yoke, and shoots you if you have courage to disobey.

7. Do you think that when I am buried, there shall breathe no other Hofers? Dream you that, if today you prostrate Hofer in the dust, tomorrow Hofer is no more? In the distance I see liberty which I shall not taste; behind I look on my slaughtered countrymen, on my orphans, on my desolate fields; but a star rises before my aching sight which points to justice—and it shall come!

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

FATHER A. J. RYAN.

1. Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary,
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood that heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it—
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.
2. Take that banner down, 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.
3. Furl that banner, furl it sadly—
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly;
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

4. Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And the banner it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
 5. For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those that fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And, oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.
 6. Furl that banner, true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And will live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brighter pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding through the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.
 7. Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently, it is holy,
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not, unfurl it never,
Let it droop there furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.
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AMBITION OF A STATESMAN.

HENRY CLAY.

1. I have been accused of ambition in presenting this measure—ambition, inordinate ambition. If I had thought of myself only, I should never have brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself; the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconception both of friends and foes.

2. Ambition? If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers; if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could.

3. I have been heretofore, often unjustly, accused of ambition. Low, groveling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism—beings who, forever keeping their own selfish ends in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement—judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives.

4. I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these States, united or separated; I never wish, never expect to be.

5. Pass this bill, tranquilize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, 'midst my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment and fidelity and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life.

6. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land—the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous and fraternal people.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. The eulogium pronounced by the honorable gentleman on the character of the State of South Carolina, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the

honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all,—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions,—Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

2. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

3. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happens to spring up beyond the limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven,—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame,—may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

4. Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

5. Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at

least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

6. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure,—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

STAND BY THE FLAG.

JOSEPH HOLT.

1. Let us twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart-strings, and, looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers, let us resolve that, come weal or woe, we will in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, to the halls of the Montezumas, and amid the solitude of every sea, and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave and the free to victory and to glory.

2. It has been my fortune to look upon this flag in foreign lands, and amid the gloom of an Oriental despotism, and right well do I know, by contrast, how bright are its stars and how sublime its inspirations! If this banner, the emblem for us of all that is grand in human history, and of all that is transporting in human hope, is to be sacrificed on the altars of a satanic ambition, and thus disappear forever amid the night and tempest of revolution, then will I feel (and who shall estimate the desolation of that feeling?) that the sun has indeed been stricken from the sky of our lives, and that henceforth we shall be wanderers and outcasts, with naught but the bread of sorrow and of penury for our lips, and with

hands ever outstretched with feebleness and supplication, on which, in any hour, a military tyrant may rivet the fetters of a despairing bondage. May God in His infinite mercy save you and me, and the land we so much love, from the doom of such a degradation.

3. No contest so momentous as this has arisen in human history, for, amid all the conflicts of men and of nations, the life of no such government as ours has ever been at stake. Our fathers won our independence by the blood and sacrifice of a seven years' war, and we have maintained it against the assaults of the greatest power upon the earth; and the question now is, whether we are to perish by our own hands, and have the epitaph of suicide written upon our tomb. The ordeal through which we are passing must involve immense suffering and losses for us all, but the expenditure of not merely hundreds of millions, but of billions, will be well made, if the result shall be the preservation of our institutions.

4. Could my voice reach every dwelling in Kentucky, I would implore its inmates—if they would not have the rivers of their prosperity shrink away, as do unfed streams beneath the summer heats—to rouse themselves from their lethargy, and fly to the rescue of their country before it is everlastingly too late. Man should appeal to man, and neighborhood to neighborhood, until the electric fires of patriotism shall flash from heart to heart in one unbroken current throughout the land.

5. It is a time in which the workshop, the office, the counting-house and the field may well be abandoned for the solemn duty that is upon us, for all these toils will but bring treasure, not for ourselves, but for the spoiler, if this revolution is not arrested. We are all, with our every earthly interest, embarked in mid-ocean on the same common deck. The howl of the storm is in our ears, and "the lightning's red glare is painting hell on the sky," and while the noble ship pitches and rolls under the lashings of the waves, the cry is heard that she has sprung a-leak at many points, that the rushing waters are mounting rapidly in the hold. The man who, at such an hour, will not work at the pumps is either a maniac or a monster.

THE POLISH BOY.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

1. Whence came those shrieks, so wild and shrill,
That like an arrow cleave the air,
Causing the blood to creep and thrill
With such sharp cadence of despair?

Once more they come! as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To utter its peculiar woe!

2. Whence came they? From yon temple, where
An altar raised for private prayer
Now forms the warrior's marble bed
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.
The dim funereal tapers throw
A holy luster o'er his brow,
And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.
3. What hand is that whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress—
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp?
It is the hand of her whose cry
Rang wildly late upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye,
Outstretched upon the altar there.
4. Now with white lips and broken moan
She sinks beside the altar stone;
But hark! the heavy tramp of feet
Is heard along the gloomy street.
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
They leave the pavement. Flowers that spread
Their beauties by the path they tread,
Are crushed and broken. Crimson hands
Rend brutally their blooming bands.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep.
The gate is burst. A ruffian band
Rush in and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.

5. The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom snatched the child;
Then with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted with fearful energy--
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead!
Nor touch the living boy—I stand
Between him and your lawless band!
No traitor he. But listen! I
Have cursed your master's tyranny.
I cheered my lord to join the band
Of those who swore to free our land,
Or fighting die; and when he pressed
Me for the last time to his breast,
I knew that soon his form would be
Low as it is, or Poland free.
He went and grappled with the foe,
Laid many a haughty Russian low;
But he is dead—the good—the brave—
And I, his wife, am worse—a slave!
Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 'twill save my child!"
6. "Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side;
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.
7. "One moment!" shrieked the mother, "one!
Can land or gold redeem my son?
If so I bend my Polish knee,
And, Russia, ask a boon of thee.
Take palaces, take lands, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall.
Take these," and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there;
Unclassed the brilliant coronal
And carcanet of orient pearl;

Her cross of blazing rubies last
Down to the Russian's feet she cast.

8. He stooped to seize the glittering store;
Upspringing from the marble floor,
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!
But no—the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mother's agony.
9. But the brave child is roused at length,
And breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.
10. Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,
So blue and fiercely bright,
Seems lighted from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.
His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks.
With a full voice of proud command
He turns upon the wondering band:
11. "Ye hold me not! no, no, nor can;
This hour has made the boy a man.
The world shall witness that one soul
Fears not to prove itself a Pole.
12. "I knelt beside my slaughtered sire
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire;
I wept upon his marble brow—
Yes, wept—I was a child; but now
My noble mother on her knee,
Has done the work of years for me.
Although in this small tenement
My soul is cramped—unbowed, unbent,
I've still within me ample power
To free myself this very hour.
This dagger in my heart! and then
Where is your boasted power, base men?"
He drew aside his broided vest,

And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
 The jeweled haft of a poniard bright,
 Glittered a moment on the sight.

“Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!

Think ye my noble father's glove

Could drink the life-blood of a slave?

The pearls that on the handle flame

Would blush to rubies in their shame.

The blade would quiver in my breast,

Ashamed of such ignoble rest!

No; thus I rend thy tyrant's chain,

And fling him back a boy's disdain!”

13. A moment, and the funeral light

Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright;

Another, and his young heart's blood

Leaped to the floor a crimson flood.

Quick to his mother's side he sprang,

And on the air his clear voice rang—

“Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!

The choice was death or slavery;

Up, mother, up! look on my face,

I only wait for thy embrace.

One last, last word—a blessing, one,

To prove thou knowest what I have done;

No look! no word! Canst thou not feel

My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?

Speak, mother, speak—lift up thy head.

What, silent still? Then art thou dead!

Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I

Rejoice with thee, and thus, to die.”

Slowly he falls. The clustering hair

Rolls back and leaves that forehead bare.

One long, deep breath, and his pale head

Lay on his mother's bosom dead.

REGULUS TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

EPES SARGENT.

1. Ill does it become *me*, O Senators of Rome!—ill does it become Regulus,—after having so often stood in this venerable assembly clothed with the supreme dignity of the Republic, to stand before you

a captive,—the captive of Carthage. Though outwardly I am free, though no fetters encumber the limbs or gall the flesh, yet the heaviest of chains—the pledge of a Roman consul—makes me the bondsman of the Carthaginians. They have my promise to return to them in the event of the failure of this their embassy. My life is at their mercy. My honor is my own,—a possession which no reverse of fortune can jeopard; a flame which imprisonment cannot stifle, time cannot dim, death cannot extinguish.

2. Of the train of disasters which followed close on the unexampled successes of our arms; of the bitter fate which swept off the flower of our soldiery, and consigned me, your general, wounded and senseless, to Carthaginian keeping,—I will not speak. For five years a rigorous captivity has been my portion. For five years the society of family and friends, the dear amenities of home, the sense of freedom, and the sight of country, have been to me a recollection and a dream,—no more. But during that period, Rome has retrieved her defeats. She has recovered under Metullus what under Regulus she lost. She has routed armies. She has taken unnumbered prisoners. She has struck terror to the hearts of the Carthaginians, who have now sent me hither with their ambassadors to sue for peace, and to propose, that, in exchange for me, your former consul, a thousand common prisoners of war shall be given up.

3. You have heard the ambassadors. Their intimations of some unimaginable horror—I know not what—impending over myself, should I fail to induce you to accept their terms, have strongly moved your sympathies in my behalf. Another appeal, which I would you might have been spared, has lent force to their suit. A wife and children, threatened with widowhood and orphanage, weeping and despairing, have knelt at your feet, on the very threshold of the Senate-chamber.

4. Conscript Fathers! Shall not Regulus be saved? Must he return to Carthage to meet the cruelties which the ambassadors brandish before our eyes? With one voice you answer, “No!” Countrymen! Friends! For all that I have suffered, for all that I may have to suffer, I am repaid in the compensation of this moment. Unfortunate you may hold me; but, oh, not undeserving! Your confidence in my honor survives all the ruin that adverse fortune could inflict. You have not forgotten the past. Republics are not ungrateful. May the thanks I cannot utter bring down blessings from the gods on you and Rome!

5. Conscript Fathers! There is but one course to be pursued. Abandon all thought of peace! Reject the overtures of Carthage. Reject them wholly and unconditionally! What! give back to her a

thousand able-bodied men, and receive in return this one attenuated, war-worn, fever-wasted frame,—this weed, whitened in a dungeon's darkness, pale and sapless, which no kindness of the sun, no softness of the summer breeze, can ever restore to health and vigor? It must not—it shall not be. Oh! were Regulus what he was once, before captivity had unstrung his sinews, and enervated his limbs, he might pause, he might proudly think he were well worth a thousand of the foe; he might say, "Make the exchange! Rome shall not lose by it!" But now,—alas! now 'tis gone,—that impetuosity of strength, which could once make him a leader indeed, to penetrate a phalanx, or guide a pursuit. His very armor would be a burden now. His battle-cry would be drowned in the din of the onset. His sword would fall harmless on his opponent's shield.

6. But if he cannot *live*, he can at least *die*, for his country. Do not deny him this supreme consolation. Consider: every indignity, every torture, which Carthage shall heap on his dying hours, will be better than a trumpet's call to your armies. They will remember only Regulus, their fellow-soldier and their leader. They will forget his defeats; they will regard only his services to the Republic. Tunis, Sardinia, Sicily,—every well-fought field won by *his* blood and *theirs*,—will flash on their remembrance, and kindle their avenging wrath. And so shall Regulus, though dead, fight as he never fought before against the foe.

7. Conscript Fathers! There is another theme. My family—forgive the thought. To you, and to Rome, I confide them. I leave them no legacy but my name, no testament but my example.

8. Ambassadors of Carthage! I have spoken, though not as you expected. I am your captive. Lead me back to whatever fate may await me. Doubt not that you shall find, to Roman hearts, country is dearer than life, and integrity more precious than freedom.

THE PALACE O' THE KING.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

1. It's a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo,
An' sunny is the lan' we aften traivel thro';
But in vain we look for something to which our hearts can
cling,
For its beauty is as naething to the palace o' the King.

2. We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry, merry tread,
An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its beauties wi' the dead;
For though bonnie are the snawflakes, an' the down on winter's
wing,
It's fine to ken it daurna' touch the palace o' the King.
3. Then again, I've juist been thinkin' that when a' thing here's
sae bricht,
The sun in a' its grandeur an' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,
The ocean i' the simmer or the woodland i' the spring,
What maun it be up yonder i' the palace o' the King.
4. It's here we hae oor trials, an' it's here that he prepares
A' his chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sinner
wears,
An' it's here that he wad hear us, 'mid oor tribulations sing,
"We'll trust oor God wha reigneth i' the palace of the King."
5. Though his palace is up yonder, he has kingdoms here be-
low, -
An' *we* are his ambassadors, wherever we may go;
We've a message to deliver, and we've lost anes hame to bring
To be leal and loyal-heartit i' the palace o' the King.
6. Oh, it's honor heaped on honor that his courtiers should be
ta'en
Frae the wand'rin' anes he died for i' this warl' o' sin an'
pain,
An' it's fu'est love an' service that the Christian eye should
bring
To the feet o' him wha reigneth i' the Palace o' the King.
7. An' let us trust him better than we've ever done afore,
For the King will feed his servants frae his ever-bounteous
store.
Let us keep closer grip o' him, for time is on the wing,
An' sune he'll come an' tak' us to the palace o' the King.
8. Its iv'ry halls are bonnie, upon which the rainbows shine,
An' its Eden bow'rs are trellised wi' a never-fadin' vine,
An' the pearly gates o' heaven do a glorious radiance fling
On the starry floor that shimmers i' the palace o' the King.
9. Nae nicht shall be in heaven an' nae desolatin' sea,
An' nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the free.

There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never-fadin' spring,
Where the Lamb is a' the glory, in the palace o' the King.

10. We see our frien's await us ower yonder at his gate;
Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late.
Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin', let's raise oor voice an'
sing,
"Sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the
King."
-

"ROCK OF AGES."

Parts in quotation marks are to be sung.

1. "Rock of ages cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee."
2. "Let me hide myself in Thee"—
Felt her soul no need to hide.
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer;
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."
3. "Rock of ages, cleft for me"—
"Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,

Every note with sorrow stirred,
 Every syllable a prayer:
 "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!"

4. "Rock of ages, cleft for me"—
 Lips grown aged sung the hymn,
 Trustingly and tenderly,
 Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
 "Let me hide myself in Thee,"
 Trembling though the voice and low,
 Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
 Like a river in its flow;
 Sang as only they can sing
 Who life's thorny path have prest;
 Sang as only they can sing
 Who behold the promised rest:—
 "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee."
5. "Rock of ages, cleft for me,"—
 Sung above a coffin-lid;
 Underneath, all restfully,
 All life's joys and sorrows hid;
 Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
 Nevermore from wind or tide,
 Nevermore from billow's roll
 Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
 Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
 Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
 Could the mute and stiffened lips
 Move again in pleading prayer,
 Still, aye, still, the words would be,
 "Let me hide myself in Thee."

OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

WILL CARLETON.

I, who was always counted, they say,
 Rather a bad stick any way,
 Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,

Known as the "worst of the Deacon's six;"
I, the truant, saucy and bold,
The one black sheep in my father's fold,
"Once on a time," as the stories say,
Went over the hill on a winter's day—
Over the hill to the poor-house.

Tom could save what twenty could earn;
But *givin'* was somethin' he ne'er would learn;
Isaac could half o' the Scriptur' speak—
Committed a hundred verses a week;
Never forgot, an' never slipped;
But "Honor thy father and mother" he skipped;
So over the hill to the poor-house!

As for Susan, her heart was kind
An' good—what there was of it, mind;
Nothin' too big, and nothin' too nice,
Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice
For one she loved; an' that 'ere one
Was herself, when all was said an' done;
An' Charley an' Becca meant well, no doubt,
But any one could pull 'em about.

An' all o' our folks ranked well, you see,
Save one poor fellow, and that was me;
An' when, one dark an' rainy night
A neighbor's horse went out o' sight,
They hitched on me, as the guilty chap
That carried one end o' the halter-strap.
An' I think, myself, that view of the case
Wasn't altogether out o' place;
My mother denied it, as mothers do,
But I am inclined to believe 'twas true.

Though for me one thing might be said—
That I, as well as the horse, was led;
And the worst of whiskey spurred me on,
Or else the deed would have never been done.
But the keenest grief I ever felt
Was when my mother beside me knelt,

An' cried, an' prayed, till I melted down,
 As I wouldn't for half the horses in town.
 I kissed her fondly, then an' there,
 And swore henceforth to be honest and square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill
 Some fellows should take who never will;
 And then I decided to go "out West,"
 Concludin' 'twould suit my health the best;
 Where, how I prospered I never would tell,
 But Fortune seemed to like me well;
 An' somehow every vein I struck
 Was always bubbling over with luck.
 An' better than that I was steady an' true,
 An' put my good resolutions through.
 But I wrote to a trusty old neighbor an' said,
 "You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
 An' died a Christian; 'twill please 'em more,
 Than if I had lived the same as before."

But when this neighbor he wrote to me,
 "Your mother's in the poor-house," says he,
 I had a resurrection straightway
 An' started for her that very day.
 And when I arrived where I was grown,
 I took good care that I shouldn't be known;
 But I bought the old cottage, through and through,
 Of some one Charley had sold it to;
 And held back neither work nor gold
 To fix it up as it was of old.
 The same big fire-place, wide and high,
 Flung up its cinders toward the sky;
 The old clock ticked on the corner shelf—
 I wound it an' set it again myself;
 An' if everything wasn't just the same,
 Neither I nor money was to blame;
 Then—*over the hill to the poor-house!*

One blowin', blusterin' winter's day,
 With a team and cutter I started away;
 My fiery nags was as black as coal
 (They some'at resembled the horse I stole);

I hitched, an' entered the poor-house door—
A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor;
She rose to her feet in great surprise,
And looked, quite startled, into my eyes;
I saw the whole of her trouble's trace
In the lines that marred her dear old face;
"Mother!" I shouted, "your sorrows is done!
You're adopted along o' your horse-thief son,
Come over the hill from the poor-house!"

She didn't faint; she knelt by my side,
An' thanked the Lord, till I fairly cried.
An' maybe our ride wasn't pleasant and gay,
An' maybe she wasn't wrapped up that day;
An' maybe our cottage wasn't warm an' bright,
An' maybe it wasn't a pleasant sight,
To see her a-gettin' the evenin's tea,
An' frequently stoppin' an' kissin' me;
An' maybe we didn't live happy for years,
In spite of my brothers' and sisters' sneers,
Who often said, as I have heard,
That they wouldn't own a prison-bird;
(Though they're gettin' over that, I guess,
For all of 'em owe me more or less);
But I've learned one thing, an' it cheers a man
In always a-doin' the best he can,
That whether on the big book, a blot
Gets over a fellow's name or not,
Whenever he does a deed that's white,
It's credited to him fair and right.
An' when you hear the great bugle's notes,
An' the Lord divides his sheep and goats;
However they may settle my case,
Wherever they may fix my place,
My good old Christian mother, you'll see,
Will be sure to stand right up for me,
With over the hill from the poor-house!

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RUM'S DEVASTATION AND DESTINY.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

A prophecy supposed to have been delivered A. D. 1300 upon the discovery of distillation.

1. In your researches after that which you should, at once, have known to be impossible, by the laws of nature, you have opened a fountain of misery which shall flow for ages. You have not contented yourself with pressing out the juices of the fruit bestowed upon you and converting these into strong drink which you need not—but you have taken this strong drink and the harvest, which was given to you for food, and have drawn from these a liquid which is not food and which will not nourish nor sustain your earthly frame.

2. This liquid shall be a curse upon you and your descendants. It shall be known wherever the arts of civilization are known. You shall call it the *elixir of life*. You shall believe it to be nutritious to the body and gladdening to the soul. The love of it shall grow with the use of it. It shall soothe the solitary hour and cheer the festive board. It shall charm away your griefs, and be the cause of your rejoicings. It shall be the inducement to communion and the bond of friendship. It shall be prized alike by the high and the low. It shall be the joy of princes as well as the meanest of mortals. It shall be the stimulant to laborious toil, and the reward for labor done. It shall be bought and sold and make the dealer therein rich. It shall yield abundant revenues to sovereignty. Hospitality shall be dishonored in not offering it to the guest, and the guest shall be disgraced in not receiving it at the hand of his host.

3. BUT—it shall visit your limbs with palsy; it shall extinguish the pride of man; it shall make the husband hateful to the wife, and the wife loathsome to the husband; it shall annihilate the love of offspring; it shall make members of society a shame and a reproach to each other and to all among whom they dwell. It shall steal from the virtuous and the honorable their good name; and shall make the strong and the vigorous to totter along the streets of cities.

4. It shall pervert the law of habit, designed to strengthen you in the path of duty, and bind you in its iron chain. It shall disgrace the judge upon the bench, the minister in the sacred desk, and the senator in his exalted seat. It shall make your food tasteless, your mouth to burn as with a fever, and your stomach to tremble as with disease. It shall cause the besotted mother to overlay her newborn, unconscious that it dies

beneath the pressure of her weight; the natural cravings of the infant shall make it strive to awaken her who has passed, unheeded, to her last long sleep.

5. The son shall hide his face that he may not behold his father's depravity, and the father shall see the object of his fondest hopes turn to a foul and bloated carcass, that hurries to the grave. It shall turn the children of men into raving maniacs; and the broken ties of blood and affection shall find no relief but in the friendly coming of Death. As the seed which man commits to the earth comes forth in that which he converts into spirit, so shall this product of his own invention be as seed in his own heart, to bring forth violence, rapine and murder.

6. It shall cause man to shut up his fellow-man in the solitude of the grated cell. The prisoner shall turn pale and tremble in his loneliness, at the presence of his own thoughts; he shall come forth to die, in cold blood, by the hand of his fellow, with the spectacle of *religious homage on a scaffold*, and amid the gaze of curious thousands. Poverty shall be made squalid and odious, even so that Charity shall turn away her face in disgust. It shall attract the pestilence that walks, even at noon-day, in darkness, to the very vitals of the drunkard, as carrion invites the far-sighted bird of prey.

7. The consumer of spirit shall be found dead in the highway, with the exhausted vessel by his side. Yea, the drunkard shall kindle a fire in his own bosom which shall not depart from him till he is turned to ashes. The dropsical drunkard shall die in his delirium, and the fluid which has gathered in his brain shall smell like spirit and like spirit shall burn. A feeble frame, an imbecile mind, torturing pain and incurable madness shall be of the inheritance which drunkards bequeath, to run with their blood to innocent descendants.

8. The wise men, who assemble in the halls of legislation, shall be blind to this ruin, desolation and misery. Nay, they shall license the sale of this poison, and shall require of dignified magistrates to certify how much thereof shall be sold for the "PUBLIC GOOD."

9. This minister of woe and wretchedness shall roam over the earth at pleasure. It shall be found in every country of the Christian; it shall go into every city, into every village and into every house. But it shall not visit the country of the heathen, nor spread woe and wretchedness among them, but by the hands of Christians.

10. The light of reason shall at length break upon the benighted and afflicted world. The truth shall be told. It shall be believed. The causes of calamity shall be unveiled. The friends of the human race shall speak and be respected. Rational man shall be ashamed of his follies and

his crimes, and humbled to the dust that he was so long ignorant of their origin. Governments shall be ashamed that they so long tolerated and sustained the most costly and cruel foe that man has ever encountered. Avarice itself shall be conscience-stricken and penitent. It shall remain where nature placed it for use; and it shall be odious in the sight of *Heaven* and of *Earth* to convert the fruits of the soil into poison.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

WILLIAM DIMOND.

1. In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.
2. He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.
3. Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.
4. The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.
5. A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,—
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.
6. The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses—his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his breast,—
"O God! thou hast blest me,—I ask for no more."
7. Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now 'larms on his ear?

- 'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!
8. He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;
The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire.
9. Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his dark wings o'er the wave.
10. O sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?
11. O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall home, love; or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.
12. No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Nor redeem form or fame from the merciless surge,
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge!
13. On beds of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid,—
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.
14. Days, months, years and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye,—
O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!
-

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

Some years ago a Mrs. Blake perished in a snow-storm in the night time while traveling over a spur of the Green Mountains in Vermont. She had an infant with her, which was found

alive and well in the morning, being carefully wrapped in the mother's clothing.

1. The cold *winds*—swept the *mountain's* height,
And *pathless*—was the dreary *wild*,
And, 'mid the cheerless *hours* of *night*,
A *mother* wander'd with her *child*;
As through the drifting *snow* she press'd,
The *babe*—was *sleeping*—on her *breast*.
2. And *colder still* the winds did blow,
And *darker* hours of *night* came on,
And *deeper* grew the drifting *snow*;
Her *limbs*—were *chilled*, her *strength*—was *gone*.
“Oh, *God!*” she cried, in accents wild,
“If *I* must perish, save my *child!*”
3. She stripp'd her *mantle* from her *breast*,
And bared her *bosom* to the *storm*,
And round the *child*—she *wrapp'd* the vest,
And *smiled*—to think her *babe* was warm.
With one *cold kiss*—one *tear* she shed,
And *sank*—upon her snowy *bed*.
4. At *dawn*—a *traveler* passed by,
And *saw* her—'neath a snowy *vail*;
The frost of *death*—was in her *eye*,
Her *cheek* was *cold*, and *hard*, and *pale*,
He moved the *robe* from off the *child*,
The *babe* look'd up—and sweetly *smiled*.

THE SUPPLIANT.

RICHARD E. WHITE.

1. Four *spirits*, late of *earth*, once stood beside
The gate of *Paradise* and *entrance* sought;
To them the Guardian *Angel* thus replied:
“None enter *here* save those who *good* have wrought.”
2. Then each of them in turn his *merits* said;
The *first*: “*I* stood before the grave of *Time*,

And, like a *Savior*, cited forth the dead
To rise and *live* forever in my *rhyme*."

3. Another, *thus*: "A *sculptor* I, and such
The beauty was that I to *stone* did give,
My statues wanted but a *single touch*
Of God's right *hand* to make them *breathe* and *live*."
4. The *third*: "*I* rived *nature* with my *dyes*;
And to the sad *earth*, in its *darkest* hours,
My pencil brought again the *summer skies*,
The laughing *brooks*, the *verdure* and the *flowers*."
5. They entered; but *without* still lingered *one*,
To whom thus spoke the *Angel*: "We would know
Upon the *earth* what good deeds *thou* hast done."
"Alas!" he answered, "I have *none* to show."
6. "A *Suppliant* am I for entrance here;
But when in Mercy's *God* my hope I place,
Like dead men's *ghosts* the sins of many a *year*
Rise up in *mockery* before my face."
7. The *Angel*: "*Go!* there is no room for *thee*."
And as the *Suppliant* turned, in tears, away,
The spirits, with *one voice*, imploringly
Cried unto him: "Stay *with* us, brother, *stay*."
8. And then the spirits told how he had done
Kind *deeds* on earth, and one spoke *thus*: "I fear
If *he* unworthy be, no single one
Of *us* is worthy of remaining *here*."
9. They told: "*I* *hungered* and he gave me *meat*;"
"His draught of *water* did my thirst allay;"
"I passed his happy *home* with weary feet,
And he did *follow* me and bid me *stay*."
10. "*Ill-clad* was I; he gave me *clothes* to wear;"
"In *lazar-house*, when every *friend* did flee,
He nursed me through a *loathsome sickness* there;"
"*I* was in *prison* and he came to me."
11. The *Angel* spoke: "There is no room for *thee*."
Then *spirit* fairer than the *rest* did say:
"Good *Angel*, out of *charity* to *me*,
Ah, do not turn yon *Suppliant* away;

12. "But rather bid him *stay*, and *I* will give
My place to him; of *right* it is his *own*,
 And I will go back to the *earth* and live
Far from my Maker's face and His bright throne."
 13. To *whom* the Angel: "Sister, is the stain
 Of earthly *love* upon thy spirit *still*,
 That *thou* wouldst go back to the *world* again
 That *he* who *loved* thee might thy place here fill?"
 14. "I would not ask for *him*, were *he* the one—
 Repentant *tears* did *all* such love erase;
 But every earthly *feeling* is not gone,
Still in my heart has *gratitude* a place;
 15. "And *he* whom thou wouldst from thy bright gate spurn,
 Found me, one time, an *outcast* on the town;
He raised me up to *God*. 'Tis now *my* turn,
 And I will give to *him* my glory crown."
 16. Back of *itself*, upon its *hinges* swung
 The gate of *pearl*, *e'en* as the *words* were said,
 And while in *joy* the choir of spirits *sung*,
 Within the *walls* the *Suppliant* was led.
-

LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

MISS MULOCH.

[Aprobus, a Syrian blacksmith of renowned stature and wonderful strength, having determined that he would serve none but the mightiest king, went seeking him throughout the world. Failing to find whom he sought so long as he trusted to his own guidance, he finally asked a thoughtful hermit what to do. The hermit directed him to station himself on the bank of a dangerous ford, where many pilgrims yearly lost their lives in crossing, and to carry over all who required his aid; and thus humbly serving his fellow-men, he *might* serve the greatest King, and hope to see him.]

Ere long, Christ the Lord, who holds the seas in the hollow of his hand, came to the fording place in the guise of a little boy, and asked to be carried over.]

1. "CARRY ME ACROSS."
 The Syrian heard, rose up, and braced
 His huge limbs to the accustomed toil:

*"My child, see how the waters boil!
The night-black heavens look angry-faced;
But life is little loss.*

2. *I'll carry thee with joy,
If needs be, safe as nestling dove;
For o'er this stream I pilgrims bring,
In service to one Christ, a King
Whom I have never seen, yet love."*
"I THANK THEE," said the boy.

3. Cheerful Aprobos took
The burden on his shoulders great,
And stepped into the waves once more—
When, lo! they, leaping, rise and roar;
And 'neath the little child's light weight
The tottering giant shook.

4. *"Who art thou?"* cried he, wild—
Struggling in the middle of the ford,—
*"Boy as thou lookest, it seems to me
The whole world's load I bear in thee."*
"YET, FOR THE SAKE OF CHRIST THY LORD,
CARRY ME," said the child.

5. No more Aprobos swerved,
But gained the farther bank; and then
A voice cried, "HENCE CHRISTOPHOROS BE,
FOR CARRYING, THOU HAST CARRIED ME,
THE KING OF ANGELS AND OF MEN,—
THE MASTER THOU HAST SERVED."

6. And, in the moonlight blue,
The saint saw—not the wandering boy,
But Him who walked upon the sea,
And o'er the plains of Galilee,—
Till, filled with mystic, awful joy,
His dear Lord-Christ he knew.

7. Oh! little is all loss,
And brief the space 'twixt shore and shore,
If thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay,
Through the deep waters of our way,
The burden that Christophoros bore,—
To carry thee across!

LASCA.

F. DESPREZ.

1. I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in battle,
The mellay of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.
2. And Lascal Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang, close to my side,
With blue *serap* and bright-belled spur.
I laughed with joy when I looked at her.
Little knew she of books or creeds;
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness, to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
3. She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn *reboso* about the wound
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

4. Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest;
Forgot that the air was close opprest,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon;
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon.
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
And nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!
Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!
I spring to my saddle without a word
One foot on mine, and she clung behind,
Away on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared.
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.
5. The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There is one chance left, and you have but one—
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers, in their frantic course,
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-bye
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.
6. The cattle gained on us and then I felt
For my old six-shooter, behind in my belt;
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,

Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
 Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;
 Then came thunder in my ears
 As over us surged the sea of steers;
 Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
 And when I could rise
 Lasca was dead.

7. I dug out a grave a few feet deep,
 And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
 And where she is lying no one knows,
 And the summer shines and the winter snows;
 And for many a day the flowers have spread
 A pall of petals over her head;
 And the little gray hawk hangs aloof in the air,
 And the sly coyote trots here and there,
 And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
 Into the rift in a cotton-wood tree;
 And the buzzard sails on,
 And comes and is gone,
 Stately and still as a ship at sea;
 And I wonder why I do not care
 For the things that are like the things that were.
 Does half my heart lie buried there
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?
-

THE THREE WARNINGS.

HESTER LYNCH THRALE.

1. The tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground;
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increased with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.
 This great affection to believe,
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

2. When sports went round, and all were gay
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And, looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!" the hapless bridegroom cried:
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared."
3. What more he urged, I have not heard;
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet, calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke:
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have
Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.
- What next the hero of our tale befell
How long he lived, how wisely, and how well,
It boots not that the Muse should tell;
He plowed, he sowed, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.

But, while he viewed his wealth increase,
 While thus along life's dusty road,
 The beaten track content he trod,
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
 Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
 Brought on his eightieth year.

5. And now, one night, in musing mood,
 As all alone he sate,
 The unwelcome messenger of Fate
 Once more before him stood.
 Half-killed with wonder and surprise,
 "So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
 "So *soon* d'ye call it?" Death replies;
 "Surely, my friend, you're but in jest;
 Since I was here before,
 'Tis six and thirty years at least,
 And you are now fourscore."
 "So much the worse!" the clown rejoined;
 "To spare the aged would be kind;
 Besides, you promised me *three warnings*,
 Which I have looked for nights and mornings!"
6. "I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
 I seldom am a welcome guest;
 But don't be captious, friend; at least,
 I little thought that you'd be able
 To stump about your farm and stable;
 Your years have run to a great length,
 Yet still you seem to have your strength."
7. "Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast!
 I have been lame these four years past."
 "And no great wonder," Death replies;
 "However, you still keep your eyes;
 And surely, sir, to see one's friends,
 For legs and arms would make amends."
 "Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
 But latterly I've lost my sight."
 "This is a shocking story, faith;
 But there's some comfort still," says Death;
 "Each strives your sadness to amuse;

I warrant you hear all the news."
 "There's none," cries he, "and if there were,
 I've grown so deaf, I could not hear."

8. "Nay, then," the specter stern rejoined,
 "These are unpardonable yearnings;
 If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
 You've *had* your *three* sufficient warnings,
 So, come along; no more we'll part;"
 He said, and touched him with his dart;
 And now old Dodson, turning pale,
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

THE DUELIST'S VICTORY.

GEORGE T. LANERGAN.

1. 'Twas in the year of battles, the red year ninety-three.
 Through an iron ring of foemen, France was striving to break free,
 And we fought beneath her banners in rags and poorly fed;
 But a man can march to China with iron and with bread.
2. We were camped upon the frontier where the glorious river smiles;
 The Austrian fires before us burned red for miles and miles,
 And round a drum-head standing, by a single lantern's light,
 Carnot and his staff were planning the morrow's furious fight.
3. Two officers came to him, young soldiers both, but tried;
 "My General, we have quarreled—our weapons must decide
 Upon whose side the wrong was, upon whose side the right.
 Give us leave to try the issue in combat here tonight?"
4. He sighed and smiled, the General, then spake he to the two:
 "The lives that you would venture, do they belong to you?
 When against her like wolves are howling the vengeful Cossack
 hordes,
 Should France's sons be goading French bosoms with French swords?"
5. "You both have marched together, you have fought side by side;
 No need to doubt the courage that has so oft been tried.

But since you need will test it, come hither," and he strode
Forth from the tent and pointed where the Austrian camp fires
glowed.

6. "Tomorrow morn at sunrise we move upon the foe;
At those earthworks in the center there'll be hot work, I trow.
I shall place you in the vanguard, and in the army's sight
You can prove which in your quarrel was wrong and which was
right."
7. Up rose the sun next morning, red in a stormy sky,
Fit opening of the day whereon ten thousand men should die!
And all of us were watching—for swift the story flew—
The soldiers who had quarreled, 'mong the *enfants perdus*.
8. At last it came, the signal! The drummer smote his drum,
Each duelist bowed coldly and said to the other, "Come!"
We sprang up from the ditches, and as we scrambled out
We saw them dashing down the field on toward the great redoubt.
9. And so we followed after, over the slippery plain,
The Austrian bullets pelting like hissing sheets of rain,
And the cannon roaring louder and more frequent through the cloud,
And a hundred drummers rattling the *pas-de-charge* aloud.
10. There were two thousand of us when first we scrambled out,
Five hundred of us only reached the crest of the redoubt,
And oft as through the clinging smoke the cannon's flash glared red,
We could see the two young duelists still racing on ahead.
11. Then all at once a shock that seemed to make the whole world reel,
Fierce yells, and curses, and deep groans, and clang of steel on steel,
And we could see the Austrian flag amid a smoky pall,
Tossing and wavering to and fro like a tree about to fall.
12. One of the two had seized it—which one we never knew—
Both were hewing at the foemen as sturdy woodmen hew.
Against two men twelve hundred! The odds were far from just,
So we dashed in and backward the struggling Austrians thrust.
13. And long before the foemen took breath and could combine
To shake the wedge the master-hand had driven through his line,
Carnot was hurrying to our help his every man and gun,
And the fight was gained by that redoubt the duelists had won.

14. Then said the General, laughing: "Which was braver of the two?"
"You were!" one officer replied. His comrade said: "No—you!"
"You seized the Austrian standard first! 'Twas merely mine to save
Your life when you had torn it down! You're bravest! You're most
brave!"
15. Right gayly laughed the General: "If any doubt remain,
When next we meet the enemy just test the thing again;
Shake hands!" "No need to, General, for our hands somehow met
As we plucked this flower from the hedge of the Austrian bayonet!"
-

A CHRISTMAS REMINISCENCE,

HARRIET ADAMS SAWYER.

'Twas an old and stately dwelling,
Home of generations gone;
Eve of Christmas—almost midnight
Where an old pair lived alone.
Heavily the sire was sleeping,
No light sound disturbs his dreams,
Four score years have dulled his hearing,
In some far-off land he seems;
But the mother heart is wakeful,
Memory holds her eyes from sleep;
Scores of years now pass before her,
With them she will vigil keep.
There are children round the hearth-stone,
Loud and merry is their song;
Christmas fires and joys burn brightly,
Christmas songs their notes prolong.
'Round the ample open fire-place
Apples sputter—mirth holds sway,
"Blind man's buff" and "Copenhagen"
Drive the older heads away.
See the children—three fair daughters
And a sturdy, manly son—
He should be their prop and comfort

When their active toil was done.
'Twas so pleasant to look forward—
Sweet, low songs does promise sing—
Telling how old age shall brighten
'Neath the smiles the children bring.
When the toil should be forgotten,
Hope to sweet fruition bloom—
They should press the hands of children
Down the shadows—to the tomb.
Why tonight this ominous stillness?
Why no sound of childish glee?
One by one the Master called them
From this home with Him to be.
Only one pale lily left He,
In another garden sown—
So the house is still as church-yard,
And the mother thinks alone.
Through the darkness she is peering
As with longing memory vies,
For she brings before her vision
Visitors from far-off skies
In his manhood, strong and kingly,
Stands the son of other days,
And a sister stands beside him,
Fair and tall with smiling face.
Hushed, the sighing of the mother,
She dared not speak, lest they begone;
Oh, how blessed, even in fancy,
To again behold her own!
Softly breathed she while the vision
Passed—as silent as it came.
Not a word was spoken to her,
Nor breathed the mother's lips one name;
When, ere long, the vision faded—
What! she thought, Am I alone?
When the promise of the ages
All across her soul was thrown.
For "Behold, I'm with you always,"
Calmed the mother's troubled breast;
"Sleep" He gave to "His beloved,"
To His weary gave He rest.

THE DILEMMA.

O. W. HOLMES.

Now, by the blessed Paphian queen,
Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen;
By every name I cut on bark
Before my morning star grew dark;
By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,
By all that thrills the beating heart;
The bright black eye, the melting blue—
I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams;—
I saw a row of twenty beams;
From every beam a rope was hung,
In every rope a lover swung.
I asked the hue of every eye
That bade each luckless lover die;
Ten livid lips said, heavenly blue,
And ten accused the darker hue.

I asked a matron, which she deemed
With fairest light of beauty beamed;
She answered, some thought both were fair—
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.
I might have liked her judgment well,
But as she spoke, she rung the bell,
And all her girls, nor small nor few,
Came marching in—their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden; back she flung
The locks that round her forehead hung,
And turned her eye, a glorious one,
Bright as a diamond in the sun,
On me, until, beneath its rays,
I felt as if my hair would blaze;
She liked all eyes but eyes of green;
She looked at me; what could she mean?

Ah! many lids Love lurks between,
Nor heeds the coloring of his screen;
And when his random arrows fly,
The victim falls, but knows not why.

Gaze not upon his shield of jet,
 The shaft upon the string is set;
 Look not beneath his azure veil,
 Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well both might make a martyr break
 The chain that bound him to the stake,
 And both, with but a single ray,
 Can melt our very hearts away;
 And both, when balanced, hardly seem
 To stir the scales, or rock the beam;
 But that is dearest, all the while,
 That wears for us the sweetest smile.

"O, BAIRNIES, CUDDLE DOON."

The following poem, which fairly rivals the most exquisite and tender of Burns' household lyrics, was written by a common Scotch laborer, some fifteen years ago. He was a section-hand on the North British railroad and the poem was published in a local paper.

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
 Wi' muckle faucht an' din;
 O, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
 Your father's comin' in.
 They never heed a word I speak,
 I try to gi'e a frown;
 But aye I hap them up an' say,
 "O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"
 Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid,
 He aye sleeps next the wa',
 Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece;"
 The rascal starts them a'.
 I rin' and fetch them pieces, drinks,
 They stop a wee the soun',
 Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
 "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"
 But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
 Cries out, frae 'neath the claes,

“Mither, mak’ Tam gi’e owre at ance,
He’s kitt in’ wi’ his taes.”
The mischief’s in that Tam for tricks,
He’d bother ha’f the toon;
But aye I hap them up an say,
“O, bairnies, cuddle doon!”
At length they hear their father’s fit,
An’ as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa’
While Tam pretends to snore.
“Hae a’ the weans been gude?” he asks
As he pits aff his shoon.
“The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An’ lang since cuddled doon.”
And just before we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his airm roun’ wee Rab’s neck,
And Rab his airm roun’ Tam’s.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An’ as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
“O, bairnies, cuddle doon!”
The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi’ mirth that’s dear to me;
But soon the big warl’s cark and care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what may to ilka ane,
May He what rules aboon,
Aye whisper, though theirs pows be bauld,
“O, bairnies, cuddle doon!”

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell their world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

DESPAIR.

J. G. HOLLAND.

Ah ! what is so dead as a perished delight !
Or a passion outlived ! or a scheme overthrown !
Save the bankrupt heart it has left in its flight,
Still as quick as the eye, but as cold as a stone ?

The honey-bee hoards for its winter-long need
The treasure it gathers in joy from the flowers ;
And drinks in each sip of its silvery mead
The flavor and flush of the sweet summer hours.

But a pleasure expires at its earliest breath ;
No labor can hoard it, no cunning can save ;
For the song of its life is the sigh of its death,
And the sense it has thrilled is its shroud and its grave.

Ah ! what is our love, with its tincture of lust,
And its pleasure that pains us and pain that endears,
But joy in an armful of beautiful dust
That crumbles and flies on the wings of the years.

And what is ambition for glory and power,
But desire to be reckoned the uppermost fool
Of a million of fools, for a pitiful hour,
And be cursed for a tyrant, or kicked for a tool ?

Nay, what is the noblest that art can achieve,
But to conjure a vision of light to the eyes,
That will pale ere we paint it, and pall ere we leave
On the heart it betrays and the hand it defies.

We love, and we long with an infinite greed
For a love that will fill our deep longing, in vain ;
The cup that we drink of is pleasant indeed,
Yet it holds but a drop of the heavenly rain.

We plan for our powers the divinest we can ;
We do with our powers the supremest we may ;
And, winning or losing, for labor and plan
The best that we garner is — rest and decay !

Content — satisfaction — who wins them ? Look down !
They are held without thought by the dolts and the drones :
'Tis the slave who in carelessness carries the crown ;
And the hovels have kinglier men than the thrones.

The maid sings of love to the hum of her wheel ;
And her lover responds as he follows his team ;
They wed, and their children come quickly to seal
In fulfillment the pledge of their loftiest dream.

With humblest ambitions and homeliest fare,
Contented, though toiling, they travel abreast,
Till the kind hand of death lifts their burden of care,
And they sink, in the faith of their fathers, to rest.

Did I beg to be born ? Did I seek to exist ?
Did I bargain for promptings to loftier gain ?
Did I ask for a brain, with contempt of the fist,
That could win a reward for its labor and pain ?

Was it kind — the strong promise that girded my youth ?
 Was it good — the endowment of motive and skill ?
 Was it well to succeed, when success was, in truth,
 But the saddest of failure ? Make answer, who will !

Do I rave without reason ? Why, look you, I pray,
 I have won all I sought of the highest and best ;
 But it brings me no guerdon ; and, hopeless, today
 I am poorer than when I set out on the quest.

Oh ! emptiness ! Life, what art thou but a lie,
 Which I greeted and honored with hopefulest trust ?
 Bah ! the beautiful apples that tempted my eye
 Break dead on my tongue into ashes and dust !

“ A Father who loves all the children of men ? ”
 “ A future to fill all these bottomless gaps ? ”
 But one life has failed ; can I fasten again,
 With my faith and my hope, to a specious Perhaps ?

O ! man who begat me ! O ! woman who bore !
 Why, why did you call me to being and breath ?
 With ruin behind me, and darkness before,
 I have nothing to long for, or live for, but death !

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

ROBERT BROWNING.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon:
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming day ;
 With neck out thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow,
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, “ My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
 Waver at yonder wall ” —

Out 'twixt the battery smokes there blew
 A rider, bound on bound,
 Full galloping ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung, in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy ;
 You hardly could suspect,
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed
 Scarce any blood came through),
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace,
 We've got you Ratisbon !
 The marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire
 Perched him !" The chief's eye flashed ; his plans
 Soared up again, like fire.

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :
 "You're wounded !" "Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 "I'm killed, sire !" And, his chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, von summer afternoon
 Vas dending bar in her fadder's saloon.
 She solt dot bier, und singed "Shoo Fly,"
 Und vinked at der men mit her lefd eye.
 But ven she looked oud on der shdreed,
 Und saw dem gals all dressed so shweed,

Her song gified out on a ubber note,
 Cause she had such a hoss in her troat;
 Und she vished she had shdamps to shpend,
 So she might git such a Grecian Bend.
 Hans Brinker valked shlowly down der shdreed,
 Shmilin' at all der gals he'd meed;
 Old Hans vas rich—as I been dold,—
 Had houses und lots, und a barrel of gold.
 He shdopped py der door, und pooty soon
 He valked righd indo dot bier saloon.
 Und he vinked at Maud, und said, "My dear,
 Gif me, of you pplease, a glass of beer."
 She vend to der pblace vere der bier keg shtood,
 Und pringed him a glass dot vas fresh und goot.
 "Dot's goot," says Hans, "dot's a better drink
 As effer I had in mine life, I dink."
 He dalked for a vwhile, den said, "Goot day,"
 Und up der shdreet he dook his vay.
 Maud hofed a sigh, und said, "Oh, how
 I'de like to been dot olt man's frow,
 Such shplendid close I den vood veer,
 Dot all the gals around vood shdare.
 In dot Central Park I'd drive all tay,
 Und efery evenin' go to der blay."
 Hans Brinker, doo, felt almighty gweer,
 (But dot mite peen von trinkin' bier.)
 Und he says to himself, as he valked along,
 Hummin' der dune of a olt lof song,
 "Dot's der finest gal I efer did see,
 Und I vish dot she my wife cood be."
 But here his solilogwy came to an end,
 As he dinked of der gol' dot she might shbend;
 Und he maked up his mind dot as for him,
 He'd marry a gal mit lots of "din."
 So he vent righd off dot fery day,
 Und married a vooman olt and gray.
 He vishes now, but all in vain,
 Dot he vas free to marry again;
 Free as he vos dot afdernoon,
 Ven he med Maud Muller in der bier saloon.
 Maud married a man without some "soap"—

He vas lazy, doo—but she did hope
Dot he'd get bedder when shildren came;
But vhen dey had, he vas yoost der same.
Und ofden now dem dears vill come,
As she sits alone ven her day's vork's done,
Und dinks of der day Hans called her "my dear,"
Und asked her for a glass of bier;
But she don'd comblain, nor efer has,
Und onloy says, "Dot coodn't vas."

A RAILWAY MATINEE.

R. J. BURDETTE.

The last time I ran home over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy we had a very small, but select and entertaining party on the train. It was a warm day, and everybody was tired with the long ride and oppressed by the heat. The precise woman, with her hat swathed in an immense blue veil, who always parsed her sentences before she uttered them, utterly worn out and thoroughly lonesome, was glad to respond to the pleasant nod of the big rough man who got on at Monmouth, and didn't know enough grammar to ask for the mustard, so that you could tell whether he wanted you to pass it to him or pour it on his hair.

The thin, troubled-looking man with the sandy goatee, who stammered so dreadfully that he always forgot what he wanted to say before he got through wrestling with any word with a "W" in it, lit up with a tremulous, hesitating smile, as he noticed this indication of sociability, for like most men who find it extremely difficult to talk at all, he wanted to talk all the time.

And the fat old gentleman sitting opposite him, who was so deaf that he could not hear the cars rattle, and always awed and bothered the stammerer into silence by saying "Hey?" in a very imperative tone, every time he got in the middle of a hard word, cocked his irascible head on one side as he saw this smile, and after listening intently to dead silence for a minute, suddenly broke out with such an emphatic, impatient, "Hey?" that everybody in the car started up and shouted nervously and ungrammatically, "I didn't say nothing!" with the exception of the woman with the blue veil, who said: "I said nothing."

The fat old gentleman was a little annoyed and startled by such a chorus of responses, and fixing his gaze still more intently upon the thin man, said defiantly:

"Wha' say?"

"I-I-I-I w-w-wuh-wuh-wasn'-wasn' — I wasn' s-s-sp — speak—"

"Hey?" roared the fat man.

"He wa'n't sayin' nauthin'," shouted the big rough man, nodding friendly encouragement to the thin man; "he hain't opened his mouth!"

"Soap in the South?" queried the fat old gentleman, impatiently. "Wha' for?"

"Mouth, mouth," explained the precise woman, with impressive nicety. "He said 'opened his mouth.' The gentleman seated directly opposite you was—"

"Offers to chew what?" cried the fat old gentleman in amazement.

"Sir," said the precise woman, "I made no reference whatever to chewing. You certainly misunderstood me."

The thin man took courage from so many reinforcements, and broke in:

"I-I-I-I d-d-d-dud-d-u-d-d-u-d- don't don't—I don't ch-ch-ch—"

"Hey?" shouted the fat gentleman.

"He don't chaw nauthin'!" roared the big rough man, in a voice that made the car windows rattle. "He wa'n't a talkin' when you shot off at him!"

"Who got off?" exclaimed the fat old gentlemen. "Wha'd he get off for?"

"You don't appear to comprehend clearly what he stated," shrieked the precise woman. "No person has left the train."

"Then wha'd he say so for?" shouted the fat man.

"Oh!" said the thin man, in a surprising burst of fluency; "he-he-de-d-d did-did—"

"Who did?" queried the fat man, talking louder than any one else.

"Num-num-num-num-n-no-nobody. He—he—d-d-d-d-dud-didn't didn't s—"

"Then wha' made you say he did?" howled the deaf man.

"You misunderstand him," interrupted the precise woman. "He was probably about to remark that no reference whatever had been intentionally made to the departure of any person from the train, when you interrupted him in the midst of an unfinished sentence, and hence obtained an erroneous impression of the tenor of his remarks. He meant no offense—"

"Know a fence?" roared the fat man. "Of course I know a fence!"

"He hain't got middlin' good hearin'," yelled the big man, as apologetically as a steam whistle could have shrieked it. "Y'ears kind of stuffed up!"

"Time to brush up?" cried the fat man. "Wha' for? "

"No," shrieked the precise woman; "he remarked to the other gentleman that your hearing appeared to be rather defective."

"His father a detective?" hooted the fat gentleman, in amazement.

"N-n-n-n-nun-nun-no!" broke in the thin man; "h-h-h-h-huh-huh-he-s-s-sa-sa-said-said you w-w-w-wuh was a little dud-dud—was a little deaf?"

"Said I was a thief?" howled the fat man, a scarlet tornado of wrath; "said I was a thief! Wha'd d'ye mean? Show him to me! Who says I'm a thief? Who says so?"

"Now," shouted the big rough man, "nobody don't say ye ain't no thief. I jest sayed as how we didn't git along very well. Ye see he," nodding to the thin man, "he can't talk very well, an'—"

"Wh-wh-wh-why c-c-can't I t-t-tut-tut-tut-talk?" broke in the thin man, white with rage. "I-I-I-I'd like t-t-to know wh-wh-wh-what's the reason I c-c-can't tut-tut-talk as w-w-w-well as any bub-bub-body that's bub bub-bub-been tut-tut talking on this car ever s-s-s-since the tut-tut-tut—"

"Hey?" roared the fat man, in an explosion of indignant suspicion.

"I was sayin'," howled the big rough man, "as how he didn't talk middlin' well—"

"Should say so," growled the fat man, in tones of intense satisfaction.

"And," the big rough man went on, yelling with delight at having made the old party hear something, "and you can't hear only tollable—"

"Can't hear?" the fat old gentleman broke out in a resonant roar. "Can't hear! Like to know why I can't hear! Why can't I? If I couldn't hear better than half the people on this train I'd cut off my ears! Can't hear? It's news to me if I can't. I'd like to know who—"

"Burlington!" yelled the brakeman. "Chang' car f'r Keokuk, Ceed Rap's an' For' Mad'son! This car f'r Omaha? Twen' mints f'r supper!"

And but for this timely interruption, I don't think our pleasant little party would have got out of that snarl this side of San Francisco.

THE MAN WHO APOLOGIZED.

It was at the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street, and the time was ten o'clock in the forenoon. A citizen who stands solid at two hundred pounds was walking along with bright eyes, and the birds singing in his heart, when all at once he found himself looking up at the cloudy heavens, and a voice up the street seemed to say:—

“Did you see the old duffer strike that icy spot and claw for grass?”

Then another voice down the street seemed to say:—

“You bet I did! He’s lyin’ there yit, but he’d get right up if he knew how big his foot looked!”

The solid citizen did get up. The first thing he saw was the beautiful city spread out before him. The next thing was a slim man with bone-colored whiskers, who was leaning against a building and laughing as if his heart would break.

“I can knock your jaw off in three minutes!” exclaimed the citizen, as he fished for the end of his broken suspender.

The slim man didn’t deny it. He hadn’t time. He had his hands full to attend to his laughing. The solid man finally found the suspender, counted up four missing buttons and his vest split up the back, and slowly went on, looking back and wondering whether he could be held for damages to the sidewalk. He had been in his office about ten minutes, and had just finished telling a clerk that an express team knocked him down, when in came the slim man with bone-colored whiskers. The solid man recognized him and put on a frown, but the other held out his hand and said:—

“Mister, I came to beg your pardon. You fell on the walk and I laughed at you, but—ha! ha! ha!—upon my soul, I couldn’t help it. It was the—ha! ha! ha!—funniest sight I ever saw, and—oh! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—I couldn’t help laughing!”

“I want none o’ your penitence and none o’ your company!” sharply replied the solid man, and the other went out.

In about an hour the “fallen man” had to go over to the express office. The man with the bone-colored whiskers was there with a package, and he reached out his hand and began:—

“Sir, I ask your forgiveness. I know what belongs to dignity and good manners, but—but—ha! ha!—when I saw your heels shoot out and your shoulders—ha! ha! ha!—double up, I had to—ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ah-h-h h!”

“I’ll lick you if I ever get a good chance!” remarked the citizen, but yet the man sat down on a box and laughed till the tears came.

In the afternoon as the citizen was about to take a car for home, some one touched him on the elbow. It was the man with the bone-colored whiskers. His face had a very serious, earnest look, and he began:—

“Citizen, I am positively ashamed of myself. I am going to settle in Detroit, and shall see you often. I want to ask your forgiveness for laughing at you this morning.”

He seemed so serious that the solid man began to relax his stern look, and he was about to extend his hand, when the other continued:—

“You see we are all—ha! ha! ha! liable to accident. I, myself, have often—ha! ha! ha!—struck an icy spot and—ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—gone down to grass—ah! ha! ho! ha! ho! ha!”

The solid citizen withdrew his hand, braced his feet, drew his breath and struck to mash the other fine. His foot slipped, and the next he knew he was plowing his nose into the hard snow. When he got up the man with the bone-colored whiskers was hanging to a hitching-post, and as black in the face as an old hat. The citizen should have killed him, then and there, but he didn't. He made for a car like a bear going over a brush fence, and his efforts to look innocent and unconcerned after he sat down, broke his other suspender dead in two. Such is life. No man can tell what an icy spot will bring forth.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1. In her ear he whispers gaily,
“If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
And I think thou lov'est me well.”
She replies, in accents fainter,
“There is none I love like thee.”
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
2. He to lips, that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.

"I can make no marriage present;
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life."

3. They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand;
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
"Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
4. So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers:
Parks with oaks and chestnut shady,
Parks and ordered gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
5. All he shows her makes him dearer;
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
Oh, but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
6. Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till the gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Then all those she saw before;
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.
7. And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.

And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is mine and thine."

8. Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the color flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin:
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
9. Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove;
But he clasped her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirit sank;
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank:
10. And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her, night and morn,
With the burden of an honor
Unto which she was not born.
11. Faint she grew, and even fainter,
As she murmured, "Oh, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter,
Which did win my heart from me!"
So she drooped and drooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side:
Three fair children first she bore him
Then before her time she died.
12. Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.

- And he came to look upon her,
 And he looked, at her and said,
 "Bring the dress and put it on her,
 That she wore when she was wed."
13. Then her people, softly treading,
 Bore to earth her body, drest
 In the dress that she was wed in,
 That her spirit might have rest.
-

ABOU BEN-ADHEM.

LEIGH HUNT.

1. Abou Ben-Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel, writing in a book of gold.
 2. Exceeding peace had made Ben-Adhem bold;
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord,"
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
 But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
 3. The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo, Ben-Adhem's name led all the rest.
-

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

ANONYMOUS.

1. Beneath the hot midsummer sun,
 The men had marched all day;
 And now beside a rippling stream,
 Upon the grass they lay.

2. Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."
3. "I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."
4. "Sing one of those," a rough voice cried;
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."
5. Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm;
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb."
6. "And shall I fear to own His cause"—
The very stream was stilled;
And hearts that never throbbed with fear,
With tender thoughts were filled.
7. Ended the song, the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends, good night,
God grant us sweet repose."
8. "Sing us one more," the captain begged;
The soldier bent his head;
Then glancing 'round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.
9. "We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call;
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"
10. Ah, wondrous was the old tune's spell,
As on the singer sang;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

11. The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah, the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.
 12. And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.
-

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

ELLEN P. ALLERTON.

1. Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters but little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.
2. Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.
3. Beautiful lips are those where words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.
4. Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.
5. Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries, to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.
6. Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of hourly care
With patient grace and daily prayer.
7. Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

8. Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.
 9. Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!
-

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

REV. J. T. PETTEE.

1. An old lady sat in her old arm-chair,
With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair,
And pale and hunger-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat there in her old arm-chair,
Had been potatoes.
2. But now they were gone; of bad or good,
Not one was left for the old lady's food
Of those potatoes;
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go
For more potatoes?"
3. And she thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes,
And she said, "I will send for the deacon to come;
He'll not mind much to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."
4. And the deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good,
But never for once of potatoes;
He asked her at once what was her chief want,
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

5. But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way;
He was more accustomed to preach and to pray,
 Than to give of his hoarded potatoes;
So, not hearing of course, what the old lady said,
He rose to pray with uncovered head,
 But *she* only thought of potatoes.
6. He prayed for patience, and wisdom, and grace,
But when he prayed, "Lord, give her peace,"
 She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes;"
And at the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought that he heard in its stead,
 That same request for potatoes.
7. The deacon was troubled; knew not what to do;
'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so
 About "those carnal potatoes;"
So, ending his prayer, he started for home;
But, as the door closed behind him, he heard a deep groan.
 "*O, give to the hungry, potatoes!*"
8. And that groan followed him all the way home;
In the midst of the night it haunted his room—
 "*O, give to the hungry, potatoes!*"
He could bear it no longer; arose and dressed:
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
 A bag of his *best* potatoes.
9. Again he went to the widow's lone hut;
Her sleepless eyes she had not shut;
But there she sat in that old arm-chair,
With the same wan features, the same sad air;
And, entering in, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store,
 Of choicest potatoes.
10. The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was haggard and wan no more.
"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "*now* you may."
And he kneeled him down on the sanded floor,
Where he had poured his goodly store,
And such a prayer the deacon prayed,
As never before his lips essayed;

No longer embarrassed, but free and full,
 He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
 And the widow responded aloud "amen!"

But said no more of potatoes.

11. And would *you*, who hear this simple tale,
Pray for the poor, and praying, "*prevail?*"
 Then preface your prayers with alms and good deeds:
 Search out the poor, their wants and their needs:
 Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food,
 For wisdom and guidance—for all these are good—
But don't forget the potatoes.
-

THE DEATH OF MARMION.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. Wide raged the battle on the plain;
 Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
 And crests of Scottish chieftains brave
 Floated like foam upon the wave;
 Yet still amid the tumult high
 England saw Marmion's pennon fly.
2. The border slogan rent the sky:
 "A Home! a Gordon!" was the cry:
 Loud were the clanging blows!
 Advanced—forced back—now low, now high,
 The pennon sank and rose;
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging, shrouds and sail.
 It wavered 'mid the foes.
3. Swift to the fray Blount rode amain,
 Followed by all the archer train.
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
 Made, for a space, an opening large;—
 The rescued banner rose;
 But darkly closed the war around—
 Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,
 It sank among the foes!

4. Then, fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by.
5. And soon, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand,
His arms were smeared with blood and sand.
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon crest and plumage gone,—
Can that be haughty Marmion?
6. Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said: "By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped;
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion!"—
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"
7. When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon! Charge again!
Cry, 'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
8. "Yet my last thought is England's; fly!
To Dacre bear my signet ring;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,—
Or victory and England's lost!
Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die!"

9. The war that for a space did fail,
 Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
 And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye;
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory!"—
 "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.
-

THE SOLDIER TRAMP.

DON SANTIAGO CARLINO.

1. "Yer honor, I pleads guilty; I'm a bummer;
 I don't deny the cop here, found me drunk;
 I don't deny that through the whole long summer
 The sun-warmed earth has been my only bunk.
 I hain't been able fur to earn a livin';
 A man with one leg planted in the tomb
 Can't get a job—an' I've a strong misgivin'
 'Bout bein' cooped up in a Soldiers' Home.
2. "'Whar did I lose my leg?' at Spottsylvania—
 Perhaps you've read about that bloody fight—
 But then I guess the story won't restrain you
 From doin' what the law sets down as right.
 I'm not a vag from choice, but through misfortune,
 An' as for drink—well, all men have their faults,
 An' judge, I guess I've had my lawful portion
 O' rough experience in prison vaults.
3. "I served as private in the Tenth New Jersey,
 An' all the boys'll say I done w'at's right—
 Thar' ain't a man can say that Abram Bursey
 War' ever found a-shirkin' in a fight;
 Right in the hell-born frightful roar o' battle,
 Whar' shot and shell shrieked through the darksome
 wood,
 Amid the blindin' smoke and musket's rattle
 You'd always find me doin' the best I could.

4. "We had a brave ol' feller for a colonel—
We called him Sweety, but his name was Sweet—
Why, judge, I swear it by the Great Eternal,
That brave ol' fellow'd rather fight than eat!
An' you could allus bet your bottom dollar
In battle Sweet'd never hunt a tree—
He'd allus dash into the front an' holler:
'Brace up, my gallant boys, an' foller me!'
5. "Well, just afore the Spottsylvania battle
Ol' Sweety cum to me an' says, says he,
'I tell you, Abe, 'taint many things'll rattle
A tough ol' weather-beaten chap like me;
But in my soul I've got a feelin'
That I'm a-goin' to get a dose to-day,
An' 'taint no use for me to be concealin'
The skittish thoughts that in my bosom play.
6. "'Fur many years you've been my neighbor, Bursey,
An' I've allus found you squar' an' true—
Back in our little town in old New Jersey
No one has got a better name than you.
And now I want your promise, squar'ly given
That if our cause to-day demands my life,
An' you yourself are left among the livin'
You'll take me back an' lay me by my wife.'
7. "Well, judge, that day, amidst the most infernal
An' desperate bloody fight I ever seed,
'Way up in front I saw the daring colonel
Throw up his hands and tumble off his steed.
In half a minute I was bendin' o'er him,
An' seein' that he wasn't killed outright,
I loaded him upon my back an' bore him
Some little distance back out o' the fight.
8. "The blood from out a ghastly wound was flowin',
An' so I snatched the shirt from off my back,
For I could see the brave ol' man war goin'
To die, unless I held that red tide back.
An' purty soon I seed he was revivin'
An' heard him whisper: 'Abe, you've saved my life,
Yer old wool shirt, along with yer connivin'
Has kept me from that grave beside my wife.'

9. "Well, judge, while I stood thar beside him schemin'
 On how to get him in a doctor's care,
 A ten-pound shell toward us come a screamin
 Just like a ravin' demon in the air,
 An' when it passed I found myself a-lyin
 Across ol' Sweety's body, an' I see
 That tarnal shell that by us went a-flyin'
 Had tuck my leg along for company.
10. "Well, judge, that's all, 'cept when the war was over
 I found myself a cripple, an' since then
 I've been a sort o' shiftless, worthless rover,
 But jest as honest as the most of men.
 I never stole a dime from livin' mortal,
 Nor never harmed a woman, child nor man—
 I've simply been a bum, and hope the court'll
 Be just as easy on me as it can."
11. Then spake the judge: "Such helpless, worthless creatures
 Should never be allowed to bum and beg;
 Your case, 'tis true, has some redeeming features,
 For in your country's cause you lost a leg.
 And yet I feel the world needs an example
 To check the tendency of men to roam;
 The sentence is that all your life your camp
 Be in the best room in my humble home."
12. The soldier stared! Dumb! Silent as a statue,
 Then in a voice of trembling pathos, said:
 "Judge, turn your head and give me one look at you—
 That voice is like an echo from the dead."
 Then forward limped he, grimy hand extended;
 While tears adown his sunbrowned cheeks did roll,
 And said, with slang and pathos strangely blended:
 "Why, Colonel Sweety, bless your brave ol' soul!"

SMITING THE ROCK.

1. The stern old judge, in relentless mood,
 Glanced at the two who before him stood;
 She was bowed and haggard and old,
 He was young and defiant and bold,—

Mother and son; and to gaze at the pair,
Their different attitudes, look and air,
One would believe, ere the truth were known,
The mother convicted, and not the son.

2. There was the mother; the boy stood nigh
With a shameless look, and his head held high.
Age had come over her, sorrow and care;
These mattered but little so he was there,
A prop to her years and a light to her eyes,
And prized as only a mother can prize;
But what for him could a mother say,
Waiting his doom on a sentence-day.
3. Her husband had died in his shame and sin;
And she a widow her living to win,
Had toiled and struggled from morn till night,
Making with want a wearisome fight,
Bent over her work with resolute zeal,
Till she felt her old frame totter and reel,
Her weak limbs tremble, her eyes grow dim;
But she had her boy, and she toiled for him.
4. And he,—he stood in the criminal dock,
With a heart as hard as a flinty rock,
An impudent glance and a reckless air,
Braving the scorn of the gazers there;
Dipped in crime and encompassed round
With proof of his guilt by captors found,
Ready to stand, as he phrased it, “game,”
Holding not crime, but penitence, shame.
5. Poured in a flood o’er the mother’s cheek
The moistening prayers where the tongue was weak,
And she saw through the mist of those bitter tears
Only the child in his innocent years;
She remembered him pure as a child might be,
The guilt of the present she could not see;
And for mercy her wistful looks made prayer
To the stern old judge in his cushioned chair.
6. “Woman,” the old judge crabbedly said—
“Your boy is the neighborhood’s plague and dread;
Of a gang of reprobates chosen chief;
An idler and rioter, ruffian and thief.

- The jury did right, for the facts were plain;
 Denial is idle, excuses are vain.
 The sentence the court imposes is one"—
 "Your honor," she cried, "he's my only son."
7. The tipstaves grinned at the words she spoke,
 And a ripple of fun through the court-room broke;
 But over the face of the culprit came
 An angry look and a shadow of shame.
 "Don't laugh at my mother!" loud cries he;
 "You've got me fast, and can deal with me;
 But she's too good for your coward jeers,
 And I'll—" then his utterance choked with tears.
8. The judge for a moment bent his head,
 And looked at him keenly, and then he said:
 "We suspend the sentence,—the boy can go;"
 And the words were tremulous, forced and low,
 "But say!" and he raised his finger then—
 "Don't let them bring you hither again.
 There is something good in you yet, I know;
 I'll give you a chance—make the most of it—Go!"
9. The twain went forth, and the old judge said:
 "I meant to have given him a year instead.
 And perhaps 'tis a difficult thing to tell
 If clemency here be ill or well.
 But a rock was struck in that callous heart,
 From which a fountain of good may start;
 For one on the ocean of crime long tossed,
 Who loves his mother is not quite lost."

THE RESCUE OF CHICAGO.

H. M. LOOK.

1. I saw the city's terror,
 I heard the city's cry,
 As a flame leaped out of her bosom
 Up, up to the brazen sky!

- And wilder rose the tumult,
And thicker the tidings came—
Chicago, queen of the cities,
Is a rolling sea of flame!
2. Yet higher rose the fury,
And louder the surges raved,
(Thousands were saved but to suffer,
And hundreds never were saved);
Till out of the awful burning
A flash of lightning went,
As across to fair Saint Louis
The prayer for succor was sent.
3. God bless thee, O true Saint Louis!
So worthy thy royal name—
Back, back on the wings of the lightning
Thy answer of rescue came;
But, alas! it could not enter
Through the horrible flame and heat,
For the fire had conquered the lightning,
And sat in the thunderer's seat!
4. God bless thee again, St. Louis!
For resting never then;
Thou calledst to all the cities
By lightning and steam and pen:
"Ho, ho, ye hundred sisters,
Stand forth in your bravest might!
Our sister in flames is falling,
Her children are dying to-night!"
5. And through the mighty Republic,
Thy summons went rolling on,
Till it rippled the seas of the tropics,
And ruffled the Oregon;
The distant Golden City
Called through her golden gates,
And quickly rung the answer
From the City of the Straits;
6. And the cities that sit in splendor
Along the Atlantic sea,
Replying, called to the dwellers
Where the proud magnolias be.

- From slumber the army started
At the far-resounding call:
"Food for a hundred thousand,
And clothing and tents for all!"
7. I heard through the next night's darkness
The trains go thundering by,
Till they stood where the fated city
Shone red in the brazen sky.
The rich gave their abundance,
The poor their willing hands;
There was wine from all the vineyards,
There was corn from all the lands.
8. At day-break over the prairies
Re-echoed the gladsome cry—
"Ho, look unto us, ye thousands,
Ye shall not hunger nor die!"
Their weeping was all the answer
That the famishing throng could give
To the million voices calling:
"Look unto us, and live!"
9. Destruction wasted the city,
But the burning curse that came
Enkindled in all the people
Sweet charity's holy flame.
Then still to our God be glory!
I bless him, through my tears,
That I live in the grandest nation
That hath stood in all the years.
-

BECALMED.

1. It was as calm as calm could be,
A death still night in June;
A silver sail on a silver sea
Under a silver moon.
2. Not the least air the still sea stirred,
But all on the dreaming deep

- The white ship lay, like a white sea-bird,
With folded wings, asleep.
3. For a long, long month, not a breath of air,
For a month not a drop of rain;
And the gaunt crew watched in wild despair,
With a fever in throat and brain.
4. And they saw the shore, like a dim cloud stand
On the far horizon sea;
It was only a day's short sail to the land
And the haven where they would be.
5. Too faint to row—no signal brought
An answer far or nigh;
“Father, have mercy, leave us not
Alone on the deep to die!”
6. And the gaunt crew prayed on the decks above
And the women prayed below:
“One drop of rain, for God's great love!
O God! for a breeze to blow!”
7. But never a shower from the skies would burst,
And never a breeze would come;
O Heaven! to think that man can thirst
And starve in sight of home.
8. But out to sea with the drifting tide,
The vessel drifted away;
Till the far-off shore, like the dim cloud, died,
And the wild crew ceased to pray.
9. Like fiends they glared, with their eyes aglow,
Like beasts with hunger wild;
But a mother knelt in the cabin below,
By the bed of her little child.
10. It slept, and lo! in its sleep it smiled,
A babe of summers three;
“O Father! save my little child,
Whatever comes to me!”
11. Calm gleamed the sea; calm gleamed the sky,
No cloud, no sail, in view,
And they cast them lots for who should die
To feed the starving crew.

12. Like beasts they glared with hunger wild,
And their red, glazed eyes aglow;
And the death lot fell on the little child
That slept in the cabin below.
13. And the mother shrieked in wild despair:
"O God! my child, my son!
They will take his life; it is hard to bear;
Yet, Father, Thy will be done!"
14. And she waked the child from its happy sleep,
And she kneeled by the cradle bed:
"We thirst, my child, on the lonely deep—
We are dying, my child, for bread.
15. "On the lone, lone sea, no sail—no breeze—
Not a drop of rain in the sky;
We thirst—we starve—on the lonely seas,
And thou, my child, must die!"
16. She wept; what tears her wild soul shed
Not I, but God knows best;
And the child rose up from its cradle bed,
And crossed its hands on its breast.
17. "Father," he lisped, "so good—so kind—
Have pity on mother's pain;
For mother's sake a little wind—
Father, a little rain!"
18. And she heard them shout for the child from the deck,
And she knelt on the cabin stairs:
"The child! the child!" they cried, "stand back,
And a curse on your idiot prayers!"
19. And the mother rose in her wild despair,
And she bared her throat to the knife:
"Strike—strike—me—me; but spare, oh! spare
My child, my dear son's life!"
20. O God! It was a ghastly sight;
Red eyes like flaring brands,
And a hundred belt knives flashing bright
In the clutch of skeleton hands.
21. "Me—me—strike—strike—ye fiends of death!"
But soft through the ghastly air

Whose falling tear was that? Whose breath
Waves through the mother's hair?

22. A flutter of sail—a ripple of seas—
A speck on the cabin pane;
O God! it is a breeze—a breeze—
And a drop of blessed rain!
 23. And the mother rushed to the cabin below,
And she wept on the babe's bright hair—
"The sweet rain falls; the sweet winds blow;
Our Father has heard thy prayer!"
 24. But the child had fallen asleep again;
And lo! in its sleep it smiled.
"Thank God!" she cried, "for His wind and His rain—
Thank God for my little child!"
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THE CHRISTIAN MAIDEN AND THE LION.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

1. "Give the Christians to the lions!" was the savage Roman's cry,
And the vestal virgins added their voices shrill and high,
And the Cæsar gave the order, "Loose the lions from their den!
For Rome must have a spectacle worthy of gods and men."
2. Forth to the broad arena a little band was led,
But words forbear to utter how the sinless blood was shed.
No sigh the victims proffered, but now and then a prayer
From lips of age and lips of youth rose upward on the air;
And the savage Cæsar muttered, "By Hercules! I swear,
Braver than gladiators these dogs of Christians are."
3. Then a lictor bending slavishly, saluting with his axe,
Said, "Mighty Emperor! the sport one feature lacks:
We have an Afric lion, savage, and great of limb,
Fasting since yestereven; is the Grecian maid for him?"
4. The Emperor assented. With a frantic roar and bound,
The monster, bursting from his den, gazed terribly around,
And toward him moved a maiden, slowly, but yet serene;
"By Venus!" cried the Emperor, "she walketh like a queen!"

5. Unconscious of the myriad eyes she crossed the blood-soaked sand,
Till face to face the maid and beast in opposition stand;
The daughter of Athene, in white arrayed, and fair,
Gazed on the monster's lowered brow, and breathed a silent prayer,
Then forth she drew a crucifix and held it high in air.
6. Lo, and behold! a miracle! the lion's fury fled,
And at the Christian maiden's feet he laid his lordly head,
While as she fearlessly caressed, he slowly rose, and then,
With one soft, backward look at her, retreated to his den.
One shout rose from the multitude, tossed like a stormy sea:
"The gods have so decreed it; let the Grecian maid go free!"
7. Within the catacombs that night a saint with snowy hair
Folded upon his aged breast his daughter young and fair;
And the gathered brethren lift a chant of praise and prayer;
From the monster of the desert, from the heathen fierce and wild,
God has restored to love and life his sinless, trusting child.

SPEECH IN VINDICATION.

ROBERT EMMET.

1. MY LORDS: What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have much to say which interests me more than that life which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

2. Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence and meet the fate that awaits me, without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy, for there must be guilt somewhere; whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine.

3. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and virtue,—this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High.

4. My lord, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, from an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why, then, insult me? or, rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced?

5. I am charged with being an emissary of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement!

6. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it for a change of masters? No, but for ambition! O my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me! Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life.

7. No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny; and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the parricide, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism; I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world.

8. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen.

9. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No; God forbid!

10. If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father! look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

11. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven! Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom.

12. I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world;—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth,—then and not till then,—let my epitaph be written!

THE LAST CHARGE OF NEY.

J. T. HEADLEY.

1. The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the

utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle.

2. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith,—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single chance. Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That Guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe; and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge.

3. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down; yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each, treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on.

4. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sank to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and, driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines.

5. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose, and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled.

6. Ney was borne back in the reflux tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen in his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done

so had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks.

7. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ; and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave had fought" his last battle. It was worthy of his great name; and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

ON THE CONCORD ROAD.

WILL CARLETON.

Little Golden-hair was watching, in the window broad and high,

For the coming of her father, who had gone the foe to fight:

He had left her in the morning, and had told her not to cry,

But to have a kiss all ready when he came to her at night.

She had wondered all the day,

In her simple, childish way,

And had asked, as time went on,

Where her father could have gone.

She had heard the muskets firing, she had counted every one,

Till the number grew so many that it was too great a load;

Then the evening fell upon her, clear of sound of shot or gun,

And she gazed with wistful waiting down the dusty Concord road

Little Golden-hair had listened, not a single week before,

While the heavy sand was falling on her mother's coffin-lid;

And she loved her father better for the loss that then she bore,

And thought of him, and yearned for him, whatever else she did.

So she wondered all the day

What could make her father stay,

And she cried a little too,

As he told her not to do.

And the sun sank slowly downward and went grandly out of sight,

And she had the kiss all ready on his lips to be bestowed;

But the shadows made one shadow, and the twilight grew to night,
And she looked, and looked, and listened, down the dusty Concord
road.

Then the night grew light and lighter, and the moon rose full and round,
In the little sad face peering, looking piteously and mild;
Still upon the walks of gravel there was heard no welcome sound,
And no father came there, eager for the kisses of his child.

Long and sadly did she wait,
Listening at the cottage gate;
Then she felt a quick alarm,
Lest he might have come to harm.

With no bonnet but her tresses, no companion but her fears,
And no guide except the moonbeams that the pathway dimly showed,
With a little sob of sorrow, quick she threw away her tears,
And alone she bravely started down the dusty Concord road.

And for many a mile she struggled, full of weariness and pain,
Calling loudly for her father, that her voice he might not miss;
Till at last, among a number of the wounded and the slain,
Was the white face of the soldier, waiting for his daughter's kiss.

Softly to his lips she crept,
Not to wake him as he slept;
Then, with her young heart at rest,
Laid her head upon his breast;

And upon the dead face smiling, with the living one near by,
All the night a golden streamlet of the moonbeams gently flowed;
One to live a lonely orphan, one beneath the sod to lie,—
They found them in the morning on the dusty Concord road.

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THE DEACON'S STORY.

N. S. EMERSON.

1. The solemn old bells in the steeple
Are ringin.' I guess you know why!
No? Well, then, I'll tell you, though mostly
It's whispered about on the sly.

- Some six weeks ago, a church meetin'
 Was called—for—nobody knew what;
 But we went, and the parson was present,
 And I don't know who, or who not.
2. Some twenty odd members, I calc'late,
 Which mostly was women, of course;
 Though I don't mean to say aught ag'in' em,
 I've seen many gatherin's worse.
 There, in the front row, sat the deacons,
 The eldest was old Deacon Pryor;
 A man countin' four-score-and-seven,
 And gin'rally full of his ire.
3. Beside him, his wife, countin' four-score,
 A kind-hearted, motherly soul;
 And next to her, young Deacon Hartley,
 A good Christian man on the whole.
 Miss Parsons, a spinster of fifty,
 And long ago laid on the shelf
 Had wedged herself next; and, beside her,
 Was Deacon Munroe—that's myself.
4. The meetin' was soon called to order,
 The parson looked glum as a text;
 We gazed at each other in silence,
 And silently wondered "What next?"
 Then slowly uprose Deacon Hartley;
 His voice seemed to tremble with fear,
 As he said: "Boy and man you have known me,
 My good friends, for nigh forty year.
5. "And you scarce may expect a confession
 Of error from me, but—you know,
 My dearly loved wife died last Christmas,
 It's now nearly ten months ago.
 The winter went by long and lonely,
 The spring hurried forward apace;
 The farm-work came on, and I needed
 A woman about the old place.
6. "The children were wilder than rabbits,
 And still growing worse every day;
 No help to be found in the village,

Although I was willing to pay.
In fact, I was nigh 'bout discouraged
For everything looked so forlorn;
When good little Patience McAlpin
Skipped into our kitchen one morn.

7. "She had only run in of an errand;
But she laughed at our miserable plight,
And set to work, just like a woman,
A-putting the whole place to right.
And though her own folks was so busy,
And illy her helpin' could spare,
She flit in and out like a sparrow,
And most every day she was there.
8. "So the summer went by sort of cheerful,
And one night my baby, my Joe,
Seemed feverish and fretful, and woke me,
By crying, at midnight, you know.
I was tired with my day's work, and sleepy,
And couldn't, no way, keep him still,
So, at last, I grew angry, and spanked him,
And then he screamed out with a will.
9. "Just then I heard a soft rapping
Away at the half open door;
And then little Patience McAlpin
Walked shyly across the white floor.
Says she: 'I thought Josey was cryin',
I guess I'd best take him away:
I knew you'd be getting up early,
To go to the marshes for hay;
So I stayed here to night to get breakfast;
I guess he'll be quiet with me.
10. "'Come, Josey, kiss papa, and tell him
What a nice little man you will be!'
She was stooping low over the pillow,
And saw the big tears on his cheek:
Her face was so close to my whiskers,
I darsn't move, scarcely, or speak;
Her hands were both holdin' the baby,

Her eye by his shoulder was hid;
But her mouth was so near and so rosy,
I—kissed her. That's just what I did."

11. Then down sat the tremblin' sinner,
The sisters they murmured of "shame,"
And "she shouldn't oughter a let him,
No doubt she was mostly to blame."
When straightway uprose Deacon Pryor,
"Now bretherin *and* sisters," he said;
(We knowed then that suthin' was comin',
And all sot as still as the dead),
"You've heard Brother Hartley's confession,
And I speak for myself when I say
That if my wife was dead, and my children
Were all growin' worse every day;
And if my house needed attention,
And Patience McAlpin had come,
And tidied the cluttered up kitchen,
And made the place seem more like home;
And if I was worn out and sleepy,
And my baby wouldn't lie still,
But fretted and woke me at midnight,
As babies, we know, sometimes will;
And if Patience came in to hush him,
And 'twas all as our good brother sez—
I think, friends—I think I should kiss her,
And 'bide by the consequences."

12. Then down sat the elderly deacon,
The younger one lifted his face,
And a smile rippled over the meetin'
Like light in a shadowy place.
Perhaps, then, the matronly sisters
Remembered their far-away youth,
Or the daughters at home by their firesides,
Shrined each in her shy, modest truth;
For their judgments grew gentle and kindly,
And—well—as I started to say
The solemn old bells in the steeple
Are ringing a bridal to-day.

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

WILL CARLETON.

1. A boy drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British-governed town ;
And the little black-eyed rebel, so cunning and so sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.
2. His face was broad and honest, his hands were brown and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse and rough ;
But one there was who watched him, who long time lingered nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.
3. He drove up to the market, he waited in a line ;
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine.
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of her eye.
4. "Now, who will buy my apples ?" he shouted, long and loud ;
And, "Who wants my potatoes ?" he repeated to the crowd.
But from all the people round him came no word of reply,
Save the black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner of her eye.
5. For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that day
Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers far away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to gain, or die ;
And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.
6. "But the treasures — how to get them ?" crept the question through
her mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they might find ;
And she paused awhile and pondered, with a pretty little sigh,
Then resolve crept through her features, and a shrewdness fired
her eye.
7. So she resolutely walked up to the wagon, old and red ;
"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss ?" she sweetly said ;
And the brown face flushed to scarlet, for the boy was somewhat
shy,
And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her eye.
8. "You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you want," quoth
he.
"I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them," said she.
And she clambered on the wagon, minding not who all were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

9. Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick ! the letters ! thrust them underneath my shawl !
Carry back again *this* package, and be sure that you are spry !"
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her eye.
10. Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the strange, ungirlish freak ;
And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he could not speak,
And "Miss, I have good apples," a bolder lad did cry ;
But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the corner of her eye.
11. With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends they would greet,
Searching for them who hungered for them, swift she glided through the street.
"There is nothing worth the doing that it does not pay to try,"
Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with a twinkle in her eye.

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MY EXPERIENCE AT THE DENTIST'S.

Not a sigh I heard, not a single groan,
As on to the dentist's I hurried —
Not a tooth in my head which long would be there,
And I felt considerably flurried.

I hastened along — 'twas late at night —
The alleys and corners turning ;
When his shingle I saw by the moon's misty light,
And the gas-lamps dimly burning.

No useless official held my head,
Nor with cord or 'kerchief bound me ;
But I sat like a martyr about to be racked,
With the engines of torture around me.

Few and short were the prayers I said,
And I spoke not a word of sorrow ;

But I bitterly thought of the teeth in my head
Which wouldn't be there on the morrow.

I wondered how I, with my toothless gums,
Should ever again eat my forage ;
And while others would dine on roast beef and lamb
How I must content me with porridge.

Oh ! madly I'll rave when my teeth are all gone,
And for their destruction upbraid him ;
But nothing he 'll reck, but let me talk on,
Especially after I've paid him.

As the horrid job was nearly done,
And I with pain near expiring,
I concluded, if I wished to have even one,
That I'd better be up and retiring.

Sadly I glanced in the glass at my mouth
And my gums all mangled and gory —
I said not a word as I gave him the fee,
But left him alone in his glory.

THE GHOST THAT JIM SAW.

"Why, as to that," said the engineer,
"Ghosts ain't things we are apt to fear,
Spirits don't fool with levers much,
And throttle valves don't take to such ;
And as for Jim —
What happened to him
Was one half fact and t'other half whim !

"Running one night on the line, he saw
A house — as plain as the moral law —
Just by the moonlit bank, and thence
Came a drunken man with no more sense
Than to drop on the rail,
Flat as a flail,
As Jim drove by with the midnight mail.

“Down went the patents. Steam reversed.
Too late ! for there came a ‘thud’ Jim cursed,
As his fireman, there in the cab with him
Kinder stared in the face of Jim,
And says, ‘What now ?’
Says Jim, ‘What now !
I’ve just run over a man — that’s how !’

“The fireman stared at Jim. They ran
Back, but they never saw house nor man, —
Nary a shadow within a mile ;
Jim turned pale, but he tried to smile —
Then on he tore
Ten miles or more
In quicker time than he’d made afore.

“Would you believe it ? — the very next night
Up rose that house in the moonlight white ;
Out comes the chap and drops as before.
Down goes the brakes and the rest encore —
And so, in fact,
Each night that act
Occurred, till folks swore Jim was cracked.

“Humph ! Let me see ; it’s a year now, most,
That I met Jim, East, and says, ‘How’s your ghosts ?’
‘Gone,’ says Jim ; ‘and more, it’s plain
That ghost don’t trouble me again ;
I thought I shook
That ghost when I took
A place on an Eastern line — but look :

“‘What should I meet the first trip out,
But that very house that we talked about,
And that self-same man ! ‘Well,’ says I, ‘I guess
It’s time to stop this yer foolishness.’
So I crammed on steam,
When there came a scream
From my fireman — and it broke my dream —

“‘You’ve killed somebody !’ Says I, ‘not much ;
I’ve been thar often and thar ain’t no such ;
And now I’ll prove it.’ Back we ran,

And — darn my skin ! — but thar *was a man*
 On the rail, dead,
 Smashed in the head —
 ‘ Now I call that meanness ! ’ That’s all Jim said.”
 — *Bret Harte.*

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

EDMUND BURKE.

Lord Macauley says of this famous speech: “The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from all; and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and some were even carried out in fits. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice, till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, he said:

1. My Lords, you have now heard the principles on which Mr. Hastings governs the part of Asia subjected to the British Empire. Here he has declared his opinion, that he is a despotic prince; that he is to use arbitrary power; and, of course, all his acts are covered with that shield. “I know,” says he, “the Constitution of Asia only from its practice.” Will your Lordships submit to hear the corrupt practices of mankind made the principles of Government?

2. *He* have arbitrary power! My Lords, the East India Company have not arbitrary power to give him; the King has no arbitrary power to give him; your Lordships have not; nor the Commons; nor the whole Legislature. We have no arbitrary power to give, because arbitrary power is a thing which neither any man can hold nor any man can give. No man can lawfully govern himself according to his own will, much less can one person be governed by the will of another. We are all born in subjection, all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, in subjection to one great, immutable, pre-existent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas, and all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe, out of which we cannot stir.

3. This great law does not arise from our conventions or compacts; on the contrary, it gives to our conventions and compacts all the force and sanction they can have;—it does not arise from our vain institutions. Every good gift is of God; all power is of God;—and He, who has given the power, and from whom alone it originates, will never suffer the exercise of it to be practiced upon any less solid foundation than the power itself. If then all dominion of man over man is the effect of the divine disposition, it is bound by the eternal laws of Him, that gave it, with which no human authority can dispense; neither he that exercises it, nor even those who are subject to it: and if they were mad enough to make an express compact that should release their magistrate from his duty, and should declare their lives, liberties, and properties dependent upon, not rules and laws, but his mere capricious will, that covenant would be void.

4. This arbitrary power is not to be had by conquest. Nor can any sovereign have it by succession; for no man can succeed to fraud, rapine and violence. Those who give and those who receive arbitrary power are alike criminal; and there is no man but is bound to resist it to the best of his power, wherever it shall show its face to the world.

5. My Lords, I do not mean to go further than just to remind your Lordships of this,—that Mr. Hastings' government was one whole system of oppression, of robbery of individuals, of spoliation of the public, and of supersession of the whole system of the English Government, in order to vest in the worst of the natives all the power that could possibly exist in any government; in order to defeat the ends which all governments ought, in common, to have in view. In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

6. My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

7. Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

8. My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a

social and moral community;—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

9. Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. We commit safely the interests of India and humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

10. “I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high *crimes and misdemeanors*.

“I impeach him in the name of the *Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled*, whose parliamentary trust he has *abused*.

“I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose *national character* he has dishonored.

“I impeach him in the name of the *people of India* whose *laws, rights and liberties* he has *subverted*.

“I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose *property* he has destroyed, whose *country* he has laid waste and *desolate*.

“I impeach him in the name of *human nature itself*, which he has cruelly *outraged, injured, and oppressed*, in both sexes. And I impeach him *in the name and by the virtue* of those *eternal laws of justice*, which ought equally to pervade every *age, condition, rank, and situation*, in the *world*.”

DEACON STOKES.

THOMAS QUILP.

1. There once lived one Asa Stokes,
One of those men whom everything provokes,
A surly-tempered, evil-minded, bearish,
Ill-natured kind of being;
He was the deacon of the parish,
And had the overseeing
Of some small matters, such as the ringing
Of the church-bell, and took the lead in singing.
2. Well, Deacon Stokes had gone to bed one night,
About eleven or before,
'Twas in December, if my memory's right, in '24.
'Twas cold enough to make a Russian shiver;

I think I never knew one
Colder than this—in faith, it was a blue one!
As by the almanac foretold, 'twas
A real Lapland night. O dear! how cold 'twas!

3. There was a chap about there named Ezekiel,
A clever good-for-nothing fellow,
Who very often used to get quite mellow;
Of whom the Deacon always used to speak ill;
For he was fond of cracking jokes
On Deacon Stokes, to show on
What terms he stood among the women folks, and so on.
4. It came to pass that on the night I speak of,
Ezekiel left the tavern bar-room, where
He spent the evening, for the sake of
Drowning his care, by partaking
Of the merry-making and enjoyment
Of some good fellows there, whose sole employment
Was, all kinds of weather, on every night,
By early candlelight, to get together
Reading the papers, smoking pipes and chewing,
Telling long yarns, and pouring down the ruin.
5. Pretty well corned, and up to anything,
Drunk as a lord, and happy as a king,
Blue as a razor, from his midnight revel,
Nor fearing muskets, women, or the devil;
With a light heart—much lighter than a feather—
With a light soul that spurned the freezing weather,
And with a head ten times as light as either;
And a purse, perhaps, as light as all together,
On went Ezekiel, with a great expansion
Of thought, until he brought
Up at a post before the Deacon's mansion.
6. With one arm around the post, awhile he stood
In thoughtful mood with one eye turned
Up toward the window where, with feeble glare,
A candle burned;
Then with a serious face, and a grave mysterious
Shake of the head, Ezekiel said—
(His right eye once more thrown upon the beacon
That from the window shone), "I'll start the Deacon!"

7. Rap, rap, rap, rap, went Deacon Stoke's knocker.
But no one stirred; rap, rap, it went again;
"By George, it must be after ten, or
They must take an early hour for turning in,"
Rap, rap, rap—"My conscience, how they keep
A fellow waiting—patience, how they sleep!"
8. The Deacon then began to be alarmed,
And in amazement threw up the casement,
And with cap on head, of fiery red,
Demanded what the cause was of the riot,
That thus disturbed his quiet.
9. "Quite cool this evening, Deacon Stokes," replied
The voice below. "Well, sir, what is the matter?"
"Quite chilly, Deacon; how your teeth do chatter!"
"You vagabond, a pretty time you have chosen
To show your wit; for I am almost frozen;
Be off, or I will put the lash on!"
"Why bless you, Deacon, don't be in a passion!"
'Twas all in vain to speak again,
For with the Deacon's threat about the lash,
Down went the sash.
10. Rap, rap, rap, rap, the knocker went again,
And neither of them was a very light rap;
Thump, thump, against the door went Ezekiel's cane,
And that once more brought Deacon Stokes' night-cap.
11. "Very cold weather, Deacon Stokes, to-night!"
"Begone, you vile, insolent dog, or I'll
Give you a warming that shall serve you right;
You villain, it is time to end the hoax!"
"Why bless your soul and body, Deacon Stokes,
Don't be so cross when I've come here, in this severe
Night, which is cold enough to kill a horse,
For your advice upon a very difficult and nice
Question. Now, bless you, do make haste and dress you."
12. "Well, well, out with it, if it must be so;
Be quick about it; I'm very cold."
"Well, Deacon, I don't doubt it,
In a few words the matter can be told.

Deacon, the case is this: I want to know
If this cold weather lasts all summer here—
What time will green peas come along next year?

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

[CHAS. MACKAY'S VERSION.]

1. "A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
 " For a' that and a' that; "
But though the song be clear and strong
 It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
 Yet claim his wage and a' that,
Or beg, when he might earn his bread,
 Is *not* a man for a' that.
2. If all who dine on homely fare
 Were true and brave, and a' that,
And none whose garb is "hodden gray "
 Was fool or knave, and a' that,
The vice and crime that shame our time
 Would fade and fail and a' that,
And plowmen be as good as kings,
 And churls as earls for a' that.
3. You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
 Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks, because his strong right arm
 Might fell an ox and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
 As duke or lord, and a' that;
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
 And *not* a man for a' that.
4. A man may own a large estate,
 Have palace, park, and a' that
And not for birth, but honest worth,
 Be thrice a man for a' that;
And Donald herding on the muir,

Who beats his wife and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Nor half a man for a' that.

5. It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
The truth is old, and a' that—
“The rank *is* but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.”
And though you'd put the minted mark
On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.
6. For a' that, and a' that,
'Tis soul and heart and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that,
And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect in self-respect,
And acts the man for a' that.

“LEADVILLE JIM.”

W. W. FINK.

1. He came to town one winter day,
He had walked from Leadville all the way;
He went to work in a lumber yard,
And wrote a letter that ran: “Dear Pard,
Stick to the claim whatever you do,
And remember that Jim will see you through.”
For, to quote his partner, “they owned a lead
Mit der shplendidest brospekts, und notings to ead.”
2. When Sunday came he brushed his coat,
And tied a handkerchief round his throat,
Though his feet in hob-nailed shoes were shod
He ventured to enter the house of God.
When, sharply scanning his ill-clad feet,
The usher gave him the rearmost seat.

3. By chance the loveliest girl in town
Came late to the house of God that day.
And, scorning to make a vain display
Of her brand new, beautiful Sunday gown,
Beside the threadbare man sat down.
When the organ pealed she turned to Jim
And kindly offered her book to him,
Held half herself, and showed him the place,
And then with genuine Christian grace,
She sang soprano, and he sang bass,
While up in the choir the basso growled,
The tenor, soprano and alto howled,
And the banker's son looked back and scowled.
4. The preacher closed his sermon grand
With an invitation to "join the band."
Then quietly from his seat uprose
The miner, dressed in his threadbare clothes,
And over the carpeted floor walked down
The aisle of the richest church in town.
In spite of the general shudder and frown,
He joined the church and went his way;
But he did not know he had walked that day
O'er the sensitive corns of pride, rough-shod;
For the miner was thinking just then of God.
5. A little lonely it seemed to him
In the rearmost pew when Sunday came;
One deacon had dubbed him "Leadville Jim,"
But the rest had forgotten quite his name
And yet 'twas never more strange than true,
God sat with the man in the rearmost pew,
Strengthened his arm in the lumber-yard,
And away in the mountains helped his "Pard."
6. But after awhile a letter came
Which ran: "Dear Yim—I haf sell our claim,
Und I send you a jeck for half der same.
A million, I dought, was a pooty good brice,
Und my *heart* said to sell, so I took its advice—
You know what I mean if you lofe a fraulein;
Good-by. *I* am going to marry Katrine."

7. The hob-nailed shoes and rusty coat
Were laid aside, and another note
Came rippling out of the public throat.
The miner was now no longer "Jim,"
But the Deacons "Brothered" and "Mistered" him:
Took their buggies and showed him round.
And, more than the fact of his wealth, they found
Through the papers which told the wondrous tale
That the fellow had led his class at Yale.
8. Ah! the maidens admired his splendid shape,
Which the tailor had matched with careful tape;
But he married the loveliest girl in town,
The one who once by his side sat down,
When up in the choir the basso growled.
The tenor, soprano, and alto howled,
And the banker's son looked back and scowled.
—*N. Y. Independent.*
-

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

1. Oh, she was so utterly utter!
She couldn't eat plain bread and butter,
But a nibble she'd take
At a wafer of cake,
Or the wing of a quail for her supper;
Roast beef and plum pudding she'd sneer at,
A boiled leg of mutton she'd jeer at,
But the limb of a frog
Might her appetite jog.
Or some delicate bit that came near that.
2. The consequence was, she grew paler
And more wishy-washy, and frailer,
Ate less for her dinner,
Grew thinner and thinner,
Till I really think,
If you marked her with ink,
Put an envelope on her,
And stamped it upon her,

You could go to the office and mail her!
Her voice was so low and so thrilling,
Its cadence was perfectly killing;
And she talked with a lisp and a stutter,
For she was so utterly utter!

3. Oh, she was so very æsthetic!
Her face was quite long and pathetic;
The ends of her hair
Floated loose on the air,
And her eyes had a sadness prophetic;
The bangs she wore down on her forehead
Were straight and deliciously horrid;
And a sad-colored gown
Going straight up and down
She wore when the weather was torrid.

4. It was terribly hard to enthuse her,
But a bit of old china would fuse her;
And she'd glow like a coal or a candle,
At the mention of Bach or of Handel.
At pinks, and sweet-williams and roses,
She'd make the most retrousse noses.
But would swoon with delight
At a sunflower bright,
And use it in making her poses.
She moved with the sleepest motion,
As if not quite used to the notion;
And her manner was chill
As a waterfowl's bill
When he's fresh from a dip in the ocean!
It was quite the reverse of magnetic,
But oh, it was very æsthetic!

5. And if, with your old-fashioned notions,
You could wish that more cheerful emotion
More sunshine and grace,
Should appear in her face,
More gladness should speak in her motions—
If you heard with a homesick dejection
The changes in voice and inflection,
And sighed for smooth tresses

And the plain, simple dresses
 That used to command your affection,—
 Oh, hide your rash thoughts in your bosom!
 Or if you must speak out and use 'em,
 Then under your breath you must mutter;
 For she is too utterly utter!

DER SHTUBBORN MOOL.

1. Hans Bleimer shtood auf dot burning shkip
 Mit two hands on his mool;
 Der mool he shumped—Hans cracked his vip,
 Und called dot beasht a fool.
2. Of course, dot mool he vould not go,
 He vas schared so by dot fire.
 So Hans he hits dot mool a blow
 Dot raised his heels oop higher.
3. Und shtill dot shtubborn mool shtood by
 Mit two feets out before;
 His eye vas vild, his tall vas high;
 Vhile round der flames did roar.
4. Den Hans, he t'inks dot game's played out,—
 He'd try some oder plan
 To drive dot swveet mool off dot shkip,
 Und bring him safe by land.
5. T'inks Hans, if once I twist his tail
 So, tight like sausage band,
 Dod mool will quvick shump in der sea,
 Und safely shwvim by land.
6. De man in der moon shmiled to der east,
 De stars midt fun vinked oudt,
 De fishes filed dtheir teeth for a feast,
 Und Hans now vent his plans about.
7. Den Hans he takes kwvick off his coats,—
 His face vas schared und pale;
 Und midt six hundred vicked oaths
 He reached dot strong mool's tail.

8. Den Mr. Mool vas so oxprized
Midt Bleimer in his rear,
Dot anger shows all oudt his eyes,
Und fight vas in his ear.
 9. Six Shumpes ? six Kicks ! Oh, awful doom !
Hans Bleimer ! vhere vas he ?
Go shpeak by der man vot turns de moon,
De fishes by de sea !
 10. Vell, anyhow, poor Hans had shveet revenge;
So tight he held above vot hit him,
Dot vhen Hans left dis vicked world,
De besht bardt of dot tail vent midt him.
-

“LYNCH” FOR “LYNCH!”

ARTHUR MATTHISON.

1. I heard a wild story once, out in the West,
Of a trial where law was derided;
Where the jury were just the first men round about,
And “Lynch” was the Judge that presided.
2. The court was a rood of green turf, hot and dry,
For the fierce summer sun parch’d the valley;
Near the river a tree stood for gallows, if need,
For “Lynch Law” out there, didn’t dally !
3. A big *desperado*, part Spaniard, part “Yank,”
Was charged with a swift, cruel murder;
The betroth’d of the Mexican youth he had kill’d
Denounc’d him !—believ’d all who heard her !
4. For murder was there, redly writ on his face,
Yet he laughed (half in scorn, half in fury),
For the Judge was his *mate*, and what was to fear,
With ten of his friends on the jury !
5. A lithe, lovely creature, that young Creole girl,
Who, with fast, fiery words did arraign him;
All her love for her “Juan” transform’d into hate
For this “half-breed” who, ambushed, had slain him.

6. She told how this Spaniard had offer'd her love;
How, with terror and scorn, she had fled him;
How happy her days with her Juan, her own !
How that soon she had promis'd to wed him !
7. And she told shuddering cold, how "this coward" had crept
On her love, and—ere hand could restrain him—
How life he had taken, and "life he must yield !"
How the blood of her lover did stain him !
8. And her eyes they blaz'd up with a dangerous blaze,
As she told judge and jury her story;
His tawny cheek flushing, he, cursing, denied,
Though his knife, with the crime, was yet gory !
9. Then the jury consulted—she watched every face,
Look'd at him like a lynx before leaping;
Her wild eyes flashed fire, she grinds her white teeth,
Her hand to her girdle is creeping.
10. "The jury consulted !" All knew well enough
The verdict had long been decided;
"Not guilty," they said—false verdict—false court !
False to "*Lynch*," was the judge that presided !
11. For a moment her face droop'd between her brown hands,
Then a shiver of passion ran through her,
And she rose to her full height, a wonderful strength
Seem'd to come—whence who knoweth ?—unto her !
12. She cried—"That's the verdict ! Not guilty ! you say ?"
Her eyes with her soul's light were glist'ning;
Every tone of her voice broke full and distinct
On the clear summer air that seemed list'ning.
13. "I saw the blow struck at my love by this cur !
Too late saw the sharp blade descending;
'Twas a quick, savage blow, unwarded, undreamt,
His life from my love sudden rending !
14. "And is this all that you and your justice can do
To the thief who has stolen my treasure,
Who has robb'd me of life, for he's robb'd me of love—
Is this, of your law, the full measure ?"

15. "Not guilty's the verdict the jurymen give,"
Said the judge, "It's the law, I endorse it !
And the sentence now is, that the pris'ner goes free !
It's the *law* ; and I guess none can cross it !"
 16. With fire ever glowing, her eyes deeply burn'd,
Her hand to her girdle stole nearer ;
And as the judge utter'd his hard, cruel words,
Her duty unto her seem'd clearer.
 17. She clutches at something that girdle within—
"There's *my* law ! she cries. "There's *my* trying !"
A trigger's pull'd ! a flash ! a report !
See ! his life-blood the meadow is dyeing.
 18. The bullet went home, tore his foul heart in twain,
Amaz'd sat the judge on the bench there ;
The verdict revers'd, true justice was done ;
Judge and jury—that brave, loving heart there !
 19. And still with the same dangerous blaze in her eye—
The six barrell'd shooter yet holding—
She pass'd through the crowd, and no man oppos'd—
Judge and jury, all silent, beholding.
-

OUR AIN COUNTRIE.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

On an afternoon in December little Walter Graham lay pillowed in mamma's lap, his life ebbing fast away. The malignant croup, that dread disease that cuts short so many little ones and is the terror of all loving mothers, held Wallie fast and tightened its cruel fingers upon Wallie's throat until mamma almost prayed death to claim her darling, that he might be freed from pain.

Only a short time since the little feet, encased in his first boots, had made noisy but sweet music to mamma's ear, the firm, red cheeks glowed with health, but in a few hours the summons had come for Wallie, the pride and hope of the Graham household.

After a terrible effort to breathe easier he gasped, "Sing, please, mamma."

Now mamma knew just what her boy wanted to hear, as no old Christian Scot loved the hymn "My Ain Countrie" more than her boy, but how could the sore-stricken mother sing when she wanted to weep? She began in a queer, shaky voice:

"I'm far frae my hame an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the lang'd for hame bringing, an' my father's welcome smiles,
I'll n'er be fu' content—"

Here a sob smothered the melody, for she knew Wallie was not far "frae his ain countrie." Papa took up the words:

"I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day the King
To His ain royal palace his banished hame will bring—"

But he, too, broke down, and Aunt Esther softly sang:

"His bluid hath made me white an' His hand shall dry my een
When He brings me hame at last to my ain countrie."

Wallie's breathing was now easier, his head dropped lower, his pulse fluttered feebly; he tried to smile even in his pain.

Then the aged minister, who had known mamma in her girl days, sang in his high, tremulous voice:

"Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain noo be gangin' unto my Savior's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom even witless lambs like me,
An' He carries them Himself to His ain countrie."

Wallie's head sank lower; he lay still, so very still, and then we knew he had gone to his ain countrie.

THE MISER'S DEATH.

OSBORNE.

In France, during the year 1762, a miser by the name of Foscue, having amassed enormous wealth by extortion and parsimony, was requested by the government to advance a sum of money as a loan. The miser refused, pretending that he was poor. In order to hide his money, he dug a deep cellar under his hut, the descent to which was by a ladder.

To the trap-door above he attached a spring lock. He entered one day to gloat over his gold; the trap-door fell, the spring-lock snapped, and he died miserably.

1. So, so! all safe! Come forth my pretty sparklers!
Come forth, and feast my eyes! Be not afraid!
No keen-eyed agent of the government
Can see you here. They wanted me, forsooth,
To lend you, at the lawful rate of usance,
For the State's needs. Ha! ha! my shining pets,
My yellow darlings, my sweet golden circlets!
Too well I loved you to do that; and so
I pleaded poverty, and none could prove
My story was not true.
2. Ha! could they see
These bags of ducats, and that precious pile
Of ingots, and those bars of solid gold,
Their eyes, methinks, would water. What a comfort-
Is it to see my money in a heap
All safely lodged under my very roof!
Here's a fat bag—let me untie the mouth of it.
What eloquence! What beauty! What expression!
Could Cicero so plead? Could Helen look
One-half so charming? (*The trap-door falls.*)
3. Ah! what sound was that?
The trap-door fallen? and the spring-lock caught?
Well, have I not the key? Of course I have!
'Tis in this pocket. No. In this? No. Then
I left it at the bottom of the ladder.
Ha! 'tis not there. Where, then? Ah! mercy, Heaven!
'Tis in the lock outside! What's to be done?
4. Help! help! Will no one hear? Oh, would that I
Had not discharged old Simon! but he begged
Each week for wages—would not give me credit.
I'll try my strength upon the door. Despair!
I might as soon uproot the eternal rocks
As force it open. Am I here a prisoner,
And no one in the house—no one at hand,

Or likely soon to be, to hear my cries?
 Am I entombed alive? Horrible fate!
 I sink—I faint beneath the bare conception! (*Swoons.*)

5. (*Awakes.*) Darkness! Where am I? I remember now:
 This is a bag of ducats—'tis no dream—
 No dream! The trap-door fell, and here am I,
 Immured with my dear gold—my candle out—
 All gloom—all silence—all despair! What, ho!
 Friends! Friends? I have no friends. What right have I
 To use the name? These money bags have been
 The only friends I've cared for, and for these
 I've toiled, and pinched, and screwed, shutting my heart
 To charity, humanity, and love!
6. Detested traitors! since I gave you all—
 Ay, gave my very soul—can ye do naught
 For me in this extremity? Ho! without there!
 A thousand ducats for a loaf of bread!
 Ten thousand ducats for a glass of water!
 A pile of ingots for a helping hand!
 Was that a laugh? Ay, 'twas a fiend that laughed
 To see a miser in the grip of death!
7. Offended Heaven, have mercy! I will give
 In alms all this vile rubbish; aid me thou
 In this most dreadful strait! I'll build a church—
 A hospital! Vain, vain! Too late, too late!
 Heaven knows the miser's heart too well to trust him!
 Heaven will not hear—why should it? What have I
 Done to enlist Heaven's favor? to help on
 Heaven's cause on earth, in human hearts and homes?
 Nothing! God's kingdom will not come the sooner
 For any work or any prayer of mine.
8. But must I die here—in my own trap caught?
 Die—die? and then! Oh, mercy! grant me time—
 Thou who canst save—grant me a little time,
 And I'll redeem the past—undo the evil
 That I have done—make thousands happy with
 This hoarded treasure—do thy will on earth
 As it is done in heaven—grant me but time!
 Nor man nor God will hear my shrieks! All's lost!

HATE OF THE BOWL.

ANONYMOUS.

1. Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne ;
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn ;
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the tear.
2. Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall ;
Hope's faded flowers strewn all the way
That led me up to woman's day.
3. Go, kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay :
Be cast, with bitter tears, aside,
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.
4. Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold the livid brow ;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirror'd, his soul's misery.
5. Go, hear what I have heard,
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling font hath stirr'd,
And its revealing there,
Have told him what he might have been
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.
6. Go, to thy mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer,
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear :
Mark her dimm'd eye, her furrow'd brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,

Her toil-worn frame, her trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth ;

7. But who, foresworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing, a Drunkard's Wife !
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, a Drunkard's Child !
 8. Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known ;
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its brightness can atone.
Think if its flavor you will try,
If all proclaimed — " 'Tis drink and die ! "
 9. Tell me I hate the bowl ?
Hate is a feeble word —
I loathe, abhor — my very soul
With strong disgust is stirr'd
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of that dark beverage of hell.
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THE HARVEST OF RUM.

PAUL DENTON.

1. Streaming down the ages, blighting the rosebuds, shriveling the grasses, scorching the heart and blistering the soul, has come a lurid tongue of flame which, heated by the madness of hell, has hissed out the terrors of death and dropped over the earth a sea of unutterable woe. In the darkness of midnight it has gathered intensity of brightness, and glared about the hearthstones, wet with the weeping of wives, mothers and children, and bronzed the beauty of earth with the horrid cast of hell. Twisting around the altar of the church, it has wreathed the sweetest flowers that ever attempted to bloom for the adornment of

heaven, and has fed death from the very waters of life ; at the very door of heaven itself it has glowed with appalling madness and been almost an impassable wall of flame between misery and bliss.

2. Dripping burning drops of agony into the tenderest depths of writhing souls, they have wailed and wept and hissed unutterable despair, and pleaded with God to blot them from existence forever. This blighting, glowing, burning, damning curse of the world is the demon Intemperance. Language has never been made that can depict it in all its hideousness. Look on that stack of skeletons that rears its ghastly form—an insult to God—high in the clouds, and shapes the whistling winds into an utterance of withering denunciation of the fiery monster that gnawed and scalded and burned and tore the mangled, bleeding flesh from those bones and tossed them into that revolting pile !

3. Come, ye writhing, pleading, suffering souls that were robbed of heaven by this sparkling tempter, and cast the black shadow of your wretchedness upon the faces of the living ! Oh, graves, give up your bloated, festering millions, and stretch them, in all their rum-scorched ghastliness, over the plains and mountain-tops ! Come forth, ye torn, haggard and bleeding souls, from the time of Noah until to-night ! Hold up your bony, withered skeleton hands, ye countless millions of starved and starving women and children.

4. Come, all the floods of agonizing tears that scorched as the lurid fires of hell where'er they touched, and boil, and blubber, and foam, and hiss in one vast steaming, seething ocean ! Come, death, and hell, and agony, with your harvest, garnered from the still and the brewery, and let us mass them in one black, horrifying portraiture of the damned. And let it tell to the shuddering, trembling souls what language never can.

THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Our cause is a progressive one. I have read the first constitution of the first temperance society formed in the State of New York in 1809, and one of the by-laws stated : “Any member of this association who shall be convicted of intoxication shall be fined a quarter of a dollar, except such act of intoxication shall take place on the fourth of July, or any other regularly appointed military muster.” We laugh at that now ;

but it was a serious matter in those days ; it was in advance of the public sentiment of the age. The very men who adopted that principle were persecuted ; they were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated.

The fire of persecution scorched some men so that they left the work. Others worked on, and God blessed them. Some are living to-day ; and I should like to stand where they stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf — prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone. They laid it amid persecution and storm. They worked under the surface, and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundations far down beneath.

By and by they got the foundation above the surface, and then began another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with “Love, truth, sympathy, and good-will to men.” Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed ; but they see in faith the crowning copestone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty ; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers.

We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet—because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building ; but by and by, when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battlefields waving with bright grain never again to be crushed in the distillery—through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind—when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase—when they shall come up to the last distillery and destroy it ; to the last stream of liquid death, and dry it up ; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away ; to the last child, and lift him up to stand where God meant that child and man should stand ; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst the burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains—then, ah ! then will the copestone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will stand in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world. Loud shouts of rejoicing shall then be heard, and there will be joy in heaven, when the triumphs of a great enterprise usher in the day of the triumphs of the cross of Christ.

SCENE FROM LADY OF THE LAKE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
 "Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate.—
 My clansman's blood demands revenge!—
 Not yet prepared?—By Heaven, I change
 My thought, and hold thy valor light,
 As that of some vain carpet knight,
 Who ill-deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair!"

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, begone!—
 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud chief! can courtesy be shown.
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast;
 But fear not--doubt not--which thou wilt,
 We try this quarrel, hilt to hilt."

Then each at once, his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
 Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
 As what they ne'er might see again;
 Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.
 Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
 That on the field his targe he threw,
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dashed aside;
 For, trained abroad his arms to wield,

Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield:
He practiced every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard,
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon sword drank blood.

Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wint'ry rain,
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

"Now yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung,
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.

Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain;—down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!

But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye;
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

RICHARD E. WHITE.

1. In my walks through the city I frequently stop
To examine the wares in the pawnbroker's shop,
For each article here has a story to tell
Unto all who interpret its voicelessness well.
These were emblems of friendship and truth long ago,
But their presence here sorrow and misery show,
For they tell of estrangements and fond ones grown cold—
Once the pledges of love, now the pledges of gold.
2. Let us enter awhile; lady fair, do not fear;
The great ones of earth in their time have been here;
Here have come youth and maid, and the old and the gray;
Here the peer and the pauper have elbowed their way;
The exchequers of kings from such shops have been drawn,
And the jewels of queens have been given in pawn.
Then enter, and if for a while you will stop,
I will tell of the wares of the pawnbroker's shop.
3. Here's a little gold cross; 'twas a tremulous hand
Placed it round her boy's neck ere he left the old land.
Though that good mother prayed 'twould a talisman be
To the youth in his new home beyond the great sea.
Though he clung to it fondly for many a year,
For a dollar or two he at last sold it here;
Yet the treasures of earth were the veriest dross
When compared to the value he placed on this cross.

4. Here's a locket of hair, once a bright sunny curl,
It was shorn from her locks by a beautiful girl,
And she gave it to him whom as life she held dear,
While he whispered a tale of fond love in her ear;
Her life's blood that girl would have given to prove
The strength, and devotion, and depth of her love.
Was love true to the last, till the warm heart grew cold,
Or like this, its dear gift, was it bartered for gold?
5. Here's a gold wedding-ring; many years must have gone
Since two knelt in the church, and with this were made one.
O, who would not envy the bride in that hour,
With everything earth could bestow for a dower!
As the groom on her fair finger placed this gold ring,
Ah, little he thought time such changes could bring
As that here she should come, youth and beauty all fled,
And her wedding-ring pawn to get money for bread.
6. But enough I have sung, and though sad be my lay,
Yet a much sadder theme you may find any day,
When poverty made them these love-tokens sell;
What matter if honor were not sold as well!
If you go through the town you will daily behold
Both manhood and maidenhood bartered for gold,
And these, till time's ending, forever will stop
Unredeemed, if once brought to the pawnbroker's shop.

A PLEA FOR IRELAND.

PHILLIPS.

1. Come and see this unhappy people—see the Irishman, the only alien in Ireland, in rags and wretchedness, staining the sweetest scenery ever eye reposed on, persecuted by the extorting middleman of some absentee landlord, plundered by the law-proctor of some rapacious and unsympathizing incumbent, bearing through life but insults and injustice, and bereaved even of any hope in death by the heart-rending reflection that he leaves his children to bear, like their father, an abominable bondage.

2. Is it the fact? Let any one who doubts it walk out into your streets, and see the consequences of such a system; see it rearing up crowds in a kind of apprenticeship to the prison, absolutely permitted by their parents, from utter despair, to lisp the alphabet and learn the rudiments of profligacy. For my part, never did I meet one of these youthful assemblages, without feeling within me a melancholy emotion.

3. How often have I thought, within that little circle of neglected triflers who seem to have been born in caprice and bred in orphanage, there may exist some mind formed of the finest mold, and wrought for immortality; a soul swelling with the energies, and stamped with the patent of the Deity, which, under proper culture, might perhaps bless, adorn, immortalize, or ennoble empires; some Cincinnatus, in whose breast the destinies of a nation may lie dormant; some Milton, "pregnant with celestial fire; some Curran, who, when thrones were crumbled and dynasties forgotten, might stand the landmark of his country's genius, rearing himself amid regal ruins and national dissolution, a mental pyramid in the solitude of time, beneath whose shade things might molder, and round whose summit eternity must play. Even in such a circle, the young Demosthenes might have once been found; and Homer, the disgrace and glory of his age, have sung neglected.

4. Have not other nations witnessed those things, and who shall say that nature has peculiarly degraded the intellect of Ireland? Oh, my countrymen, let us hope that under better auspices and sounder policies, the ignorance that thinks so, may meet its refutation. Let us turn from the blight and ruin of this wintry day to the fond anticipation of a happier period, when our prostrate land shall stand erect among the nations, fearless and unfettered; her brow blooming with the wreath of science, and her path strewn with the offerings of art; the breath of heaven blessing her flag, the extremities of earth acknowledging her name, her fields waving with the fruits of agriculture, her ports alive with the contributions of commerce, and her temples vocal with unrestrained piety.

5. Such is the ambition of the true patriot; such are the views, for which we are calumniated! Oh, divine ambition! Oh, delightful calumny! Happy he who shall see thee accomplished! Happy he who through every peril, toils for thy attainment! Proceed, friend of Ireland and partaker of her wrongs, proceed undaunted to this glorious consummation.

6. Fortune will not gild, power will not ennoble thee; but thou shalt be rich in the love, and titled by the blessings of thy country; thy path shall be illumined by the public eye; thy labors enlightened by the

public gratitude; and oh, remember—amid the impediments, with which corruption will oppose, and the dejection, with which disappointments may depress you—remember you are acquiring a name to be cherished by the future generations of earth, long after it has been enrolled among the inheritors of heaven.

KIT CARSON'S WIFE.

1. On winter eve, when cabins are bright
With the crimson flash of the log-fire's light,
And the soft snow sleeps on the prairie's breast,
They gather—the frontier scouts of the West—
And, speaking sometimes with bated breath
Of wars of the border, and deeds of death,
They crown their stories of reckless strife
With the famous ride of Kit Carson's wife.
1. For into a Sioux village one day,
From Dixon, a hundred miles away,
A horseman reached the chieftain's tent,
Dismounted, staggered and gasped: "I'm sent
With sorrowful news from the pale-face town.
Kit Carson, the scout, is stricken down,
And before he bids farewell to life
He would see the face of his Indian wife."
3. She heard that story—the chieftain's child—
Her bronze face whitened, her glance grew wild;
She grasped her deer-skin cloak and felt
The pistols were safe in her wampum belt;
She uttered only a smothered moan,
And the scout and the chieftain stood alone.
4. Her pony snorted; she grasped his mane,
And the fleetest mustang that pressed the plain,
Turning away from the sunset light,
Sped like an arrow into the night,
And the flanks threw backward a glistening foam,
As she headed her horse to her husband's home.

5. Oh, sing not to me of Lochinvar,
Or of reckless rides in glorious war
But, oh! if ever, perchance, you hear
Of Sheridan, Graves or Paul Revere—
Of all that galloped to deathless life,
Just speak the name of Kit Carson's wife.
6. The stars leaped out in the boundless sky,
And the girl looked up as the moon flashed by—
The terrified moon, in a terrible race,
Keeping time to her pony's pace!
She heard the hoot of the lonely owl,
And afar, from the forest, a dismal howl
Louder and louder, piercing the air,
Till her throbbing heart moaned a pitiful prayer,
For, grasping her pistol and looking back,
The Indian girl saw wolves on her track.
7. The foremost fell with a shot in his heart,
And his comrades tearing him part from part,
While the horse flashed faster over the plain,
With the girl's dark face in his tangled mane,
Over the trackless prairies, away
Gallop into the new-born day.
8. The first faint rays of the day-break dim,
Showed her upon the horizon's rim
An armed band of her people's foes,
Riding as fast as the north wind blows,
With the flash of the sun on the leader's plume,
A signal that sealed the maiden's doom.
9. But the daring blood of a noble race,
Like flames in a gloomy forest place,
Flushed redly into her Indian face,
And she caught the tomahawk at her side,
A toy in the blood of berries dyed—
Swung it aloft, and, with panting breath
Gallop full in the front of death.
10. Over each mustang every foe
Swerved like lightning, bending low;
Thro' the band, that parted to right and left,

A clear wide path the maiden cleft,
And an instant more she had passed them by,
And was riding alone into the eastern sky.

11. The terrified braves looked back on her there,
While the sunlight's glory over her hair
Shone like a halo, wonderful, grand!
Had she fled from the far-off spirit-land?
Had she brought them blessings, or a blight?
They shuddered and broke into sudden flight.
12. Into the streets of a cabin town—
Into the village riding down,
With fevered brain, and with glazing eyes,
And breath that fluttered with gasping sighs,
Still she urged on the faltering steed,
That had served her well in her hour of need.
And the pony leaped as it felt the rein,
Galloped, staggered, and reeled again,
And just as it reached Kit Carson's door,
With work well done, and with anguish o'er,
Fell to the earth and stirred no more!
13. An hour later the great scout died,
His faithful Indian wife at his side.
She only lingered a little while,
And followed him then with a happy smile.
Together they sleep in the self-same grave,
Where wildly the winds of winter rave,
And in summer the prairie flowers wave!

COMPENSATION.

1. You think I'm nervous, stranger? Well, I am!
If 'twa'n't for making silly people talk,
I'd rather get right off this pokish train and walk
From here to where I'm going — Amsterdam.
2. That's where I live, you see. As for Lacrosse —
(Excuse me, neighbor, I must talk or bust) —

Since I've been there it's three years certain, just ;
And now to laugh or cry is just a toss.

3. "Married !" Why, yes, that's where it is, you see :
I've telegraphed her I was strong and well,
And coming to her ; but I didn't tell
That I was rich. I thought I'd let that be.
4. It's too good luck, that is, to last, you know,
And, strange, if it wasn't kind of rash,
I'd bet my bottom dollar that we smash
Before — but pshaw ! excuse me, I'll go slow.
5. You see, when we were married, Sue and I,
• I was a good mechanic, and not poor
Until I struck it, as I reckoned, sure,
In an invention I was working sly.
6. All I could make went into that concern ;
And people called me crazy for it, too,
And said I'd better stick to what I knew ;
But folks will talk, and have to live and learn.
7. In all this world I had but one friend then,
But she stood by me nobly, through and through,
And said 'twould come out right at last, she knew —
One woman staunch is worth a dozen men !
8. 'Twas tough sometimes, though, when a loaf of bread
Stood on the table — all the meal we had —
I should have gone, alone, quite to the bad ;
But, through it all, my Susan kept her head.
9. 'Twas her advice that sent me off at last —
She said she'd work her fingers to the bone,
And live for twenty mortal years alone,
Rather than give it up — thank God, that's past !
10. A hundred thousand and a royalty
Is what I've got for going far away ;
She cheered me by her letters every day.
A million could not pay such loyalty.
11. She knows I'm coming ; but she doesn't know
That I am rich ; and she will be there, too,

Dressed in her best—her best, my poor, dear Sue!
I'll bet a hundred 'twill be calico!

12. "I'll dress her now!" You bet it!—but go slow,
This luck's a heap too good to last, I fear;
I shan't believe it till I'm fairly there:
The train may smash up, easy, yet, you know.
13. The only reason if it don't, will be
That I'm so strongly thinking that it will.
I'm nervous, say you? Just a little, still
The luck is none too good for Sue, you see.
14. Hello! we're here—there's Sue, by all that's grand;
Stranger, excuse me, sir, but would you mind
To go ahead and tell her I'm behind?
I'm choking; see my eyes—you understand?

THE BOYS.

ETHEL LYNN.

1. "The boys are coming home to-morrow!"
Thus our rural hostess said;
Whilst Lou and I shot flitting glances,
Full of vague, unspoken dread.
2. Had we hither come for quiet,
Hither fled the city's noise,
But to change it for the tumult
Of those horrid country boys?
3. Waking one with wild hallooing
Early every summer day;
Shooting robins, tossing kittens,
Frightening the wrens away;
4. Stumbling over trailing flounces,
Thumbing volumes gold and blue;
Clamoring for sugared dainties,
Tracking earth the passage through.

5. These and other kindred trials
Fancied we with woeful sigh ;
"Those boys, those horrid boys, to-morrow !"
Sadly whispered Lou and I.
* * * * *
6. I wrote those lines one happy summer ;
To-day I smile to read them o'er,
Remembering how full of terror
We watched all day the opening door.
7. They came — "the boys !" Six feet in stature,
Graceful, easy, polished men ;
I vowed to Lou, behind my knitting,
To trust no mother's words again.
8. For boyhood is a thing immortal
To every mother's heart and eye ;
And sons are boys to her forever,
Change as they may, to you and I.
9. To her, no line comes sharply marking
Whither or when their childhood went ;
Nor when the eyeglass, upward turning,
Levelled at last their downward bent.
10. Now, by the window, still and sunny,
Warmed by the rich October glow,
The dear old lady waits and watches,
Just as she waited years ago.
11. For Lou and I are now her daughters —
We married "those two country boys,"
In spite of all our sad forebodings
About their awkward ways and noise.
12. Lou springs up to meet a footfall,
I list no more for coming feet :
Mother and I are waiting longer
For steps on Beulah's golden street.
13. But when she blesses Lou's beloved,
And seals it with a tender kiss,
I know that loving words go upward,
Words to another world than this.

14. Alway she speaks in gentle fashion
About "my boys" — she always will :
Though one is gray, and one has vanished
Beyond the touch of time or ill.
-

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Hurra! hurra! for the Christmas-tree,
May it flourish for aye in its greenery.
When the winter comes with its whitening snow,
How proudly the Christmas-tree doth grow!
It spreadeth its boughs so broad and so fair,
And jolly and gay are the fruits they bear.
Then hurra! hurra! for the Christmas-tree;
Hurra! hurra! for its mirth and glee;
When forests of oak have passed from the land,
The jolly old Christmas-tree shall stand.

There are wonderful plants far over the sea,
But what are they all to the Christmas-tree?
Does the oak bear candies, the palm tree skates?
But sugar-plums, trumpets, doll-babies, slates,
Picture-books, elephants, soldiers, cows,
All grow at once on the Christmas-tree boughs.
Then hurra! hurra! for the Christmas-tree;
Hurra! hurra! for its mirth and glee;
When forests of oak have passed from the land,
The jolly old Christmas-tree shall stand.

Oh, many the homes it hath happy made,
When the little ones under its leaves have played;
Oh, sweet are the pleasures around it that spring,
And dear are the thoughts of the past they bring.
Then long may it flourish, and green may it be,
The merry, mighty old Christmas-tree.
Hurra! hurra! for the Christmas-tree;
Long shall it flourish, green shall it be;
When forests have passed away from the land,
The jolly old Christmas-tree shall stand.

—*Philadelphia Post.*

MY MOTHER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. The feast was o'er. Now brimming wine
In lordly cup was seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence filled the crowded hall
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.
2. Then up arose the noble host,
And, smiling, cried: "A toast! A toast!
To all our ladies fair;
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Santon's proud and beauteous dame,
The Lady Gundamere."
3. Quick to his feet each gallant sprang,
And joyous was the shout that rang,
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry
Till Stanley's voice was heard.
4. "Enough, enough," he smiling, said,
And lowly bent his haughty head;
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true."
5. Then, one by one, each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And, each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace and beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.
6. 'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those countless eyes;
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in lady's bower and hall,
The flower of chivalry.

7. St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And held the sparkling cup on high:
 "I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart
 Deep graven on this grateful heart,
 Till memory be dead.
8. "To one whose love for me shall last
 When lighter passions long have past,
 So deep it is and pure;
 Whose love hath longer dwelt, I ween,
 Than any yet that pledged have been
 By these brave knights before."
9. Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword
 With fiery-flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
 Whose love you count so high."
10. St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
 Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
 And gently said, "My mother."

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

Upon the ocean's briny shore I stood,
And wrote with fragile reed
Upon the sand:
 "Agnes, I love thee!"
The waves rolled in and washed
Away the fair impression.
Cruel wave! frail reed: "treacherous sand,"
I'll trust thee no more,
But with giant hand I'll pluck
From Norway's frozen shore

Her tallest pine, and dip its top
 In the crater of Vesuvius,
 And upon the high and burnished heavens
 I'll write—

“Agnes, I love thee!”

And I would like to see any
 Confounded wave wash that out.

—“*Encore.*”

SOCKERY KADACUT'S KAT.

1. Oh! I had de vorsht dime lashd veek dot you effer saw. Katrina (dot vas mine frau) vent away to make a leeddle bic-nic, und as I vas been hafin' de shake und agers, und didn't feel pooty goot, I shtayed to home.

2. Vell, as I vas valkin' arount de parn yart, I saw dot same olt plue hen coom out from unter der parn, sayin': "Kut, kut, ka-dah-kut, kut, kut, ka-dah-kut," und I tought to myself, meppy dere vas a nest of aigs unter dere; so I pull oud half a tozzen more shdones, und mait a hole so pig as I can crawl unter, und den as I vas crawlin' arount unter a-lookin' for some nest mit aigs, all at vonce I shpied de pootiest leeddle kat vat I effer seen; he vas all plack, mit vite shtripes, und vas shnug-gled ub in a leeddle pall fasht ashleeb.

3. Vell, ve vas been wantin' a kat, because dere vas so many mouses in de house, und I tought if I kin git dot von I'll make Katrina a leeddle surbrise barty; so I krawl along so shdill as nefer vas, till I got ub close to him, den I mait a grab und I ketched him by de neck so dot he don't kin pite me; but ach, mine gootness, vat shmell, it vas vorse as a hundredt parrels of limburgher! *I tought I had stepped on someding dot vas deat*; I vas most shoke mit dot schmell; but I held dot leeddle kat up close to me und klimb oud so kwick as I can.

4. Ven I got oud in de parn yart, dere vas pig Chake Moser goin' py, und ven he seen me, he sait, "Sockery, you olt Deutch fool, vot are you doin' mit dot shkunk?" "Shkunk!" I sait, "I tought dot vas a leeddle kat," und I drop him so quick like he vas hot.

5. Vell, Chake he laf like he vould kill himself, und I ask him vat I kin do to get me off dot shmell. He said dot de only ding vas to be perried in de ground till de earth absorp the shmell, und he sait he vould tig de hole und fix me in, if I vish; vell, I dink dot is very goot

of Chake, und I tought if I can get me dot shmell off before Katrina cooms home, I von't say any ding about dot leeddle kat to any poty.

6. So Chake dig de hole, unt I sit down in it unt vas perried up to neck ; den Chake sait he vas in a hurry, und he must go to de willage, und he vent away. Booty soon kwick a fly lite on my face, und I koodn't prush him off, cos my arms vas perried doo, und booty soon more as a hundret flies und effery ding vas krawl all ofer my het, und I shpit und plow und vink my face dill I dink I vas gone crazy.

7. Bimepy I heart a noise down the roat, und looked, und dere vas apoud efery man, vooman und shildren in de willage, mit shpades, mit bic-axes, mit shuffles, mit eferydings, und all runnin' rite ub de hill to my house ; in a minnit more as dwenty vas in der yart, und ven dey see me perried to de chin, und vinkin', und shpitten at dem flies, dere eyes shtuck oud more as a half a feet, und Dick Klaus sait, "*Vot vos you doin' dere, Sockery ?*"

8. Vell, I see dot dere vas no use drying to keep dot shtill, so I told 'em all about dot leeddle kat, und, my chimminy cracious ! you kood hear dem fellows laff more as a mile.

9. You see dot fool of a Chake Moser run und told dem in de willage dot dere vas a man perried alive up to Kadacut's, so of course efery pody coom to git him oud.

10. Vell, dey tig me oud, und I trow away dem clothes, und vash, und vash, but ven Katrina coom ad nide, I shmell so dot she mait me sleeb in de parn for a whole veek.

11. I tink I shall moof away ; eferypody wants to know if I want to py a kat, und I don'd kan shtand dis much longer yet.

"DON'T BE 'TAZIN' ME."

WADE WHIPPLE.

1. "I'm after axin', Biddy dear,"
 And then he stopped awhile
 To fringe his words the merest mite
 With something of a smile —
 A smile that found its image
 In a face of beauteous mould,
 Whose liquid eyes were peeping
 From a broidery of gold.

2. "I've come to ax ye, Biddy, dear,
If" — then he stopped again,
As if his heart had bubbled o'er
And overflowed his brain ;
His lips were twitching nervously
O'er what they had to tell,
And timed their quavers with the eyes
That gently rose and fell.
3. "I've come" — and then he took her hands
And held them in his own —
"To ax" — and then he watched the buds
That on her cheeks had blown —
"Me purty dear" — and then he heard
The throbbing of her heart,
That told how love had entered in
And claimed its every part.
4. "Och ! don't be tazin' me," said she,
With just the faintest sigh.
"I'm far from blind ; I see you've come,
But fhat's the reason why ?"
"To ax" — and once again the tongue
Forbade its sweets to tell —
"To ax — if Mrs. Mulligan
Has any pigs to sell ?"
-

AN EVANGEL.

1. The Lord alone with Peter walked one day
Where bright Genesareth in sunshine lay ;
At that hour, when the sun had fiercest glare,
They reached a cottage as they wandered, where,
Before a doorway, ruinous and low,
A fisher's widow sat, in garb of woe,
Full of sad thoughts. Yet she forebore to weep,
That she might spin her task and rock her babe to sleep.

2. Not far away the Lord and Peter stood,
Half hidden by a fig-tree in a wood.
As they looked on unseen, along the road
Came an old beggar staggering with a load,
An earthen jar poised on his trembling head ;
He paused before the widow, and he said :
“ Woman, this milk has to be carried still
A half-mile further over yonder hill ;
But, as you see, exhausted by the heat,
I cannot get it to the village street ;
And if I find no help, I lose to-day
The penny I was promised as my pay.”
3. The widow rose. She neither spoke nor smiled,
But dropped her distaff, ceased to lull her child,
Raised the tall pitcher slowly on her head,
Waved the man on, and followed in his tread.
4. Then eager Peter spoke : “ Master,” he said,
“ ’Tis right to succor those who need our aid ;
But is this woman doing right to fly
From house and child to help a passer-by ?
Doubtless the man need not have travelled far
To find some idler who would bear his jar.”
5. Then the Lord looked on Peter : “ Be thou sure,
Whene’er a poor man helps a man more poor,
My Father’s care o’er his own home is thrown ;
She hath done well in that which she has done.”
6. As thus the Lord his servant’s zeal restrained,
He took the mother’s place, and even deigned
The distaff with His hands divine to ply,
And rocked the restless babe, and sang its lullaby.
7. Then rising when it slept, He waved His hand,
And Peter followed at his mute command.
When the poor woman reached her cabin bare —
A home made rich by God’s protecting care —
She found — but never knew by whom ’twas done —
That her baby slept, and that her flax was spun.

— *From the French of François Coppee.*

HOW A FRENCHMAN ENTERTAINED JOHN BULL.

1. In years bygone, before the famous Rockaway Pavilion was built, the Half-Way House, at Jamaica, Long Island, used to be filled with travelers to the sea-shore, who put up there, and visited the beach, either in their own or in hired vehicles, during the day. One warm summer evening, when the house was unusually crowded, an Englishman rode up in a gig and asked for accommodation for the night. The landlord replied that all his rooms were taken, and all his beds, except one, which was in a suite of rooms occupied by a French gentleman. "If you and Monsieur can agree to room together," said the landlord, "there is an excellent vacant bed there."

2. The traveler replied, "No, I cannot sleep in the same room with any d— Frenchman," and off he rode with all the grum looks of a real John Bull.

3. In about half an hour, however, he came back, saying that, as he could find no other lodgings, he believed he would have to accept the Frenchman as a room-mate. Meantime his first ill-natured remark had somehow reached the French gentleman's ears, and he resolved to pay off Johnny in his own coin.

4. On being shown to the apartment, the Englishman stalked in, in his accustomed haughty manner, while the Frenchman, as is usual with his nation, rose and received him with smiles and bows—in short, he was more precisely polite than usual—sarcastically, so, a keen observer would have thought. Not a word passed between the two, but soon the Englishman gave a pull at the bell-cord. The Frenchman quietly rose from his seat and gave the string two pulls. On the appearance of the waiter, Bull said: "Waiter, I want supper: order me a beefsteak, and a cup of tea."

5. The Frenchman instantly said: "Vataire, ordaire two cup tea, and two bifsteak; I want two suppaire!"

6. Bull started and looked grum, but said nothing. The Frenchman elevated his eyebrows and took a huge pinch of snuff. When supper was ready, the two sat down and ate for a while in silence, when the Englishman said:

7. "Waiter, bring me a bottle of Burgundy."

The waiter started on his errand, but before reaching the door, the Frenchman called to him: "Vataire, come back here! you bring me two bottle Burgundy."

8. Bull knit his brows: Monsieur elevated his, shrugged his shoulders, and took another pinch of snuff. The wine was brought, and while quaffing it the Englishman said:

"Waiter, bring me an apple tart, and a what d'y'e call it, there—a Charlotte-de-Russe."

Monsieur then called to the waiter; "Bring me two of de apple tart, and two vat de diable you call him—Sh-Sh Sharlie-de-Ross."

9. Bull's patience was now exhausted, and before the last order could be executed, he started from his seat and rang the bell. The Frenchman went to the string and gave it two violent pulls. The waiter (who was almost convulsed with laughter) came hurrying back, when Bull roared out:

10. "Waiter, never mind the Charlotte-de-Russe; bring me up a bootjack and a pair of slippers."

The Frenchman responded—"Vataire, you no mind to bring two of de Sharlie-de-Ross, but yo bring two slippaire, and two shack-boot."

11. Before there was time to bring these articles, Bull had thoroughly lost his temper, and when the waiter appeared with them, he thundered out:

"Waiter, bring me a candle; and if you have no room in the house with a bed in it besides this, show me a settee, or a lounge, or a couple of chairs, or, in short, any place where I can rest in peace by myself."

12. Monsieur instantly called out: "Stop, vataire: you sall bring me two candle, and if you have no room with two bed in him, you sall bring me two lounge, two settee, and two chair! by gar, I vill rest in two pieces!"

Bull could stand it no longer. He kicked the bootjack out of the way and made a rush for the door, banged his head in an attempt to open it, ran against the waiter at the head of the stairs, when both tumbled to the bottom, darted into the bar-room, paid his bill, and ordered up his horse and gig, swearing he would never sleep in the house with a mad Frenchman.

THE SOUTH DURING THE REVOLUTION.

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE.

1. If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President,—and I say it not in a boastful spirit,—that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina.

2. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you, in your

prosperity; but, in your adversity, she has clung to you, with more than filial affection.

3. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs; though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded with difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound;—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren; and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gift to the altar of their common country.

4. What, sir, was the conduct of the South, during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think, at least, equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interests in the dispute.

5. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen, to create a commercial relationship, they might have found in their situation, a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all consideration, either of interest or of safety, they rush into the conflict; and fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

6. Never were there exhibited in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The 'plains of Carolina' drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children!

7. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps,—even there the spirit of liberty survived; and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions, proved by her conduct that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible!

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CAESAR.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(Admirably adapted for drill in orotund quality.)

1. Romans, countrymen and lovers! Hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have

respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly,—any dear friend of Cæsar's,—to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was not less than his.

2. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar *less*, but that I loved Rome *more*. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and *death* for his ambition.

3. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. —

4. None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol, his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

5. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,—a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart:—That as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

(See Mark Antony's reply in "Common School Elocutionary Selections.")

AMERICA.

JOHN ERNEST M'CANN.

1. America! Mine!
Ay, comrades, and thine.
Thy very name ripples with music, and rolls
Like the oceans that surge 'twixt the mystical poles.
Land of great Boone,
Of Marion, Wayne;
Of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Kane,
Of thousands that lived, and died all too soon;
Who beat out broad paths for the new feet to tread,

From the time when the first white man met the first red,
 Down to Crockett's and Bowie's, they of the band
 Who for liberty died by the old Rio Grande!
 The Alamo forget not, nor for what that band died,
 While reason sits throned in its glorious pride.
 Remember our Kearneys, our Grants—and the brave
 Who counted life nought the old Union to save!

2. My dear, native land!
 I lift my right hand,
 With my left on my heart, and my eyes to the skies,
 And my soul on my tongue,
 While I list to the breezes that, mayhap, have sung,
 Round the world since the dawn of creation
 Tore the veil of the long night apart—
 My very heart cries,
 To be born in thee, be of thee, breathe thy sweet air,
 To die in thee, rest in thee, under the glare
 Of the sun and the moon, and the stars and the folds
 Of the stars and the bars of thy banner, which holds,
 Over all, that which monarch's despise;
 Liberty, brotherhood, union, and all,
 Here, on the sod,
 Under night's pall,
 I cry out, Thank God!

3. America! Mine!
 Ay, any man's—thine!
 Thine, from the jungle, from Africa's plain;
 From the knout, from the chain;
 From the lands where the mothers of conscripts' tears flow
 Like the rain,
 When the flesh of their flesh and the bone of their bone
 March away to fight, wound, and be slain;
 From the fair land of Poland, Italy, Spain;
 From Erin, whose woe
 Fills the hearts of republics with horror and pain,
 This land of the free is for thee!
 Live in it, work in it, love in it, weep in it,
 Laugh in it, sing in it, die in it, sleep in it!
 For it's free, and for thee and for me,
 The fairest

And rarest
 That man ever trod;
 The sweetest and dearest
 'Twixt the sky and the sod,
 And it's mine,
 And it's thine,
 Thank God!

EVENING AT THE FARM.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

1. Over the hill the farm-boy goes,
 His shadow lengthens along the land;
 A giant staff in a giant hand;
 In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
 The katydid begins to sing;
 The early dews are falling;
 Into the stone-heap darts the mink:
 The swallows skim the river's brink;
 And home to the woodland fly the crows,
 When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
 Cheerily calling,
 "Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"
 Farther, farther, over the hill,
 Faintly calling, calling still,
 "Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"
2. Into the yard the farmer goes
 With grateful heart at the close of day;
 Harness and chain are hung away;
 In the wagon-sheds stands yoke and plow;
 The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
 The cooling dews are falling;
 The friendly sheep their welcome bleat,
 The pigs come grunting at his feet,
 And the whinnying mare her master knows
 When into the yard the farmer goes,
 His cattle calling,
 "Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"

While still the cow-boy, far away,
 Goes seeking those that have gone astray,
 "Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"

3. Now to her task the milkmaid goes;
 The cattle come crowding through the gate,
 Lowing, pushing, little and great;
 About the trough, by the farm yard pump,
 The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
 While the pleasant dews are falling;
 The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
 But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
 And the white stream into the bright pail flows
 When to her task the milkmaid goes,
 Soothingly calling,
 "So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
 The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
 And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
 Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

4. To supper at last the farmer goes;
 The apples are pared, the paper read,
 The stories are told, then all to bed.
 Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
 Makes shrill the silence all night long;
 The heavy dews are falling;
 The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
 Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
 The household sinks to deep repose,
 But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,
 Singing, calling,
 "Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"
 And oft the milkmaid, in her dream,
 Drums in the pail with the flashing stream,
 Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

FLAG OF THE RAINBOW.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars,
 Emblem of light, and shield of the lowly,
 Never to droop while our soldiers and tars

Rally to guard it from outrage unholy.
Never may shame or misfortune attend it,
Enmity sully, or treachery rend it,
While but a man is alive to defend it:
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

Flag of a land where the people are free,
Ever the breezes salute and caress it;
Planted on earth, or afloat on the sea,
Gallant men guard it, and fair women bless it.
Fling out its folds o'er a country united,
Warmed by the fires that our forefathers lighted,
Refuge where down-trodden man is invited:
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

Flag that our sires gave in trust to their sons,
Symbol and sign of a liberty glorious,
While the grass grows and the clear water runs,
Ever invincible, ever victorious.
Long may it 'waken our pride and devotion,
Rippling its colors in musical motion,
First on the land, and supreme on the ocean:
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE.

FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

1. "Dead! Is it possible? He, the bold rider,
Custer, our hero, the first in the fight,
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,
Shunning our battle-king's ringlets of light!
Dead! our young chieftain, and dead all forsaken!
No one to tell us the way of his fall!
Slain in the desert, and never to waken,
Never, not even to victory's call!"
2. Comrades, he's gone; but ye need not be grieving.
No, may my death be like his when I die!
No regrets wasted on words I am leaving,

Falling with brave men and face to the sky.
 Death's but a journey, the greatest must take it:
 Fame is eternal, and better than all.
 Gold though the bowl be, 'tis fate that must break it,
 Glory can hallow the fragments that fall.

3. Proud for his fame that last day that he met them!
 All the night long he had been on their track,
 Scorning their traps and the men that had set them,
 Wild for a charge that should never give back.
 There on the hill-top he halted and saw them,
 Lodges all loosened, and ready to fly.
 Hurrying scouts, with the tidings to awe them,
 Told of his coming before he was nigh.
4. All the wide valley was full of their forces,
 Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat,
 Warriors running in haste to their horses,
 Thousands of enemies close to his feet!
 Down in the valleys the ages had hollowed,
 There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a prey!
 Numbers! What recked he? What recked those who fol-
 lowed?
 Men who had fought ten to one ere that day?
5. Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,
 Into the battle-line steady and full;
 Then down the hill-side exultingly thundered,
 Into the hordes of the Old Sitting Bull!
 Wild Ogalallah, Arapahoe, Cheyenne,
 Wild Horse's braves and the rest of their crew,
 Shrank from that charge like a herd from a lion.
 Then closed around the great hell of wild Sioux.
6. Right to their center he charged, and then facing—
 Hark to those yells! and around them, oh, see!
 Over the hill-tops the devils come racing,
 Coming as fast as the waves of the sea!
 Red was the circle of fire about them:
 No hope of victory, no ray of light,
 Shot through that terrible black cloud without them,
 Brooding in death over Custer's last fight.

7. THEN, DID HE BLEND? Did he die like a craven,
Begging those torturing fiends for his life?
Was there a soldier who carried the Seven
Flinched like a coward or fled from the strife?
No, by the blood of our Custer, no quailing!
There in the midst of the devils they close,
Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assailing,
Fighting like tigers, all bayed amid foes!
8. Thicker and thicker the bullets came singing,
Down go the horses and riders and all;
Swiftly the warriors round them were ringing,
Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.
See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie,
Savage eyes gleaming from forests of mane;
Quivering lances with pennons so airy;
War-painted warriors charging amain.
9. Backward again and again they were driven,
Shrinking to close with the lost little band.
Never a cap that had worn the bright Seven
Bow'd till its wearer was dead on the strand.
Closer and closer the death-circle growing,
Even the leader's voice, clarion clear,
Rang out his words of encouragement glowing,
"We can but die once, boys, but SELL YOUR LIVES DEAR!"
10. Dearly they sold them, like Berserkers raging,
Facing the death that encircled them round;
Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance assuaging,
Marking their tracks by their dead on the ground.
Comrades, our children shall yet tell their story,
Custer's last charge on the Old Sitting Bull;
And ages shall swear that the cup of his glory
Needed but that death to render it full.
-

NATHAN HALE, THE MARTYR SPY.

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

[After the disastrous defeat of the Americans on Long Island, Washington desired information respecting the British position and movements. Capt. Nathan

Hale, but twenty-one years old, volunteered to procure the information. He was taken and hanged as a spy the day after his capture, Sept. 22, 1776. His patriotic devotion, and brutal treatment received at the hands of his captors, have suggested the following:]

1. 'Twas in the year that gave the Nation birth—
A time when men esteemed the common good
As greater weal than private gain. A battle fierce
And obstinate had laid a thousand patriots low,
And filled the people's hearts with gloom.
Pursued like hunted deer,
The crippled army fled; and, yet, amid
Disaster and defeat, the Nation's chosen chief
Resolved his losses to retrieve. But not
With armies disciplined and trained by years
Of martial service, could he, this Fabian chief,
Now hope to check the host's of Howe's victorious legions—
These had he not.
2. In stratagem the shrewder general
Ofttimes o'ercomes his strong antagonist.
To Washington a knowledge of the plans,
Position, strength of England's force
Must compensate for lack of numbers.
3. He casts about for one who'd take his life
In hand. Lo! he stands before the chief. In face,
A boy—in form, a man on whom the eye could rest
In search of God's perfected handiwork,
In culture, grace, and speech, reflecting all
A mother's love could lavish on an only son.
4. The chieftain's keen discerning eye
Appraised the youth at his full worth, and saw
In him those blending qualities that make
The hero and the sage. He fain would save
For nobler deeds a man whose presence marked
A spirit born to lead.
5. 'Young man," he said with kindly air,
"Your country and commander feel grateful that
Such talents are offered in this darkening hour.
Have you in reaching this resolve, considered well
Your fitness, courage, strength,—the act, the risk,

You undertake? Have you, in that fine balance, which
Detects an atom on either beam, weighed well
Your chances of escape 'gainst certain fate
Should capture follow in the British camp?"

6. In tones of fitting modesty that well
Became his years, the patriot answered thus:
"My country's honor, safety, life, it ever was
My highest purpose to defend: that country's foes
Exultant sweep through ruined land and home
And field. A thousand stricken hearts bewail
The loss of those who late our standards bore—
Appeal to us through weeping eyes whose tears
We cannot brush away with words. The ranks
Of those now cold in death are not replaced
By living men. The hour demands a duty rare—
Perhaps a sacrifice. If God and training in
The schools have given me capacities
This duty to perform, the danger of the enterprise
Should not deter me from the act
Whose issue makes our country free. In times
Like these a Nation's life sometimes upon
A single life depends. If mine be deemed
A fitting sacrifice, God grant a quick
Deliverance."
7. "Enough, go then, at once," the great
Commander said: "May Heaven's guardian angels give
You safe return. Adieu."
8. Disguised with care, the hopeful captain crossed
The bay, and moved through British camp
Without discovery by troops or refugees.
The enemy's full strength, in men, in stores,
Munitions, guns,—all military accoutrements
Were noted with exact precision; while
With graphic sketch, each trench and parapet,
Casemated battery, magazine and every point
Strategic, was drawn with artist's skill.
9. The task complete, the spy with heart
Elate, now sought an exit through the lines.
Well might he feel a soldier's pride. An hour hence

A waiting steed would bear him to his friends.
His plans he'd lay before his honored chief;
His single hand might turn the tide of war—
His country yet be free.

10. “Halt!” a British musket leveled at
His head dimmed all the visions of his soul.
A dash—an aimless shot;—the spy bore down
Upon the picket with a blow that else
Had freed him from his clutch, but for a score
Of troopers stationed near. In vain the struggle fierce
And desperate—in vain demands to be released.
A tory relative, for safety quartered in
The British camp, would prove his truckling loyalty
With kinsman's blood. A word—a look—
A motion of the head, and he who'd dared
So much in freedom's name was free no more.

11. O, Judas, self-condemned! thou art
But the type of many a trait'rous friend,
Who ere and since thy time, betrayed to death
A noble heart. Henceforth be doubly doomed—
A base example to earth's weaker souls.
Before Lord Howe the captive youth
Was led. “Base dog!” the haughty general said,
“Ignoble son of loyal sires! you've played the spy
Quite well I ween. The cunning skill wherewith
You wrought these plans and charts might well adorn
An honest man; but in a rebel's hands they're vile
And mischievous. If aught may palliate
A traitor's act, attempted in his sovereign's camp.
I bid you speak ere I pronounce your sentence.”

12. With tone and mien that hushed
The buzzing noise of idle lackeys in the hall,
The patriot thus replied: “You know my name—
My rank;—my treach'rous kinsman made
My purpose plain. I've nothing further of myself
To tell beyond the charge of traitor to deny.
The brand of spy I do accept without reproach;
But never since I've known the base ingratitude
Of king to loyal subjects of his realm

Has British rule been aught to me than barbarous
Despotism which God and man abhor, and none
But dastards fear to overthrow.

13. For tyrant royalty your lordship represents
I never breathed a loyal breath; and he
Who calls me traitor seeks a pretext for a crime
His trembling soul might well condemn.”
 “ I’ll hear no more such prating cant,”
Said Howe, “ Your crime’s enough to hang a dozen men.
Before to-morrow’s sun goes down you’ll swing
’Twixt earth and heaven, that your countrymen
May know a British camp is dangerous ground
For prowling spies. Away.”
14. In loathsome cell, deprived
Of holy Sacrament, and e’en the word of Him
Who cheered the thief upon the cross,—refused
The means wherewith he would indite his last
Farewell to her who gave him life,
And to another whose young heart
To-morrow’s work would shade in gloom,
He passed the night in charge of one whom Satan had
Commissioned hell’s sharpest torments to inflict.
15. Securely bound upon a cart, amid
A speechless crowd, he stands beneath a strong
Projecting limb, to which a rope with noose attached,
Portends a tragic scene. He casts his eyes
Upon the surging multitude. Clearly now
His tones ring out as victors shout in triumph:
16. “ Men, I do not die in vain.
My humble death upon this tree will light anew
The Torch of Liberty. A hundred hands to one
Before will strike for country, home and God,
And fill our ranks with men of faith in His
Eternal plan to make this people free.
A million prayers go up this day to free
The land from blighting curse of tyrant’s rule.
Oppression’s wrongs have reached Jehovah’s throne:
The God of vengeance smites the foe! This land—

This glorious land,—is free—is free!

“My friends, farewell, in dying thus
I feel but one regret; it is the one poor life
I have to give in Freedom’s cause.”

LEONIDAS.

GEORGE CROLY.

Shout for the mighty men
Who died along this shore,
Who died within this mountain glen!
For never nobler chieftain’s head
Was laid on valor’s crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day.
Upon thy Strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rushing—a storm of sword and spear:
Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand
To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear—
Greece is a hopeless slave.
Leonidas! no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now;
No warrior makes the warrior’s vow
Upon thy sea-washed grave.
The voice that should be raised by men
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given!—the surge,
The tree, the rock, the sand
On Freedom’s kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,

The memory of thine and thee!
 The vision of thy band
 Still gleams within the glorious dell
 Where their gore hallowed as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?
 Mother of men like these!
 Has not thy outcry gone
 Where Justice has an ear to hear?—
 Be holy! God shall guide thy spear,
 Till in thy crimsoned seas
 Are plunged the chain and scimitar.
 Greece shall be a new-born star!

THE PROPHECY.

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

“There’s many a slip ’twixt cup and lip.”

1. A King of Thrace had vineyards fair to see,
 Thick on the vines the purple clusters hung.
 Toiling among them once there chanced to be
 A slave who cooled with grapes his parching tongue.
2. The King beheld and cried: “You pluck the fruit
 That grows and ripens for your master’s use?”
 Then, as the slave stood terrified and mute,
 He loaded him with blows and vile abuse.
3. When, as he ceased, the sullen slave bent low
 And spoke as one who had no words to waste:
 “For you, O King, the luscious fruit may grow,
 The wine it yields your lips will never taste!”
4. The King laughed loud, and turning on his heel
 Repeated to his courtiers, as a jest,
 The prophecy, and said: “The knave shall kneel
 And proffer us the wine when at its best.”
5. Time passed; the red wine sparkled in the cup;
 The slave was summoned to the palace hall.

- Lo! as he knelt, holding the vessel up,
A voice rang out that startled one and all.
6. "Ho, the king's vineyards; ho, the guards," it said,
"A fierce wild boar has broken from its bounds
And scaled the wall; the keepers all have fled.
Unchecked he layeth waste the royal grounds."
7. Up sprang the angry king, and seized his spear,
Thrusting the goblet and the slave aside.
"Let those," he cried, "tarry behind who fear,
I'll slay the beast whatever else betide."
8. The vineyard 'reached, with well-poised spear he ran,
And twice the brute's broad shoulder felt his thrust,
When rose a cry of horror from each man—
The king had slipped and fallen in the dust.
9. Fiercely the wounded boar upon him pressed,
Though twenty spearsmen strove his course to stay.
The sharp tusks entered the unguarded breast,
And side by side the beast and monarch lay.
10. As from the ground they raised the dying king,
His eyes fell on the slave's dark, sullen face,
"The wine," he gasped, "the wine, make haste and bring."
Death sealed his lips, the slave still kept his place.
—*From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

PATRIOTISM.

THOMAS F. MEAGHER.

1. Bereft of patriotism, the heart of a nation will be cold and cramped and sordid; the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul; society will degenerate and the mean and vicious triumph. Patriotism is not a wild and glittering passion, but a glorious reality. The virtue that gave to paganism its dazzling luster, to barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime, its worship and festivities.

2. On the heathered hills of Scotland the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, in brilliant literature of the day, pays its homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new senate hall, England bids her sculptor place among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and of Russell. In the gay and graceful capital of Belgium the daring hand of Geefs has reared a monument full of glorious meaning to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution. By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied Cantons; from the prows hang the banners of the Republic, and as they near the sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerne chant hymns of their old poetic land. Then bursts forth the glad *Te Deum*, and heaven again hears the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains, which five centuries since pierced the white eagle of Vienna, and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri.

3. At Innspruck, in the black aisle of the old cathedral, the peasant of Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andreas Hofer. In the defiles and valleys of the Tyrol, who forgets the day on which he fell within the walls of Mantua? It is a festal day all through his quiet, noble land. In that old cathedral his inspiring memory is recalled amid the pageantries of the altar; his image appears in every house; his victories and virtues are proclaimed in the songs of the people; and when the sun goes down, a chain of fires, in the deep red light of which the eagle spreads his wings and holds his giddy revelry, proclaims the glory of the chief whose blood has made his native land a sainted spot in Europe.



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